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QUINTIN HOGG

Quintin Hogg

QUINTIN HOGG

A BIOGRAPHY

BY

ETHEL M. HOGG

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WITH A PREFACE BY

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

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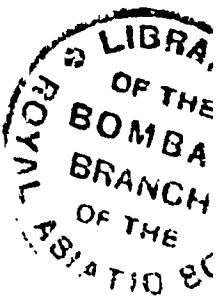

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QUINTIN HOGG, 1903

There are but few who, burdened with life's load,
Will turn aside, another load to bear,—
And more than doubling all their former care,
Yet press strong-hearted Christ's our Saviour's road.

Such was our Founder, Quintin, generous, strong—
Whether the fight were football, or the Mart,
Where run the currents of the Empire's heart,
He "played the game"; loved right, and hated wrong.

And like to notes of some imperial song,
Sent forth brave natures to attune the world;
By domination born of service long
He held the banner of the Cross unfurled—

Whose light ne'er shone upon a better blade
Than his who died amidst his own Brigade.

ARGYLL.

PREFACE

A BOOK giving the life story of Quintin Hogg should be a useful one. Were a record of him to be published which should be the fruit only of family love, it might please those who knew him and be forgotten, as are the lives and the biographies of most men. But in reading of his work, we can see strenuous purpose applied to the wants of his generation, and those wants must be the needs of all times. However perfect a State's organization may be, the unselfish devotion of the individual citizen to things affecting the common good will always be necessary. The influence of persons unconnected with the official service of the State will always be necessary to fight evil tendencies. The powers of legislation and the ministrations of Churches must be helped by the civilian who puts his heart into the work of labouring for the welfare of large classes whose desires for good or bad affect the State. There are plenty of benevolent persons who are more or less helpless and whose impulses want brain guidance. But Quintin Hogg proved how practical such a benevolent citizen may be, and how, with no commanding wealth, he may set an example to be followed by the Government, and begin that which his fellow-citizens shall desire to further with the national purse. But what is imitated from a private man's efforts or adopted by the public authority, cannot have the element of individual sympathy that originally existed between founder and pupil. To supply that sympathy and interest in the wellbeing of the individual youth must remain the function of individual endeavour.

Biographies such as this show how such men's service can best be employed. The opportunities for work amongst the young people of our great cities do not pass with one life, but one life may point out how future chances may be seen and used. Quintin was a brave, honest boy when I first knew him at Eton, taking full part in all wholesome games and pursuits, and ever using what influence he had with other boys to make them manly, open, respectful and fearless. For nearly forty years he acted as a man on the same lines. His nature was a very happy one and remained unchanged to the end. He had no "side" or conceit. Self-respecting as a boy, he was never impudent in mind or talk with regard to the school authorities. With plenty of perception of what was amusing, he never made fun of any one unkindly, and was very affectionate to the friends he chose, and very loyal to all. "Poor little beggar," was an expression I remember his using to a sick child in the streets, and the efforts he made during his whole life to improve the lot of those around him, were the after-expression of the sentiment shown in that exclamation. He would always be giving little presents to those he thought wanted something, and this tendency ripened in after years into the self-sacrifice of his entire life and time to the Polytechnic.

"Indomitable" is a long word, but I know none better by which to express Quintin's good-natured determination of character. If his mind seized on a fresh idea, it was not stirred to any thoughtless or merely impulsive action; a quiet determination possessed him, and allowed him no rest until the goal set before him had been reached. His Scottish blood showed strongly in this way. When anything occurred to him, he carefully considered the matter, looking at it from all mental points of view, and confidentially consulting his friends thereon. Then, having made up his mind, without fuss or noise he would steadily pursue his object, like a sturdy steam vessel urging its course without haste or rest through cross currents and adverse waves. The cut of his lips and the lines they formed when he shut his jaws gave token that there was a

determined meaning in all he did. The manner of the quick parting of those lips over the strong white teeth, when the heartiest, most infectious of laughs broke forth, proved that his way was not one of "dourness" only, but of power to follow the best line, because of his ability to see the bright as well as the dark side of any situation. Nothing daunted him; from the days when he would rush in the football field at the superior force of the schoolboy enemy bearing down on his solitary post of "long behind" to the later days when he made long marches through the unhealthy swamps and jungle in British Guiana, or still more recently when he worked night and day in his beloved Polytechnic Institution, he never spared himself.

He returned in full measure any regard shown to him, nor did his liking for his friends ever allow him to trouble them with requests for aid for his special charities. His tact would never allow him to bore them with matters not belonging to their line of work. Where any one volunteered it was a different matter; him he welcomed and in return for cooperation gave a whole hearted and eager confidence without jealousy or reserve. The interest he took in the training of the young began while he was still young himself. I have known his acquaintances astonished to meet Quintin "personally conducting" a number of small "East-enders" in the Park! He delighted in the pleasure they had in all the arrangements made for them. It was from thus becoming conversant with the needs of the poor youngsters of our capital that he was led on to found the Polytechnic, a training industrial school which should minister at once to the health of their minds, bodies, and souls, and give them opportunities of acquiring the practical and scientific knowledge useful to them in their various trades. To the youths attending the classes and recreations provided at this institution his whole life was henceforth devoted. He was excellent at organizing work. Had his time been more devoted to commercial matters he might have greatly enhanced his fortune, but he preferred to give time and income to the schools which, however useful and often in part self-sustaining, were always productive of much

cost as well as of much joy. The value of his ideas has been proved by the zeal with which other towns have followed his lead in maintaining such training places. His influence lives on in these, but to friend and fellow-citizen alike a great void was made when Quintin Hogg died in the building he had filled with useful life. An army who owe to him their individual powers of self discipline, and who have been helped to success by his training, mourn his loss, and are proud of having been part of his life—a life every day of which can be looked back upon as hearty, manly and useful.

ARGYLL.

TO THE READER

WHEN I was asked to write my father's life, my first impulse was to refuse; for in addition to the disadvantages inseparable from a biography written after so short an interval by one so nearly related to the subject as myself I foresaw others that must arise in this particular instance which would add greatly to the difficulties of the undertaking. My father's work was so continuous and concentrated an effort that I knew it would be exceedingly difficult to prevent that work from occupying the fore-ground to such an extent as almost to obliterate the man behind it. His life was so absorbed in the development of the Polytechnic, that the human record becomes merged in the history of that institution. It is probable that many people will express a wish to have been admitted to a greater degree of intimacy in regard to his home life, his friends, and his personal habits; nor should I feel it unreasonable on their part, should they criticize the lack of those little touches that help one so much to realize the personality of an unknown worker. But the absence of such details arises not from any desire on my part to suppress them, but simply from the fact that they did not exist. My father's surrender of himself to his work was so complete that it included everything, and from whatever side one approaches, one finds oneself confronted by that work. To this must be added his great reserve, and the isolation in which his work placed him with regard to ordinary everyday life. The difficulty of conveying his personality has been further enhanced by the paucity of material of a personal character. He kept no diary or journal; when travelling, he relied on the long letters he wrote for publication in the *Polytechnic Magazine* to supply his friends with news, and left the more private or "home" letters to my mother's care. I have included these "Letters of Travel" in this volume, because, although they possess no intrinsic literary value, they may, in the absence of the personal details to which I have referred, serve to indicate

certain rather striking characteristics of my father's. When at home, his correspondence consisted principally of business letters and brief notes making appointments, since he always preferred personal interviews when possible; and many of the papers referring to his earlier life were destroyed in the second fire at Holly Hill.

In spite of these and similar objections, since the desire for some record of my father's career appeared to be very general, I have tried to collect all the trustworthy information obtainable, and from it to compile an account of his life and work, which, however inadequate and faulty (and no one can be more conscious of its many shortcomings than myself), is at least accurate; and I hope that the simple nobility of the life recorded may be regarded as a sufficient excuse for the poorness of the record.

My grateful thanks are due to the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Huntly, Lord Kinnaird, the Hon. T. Pelham, Professor Garnett, Mr. R. Mitchell, Mr. L. Harris, Mr. C. T. Millis, and many others who have been most generous in their help and advice, and without whose kindly assistance I could never have accomplished my task.

My special thanks are also due to Mr. M. E. Sadler for his invaluable aid in the preparation of Chapter VIII. (to his kindness in suggesting and criticizing any merit this chapter possesses must be attributed); and to Mr. H. H. Cunynghame for similar assistance in the preparation of Chapter IX.

I should also like to express my gratitude to those of my father's friends,—and more especially to the many members of the Polytechnic,—who have lent me letters or assisted me with personal reminiscences.

April, 1904. ETHEL M. HOGG.

NOTE.—My account of the Swinton family is taken from papers in the possession of my relations. Other sources claim that the family is of Saxon origin and derived its name from a tract of land granted to its then head by David I of Scotland, and called Swinton, probably because of the former prevalence of wild swine in the district. I cannot say which MSS. are most authoritative, but merely give the version contained in the documents lent to me by members of my own family for what it is worth.

MRS. SWINTON (NÉE LEFEBRE) GREAT GRANDMOTHER OF QUINTIN HOGG.

From a pastel portrait.

I

FAMILY HISTORY

I

FAMILY HISTORY

THE Hoggs, though now accounted an Irish family, were originally of Scottish descent, and considerable doubt exists as to when they first emigrated to Ireland. Two brothers, Jacob and William Hogg, accompanied William III's army across the Irish Sea about 1690 and settled in Antrim, but whether they were the first to make their home in Ireland, or whether they merely joined a branch of the family which had been settled there for some generations is uncertain. Jacob was quartered in a rich Quaker family, married a Quakeress and died without issue. William had already taken to wife whilst in Scotland, Abigail Hamilton, a relative of the then Duke of Hamilton; the family traditions state indeed, that it was on account of the Duke's opposition to the match that the young couple eloped and emigrated to Ireland. Certain it is at least that Abigail Hamilton married against the wishes of her relations. The children of this couple were brought up as Quakers, though their eldest son, William, was "the most unlike one of that sect it would be possible to conceive, abounding in wit, fun, and frolic, and kind in the extreme." He married Esther O'Neill, whose father, the rector of Largie, was a descendant of the direct line of Clannaboy from Sir Bryan McPhelim of Edenduffcarrie (now Shanes Castle). William's younger brother Edward made a runaway match with Rose O'Neill, the elder daughter of this same rector of Largie. The lady, who was a famous beauty, was forty-one at the time of this romantic episode, some eleven years older than her husband, whom, however, she survived, dying in 1813 at the ripe old age of 103. Their son, William, married Mary Dickey of Dunmore, and died fairly

young, leaving his wife with a family of six children and very small means with which to provide for their numerous wants. The eldest of them, James, faced the situation squarely at once. He had been educated near Lisburn and then at Trinity College, Dublin, where he had crowned a triumphant series of student successes by winning the medal for oratory against the famous Shiel. Determined to be no burden on his widowed mother, he started off in 1809 to seek his fortunes as a barrister in India. Failing to obtain all the necessary sanctions and permissions with which the East India Company hedged about their dominions, he went without them, armed with a passport from the Earl of Buckinghamshire. The journey to India was quite a perilous adventure in those days, and the vessel carrying James Hogg was chased by a French cruiser whilst rounding the Cape, but escaped by running up the Mozambique channel.

On arriving at Calcutta the boy had to encumber himself at the very outset by borrowing money to send home to his mother. He was the most wonderful son, and his mother had right good reason to be proud of her firstborn, who shouldered without flinching not only the burden of his own career, but the responsibility of maintaining the home in Ireland at an age when most boys are just leaving school. Years later, James Hogg wrote to his wife that he was working at his Parliamentary duties day and night, "but," he adds, "what can be done without constant labour?" It was the principle he lived up to from the very first. His remarkable talents soon attracted attention, and Curtis Fergusson, one of the foremost men at the Indian bar, for whom the young barrister "devilled," determined to give him a chance of showing what he could do. Making some slight indisposition the excuse for his absence, he left his protégé to defend a rather important case which was arousing considerable public interest. The junior saw his opportunity, made a speech that set all India talking about him, and found himself, after a very few years of arduous work, recognized as one of the cleverest barristers in India. Within ten years of his first arrival he was making an income of something like £15,000 a year. Soon afterwards

LADY HOGG, MOTHER OF MR. QUINTIN HOGG.

From a portrait in crayons

he met Mary Swinton, second daughter of Mr. Swinton of Swinton in Berwick, which property had been in the family since the days of the Conquest. In the village of the same name there are the remains of an old Danish fort; "Sween" means Dane, hence the hamlet was known as Sweenton, or Hamlet of the Danes, and from thence the family of Swinton had derived their name.

Mary Swinton's grandmother was a Frenchwoman, by name Félicité Lefebvre. The head of this family was the Marquis d'Hausonville, and the family estates were situated near Boulogne. Both title and estates were swept away in the French Revolution, when Félicité also lost her father among the hosts of victims to the guillotine. She fled to what was left of her patrimony and eventually married Samuel Swinton, a captain in the Royal Navy, who shared her French country life. Their son Samuel purchased the family property in Berwick from his cousin, "seventeenth in descent from Edward I, King of England," as the family tree remarks, and married a Miss Routledge, by whom he had three sons and five daughters. All the sons died fairly young and unmarried, so that the estate passed to the eldest daughter, who had changed neither "name nor letter" in marrying her cousin, George Swinton. During the absence of this couple in India, their second daughter, Mary, was brought up by her French grandmother in a house near Regent's Park until 1821, when she went out under charge of the captain of a mail steamer to join her parents. Very soon after her arrival she met, conquered and was conquered by James Weir Hogg, who pressed his suit with the same energy and determination he displayed in whatever he undertook, drawing from Mr. Swinton the amused protest that he was "an impudent young Irishman!"

There was, however, little fear of any serious opposition being offered to his suit, for even after providing for the family in Ireland, his first consideration, the "impudent young Irishman" had enough and to spare wherewith to provide a comfortable home for the lady of his choice. On July 26, 1822, he and Mary Swinton were married in Calcutta, she being only eighteen and he

some eleven years older. They were a remarkably handsome couple, both very tall, with upright, stately figures, and refined, clear-cut features. The following year a boy, called after his father, James, was born, the first of sixteen children, of whom Quintin was the fourteenth. In 1824, after the birth of their son Charles, the young couple went up country, and the following year they made a trip to the Cape for the benefit of James Hogg's health, this being the usual prescription in days when a flying visit home was a possibility still undreamt of. During this voyage their first daughter Isabel[1] was born. (Another year they also paid a visit to Penang, Singapore, with Lord and Lady Dalhousie.) On his return to India, James Hogg was made Registrar-General of the High Court of Calcutta, a post which no longer exists. It comprised amongst other things the duties of Administrator-General, a position held by his son Charles in later years.

Quintin Hogg used to quote a story his father had told him of his early days in India, illustrative of the hard drinking that was not only tolerated, but encouraged at that period in society, and which one can only marvel did not more often have disastrous effects on the constitutions of men who lived for many years at a stretch in tropical climates without the tonic of a run home they are now able to indulge in. When Sir James first arrived in India, one of the highest legal luminaries in the country held what was known as "The Whistle." This was a silver whistle shaped like a boar's head, the possessor of which was obliged to drink against any man who challenged him. One of his first experiences of Indian society was a bout between this great lawyer and six men who had challenged his claim to "The Whistle," which was declared lost if the holder became too drunk to blow it. The drinking went on until the last antagonist had disappeared under the table, the final scene consisting in the unvanquished holder walking over the prostrate bodies of his challengers blowing the coveted whistle.

In 1828 came the wrench all Anglo-Indian families have to face;

[1] Married in 1848, the 1st Lord Tweedmouth.

the two boys were sent back to England under the charge of old Mr. Swinton to be educated. After the births of four more children James Hogg left for ever the country that had been his home for twenty-four years, where he had made his fortune and laid the foundations of a brilliant career. He retired voluntarily in February, 1833, for though it was a hard decision to make, the desire to be with his children and to avoid the terrible separation from them during the years when they most needed a mother's care and a father's guidance overruled all other considerations, and there can be little doubt as to his wife's sentiments on the subject. So with Annie, Ferguson and Stuart (the last named a baby of six weeks) they set sail for home, meaning to buy a country estate, but Parliamentary life had such strong attractions for James Hogg, who was still a comparatively young man, that they eventually decided to settle in London, and established themselves in a house in Bruton Street, from which they soon moved to one in Grosvenor Street. In 1836, during a trip to Paris the twins Frederick and Florence were born, but otherwise all the rest of the family, Letitia, Amy, Stapleton, Constance, Quintin, and after him twins, who died in infancy, first saw the light in Grosvenor Street. Meanwhile the great Indian barrister was building up a career and a reputation in England. In 1839 he was returned as Conservative member for Beverley (Yorks) and sat for this constituency until 1847, after which date he represented Honiton for ten years. He was an ardent supporter and a great personal friend of Sir Robert Peel, who dissuaded him from accepting the Governorship of Bombay which was once offered him, by the promise of an appointment at home should he come into office. In the same year that he began his political career he became a director of the East India Company, of which he was subsequently twice chairman. In 1846 he was made a baronet, on the formation of the Indian Council in 1858 he was appointed one of the members, and in 1872 became a Privy Councillor. James Hogg was a brilliant orator, he and John Bright being (I am told) accounted the two best speakers

of their day in the House. He detested writing, and if it was necessary to commit anything to paper, used to walk up and down the room dictating to his wife. He was very fond of society and was most excellent company, having a fund of Irish humour and high spirits which never failed him. Quintin Hogg used to declare that if only he had a chance of presenting the comic side of any of his escapades to his father, the battle was won, for the old gentleman never could resist the humorous element, a trait he bequeathed to his son, whose perception of the ludicrous in all things was at times almost too acute for his own comfort! Lady Hogg, on the contrary, was absolutely devoid of all this; incapable of seeing a joke, so intensely shy that entertaining and going out into society never ceased to be a martyrdom to her, deeply affectionate, deeply religious, and a very clever artist. It would seem they both bequeathed their chief characteristics to their youngest son. From his mother came the strong religious tendency that showed itself even in childhood, the wealth of affection and sympathy; from his father the fun and high spirits, the "gift of the gab," iron will, unflagging perseverance and capacity for work.

During James Hogg's splendid career, the little home in Ireland was never forgotten. A younger brother had joined him in India, who, though possessed of considerable intellectual talents, does not appear to have distinguished himself in any particular way. Of his sisters, his favourite, May, had died, unmarried; the other three were all married; one of them, Clara, in 1820 to Dr. Alexander Nicholson, to whom she bore a son two years later, John Nicholson. Dr. Nicholson died in 1830, and the widow and her seven small children returned to the Lisburn home, where old Mrs. Hogg gladly received them. When John was sixteen his uncle was able to secure a cadetship in the Bengal Infantry for him. He sent for his nephew, who spent some weeks at the house in Grosvenor Street before he sailed. James Hogg had been through the mill himself, and was well able to appreciate the spirit in which his nephew was

setting out to provide not only for himself, but also for the family in Ireland, just as he had done thirty years previously. A strong affection sprang up between the two, and whenever Nicholson was home on leave a portion of his time was invariably claimed by his uncle and cousins, who became as a second family to him. Quintin was so much younger than his splendid cousin that his feeling for him partook rather of hero worship than of the brotherly affection which existed between John and the elder members of the family; but he used to relate how Nicholson, who had a very tender feeling for children, would take him on his knee and recount wonderful stories of India, whilst he listened open-mouthed and entranced; he always cherished a very affectionate remembrance of his cousin and carefully preserved the curios he had brought home to him at different times from India.

II

CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS

Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright.

WORDSWORTH.

QUINTIN HOGG AT THE AGE OF (ABOUT) 13.

II

CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS

ON February 14, 1845, the fourteenth child of Sir James Weir and Lady Hogg came into the world in Grosvenor Street; and as the twins who appeared a year later died in infancy, "Quintin" became the Benjamin of the household, his eldest brother being twenty-two years old at the time of his birth. He was called Quintin after his god-father, Quintin Dick, a relation of the Dickeys and thus of the Hoggs. The initials certainly proved a most happy conjunction of alphabetical signs, for in later years he became "Q. H." to all who knew him well, even his family referring to him thus more frequently than as "Father," in spite of Mrs. Hogg's frequent protests against such undue familiarity! They seemed to fit him, and became a part of him, a combination that will never cease to conjure up his image, and that *could* never refer to any one else. In earlier days he invented an equally distinctive "sport name," as Carlyle dubs it, for himself, for, struggling with "Master Quintin," no doubt imagining the prefix to be also his exclusive property, his infant tongue rebelled at so prolonged an effort, and made shift with "Ma Qui." So to the family "Markee" he became and kept the name even through his Eton days, so that even now some of his school contemporaries, especially those who knew him at home, will find the baby name rise to their lips as naturally and spontaneously as does "Q. H." to the lips of those thousands in whose service he spent his life.

Sir James and Lady Hogg were parents of the old school, and their children's deep affection was tinged with a wholesome spicing of awe. Quintin used, in fact, to declare that they were

never allowed to blow their noses in the paternal presence, but had to go outside the room and close the door before performing that operation. But this baby of their middle age found a very tender spot in both their hearts. He himself would never allow this, and delighted in telling stories illustrative of the severity of his upbringing; but the elder members of the family, who had known the ancient régime in all its rigid discipline, viewed with amazement the new arrival's immunity from what they had considered to be laws of the Medes and Persians; and even assert that when "Markee" did lapse from the paths of virtue, the crime was usually allotted to, and visited on, one of their innocent heads! He was so sweet and loveable, so appreciative of the affection showered on him, that the entire household fell victim to his innocent wiles, and "Markee" was monarch of all he surveyed in a way none of his predecessors had ever been. His father idolized the child, and every morning the nurse had to take him to the dressing-room on the ground-floor, and hold him up so that the baby fists might rattle vigorously on the heavy door, in order to say "good-morning" before Sir James went off to the India Office. As he grew older he must have run imminent risk of being spoilt, had it not been for his own sweet nature and the good sense of his mother, who did not fail to administer correction when necessary; for parents, brothers and sisters (in spite of a little natural jealousy) and servants all combined in adoring and petting him. On the fateful day when his curls were to be sheared off by the vandal hand of the barber, the entire household was grief-stricken and occupied with horrified amazement that such things could be. During "Markee's" infancy his parents moved to Grosvenor Square, and here he became the special charge of his sister Annie, who treated him with such judicious firmness that he yielded to her the obedience his nurses were powerless to obtain. He was like a bit of quicksilver, never still, and as full of mischief and high spirits as he could be, sharply observant and already displaying signs of that wonderful memory which was so great an assistance to him in after life; and though he was a delicate, fragile-looking

child, his health was very good. Annie was often called upon to assist the nurse in subduing her unruly charge. On one occasion, hearing that harassed individual's frantic appeals to Master Quintin "to be a good boy," she went to the nursery to find that her small brother had escaped from his bath in the midst of being soaped, and clad solely in a lather of soap-suds was executing a war dance round the room pursued by his unhappy attendant, who, apprehensive of an untimely death from pneumonia or bronchitis, was imploring her slippery charge to cease tormenting her. "Markee, go back to your bath at once," suddenly said a voice from the door——and "Markee" went!

She it was also who first taught him Bible stories, and apparently the seed that was to bear such glorious fruit was implanted during those early lessons, for when he was only a child of ten, his brother Stuart, referring evidently to some letter received from the family, writes: "Poor dear little Markee! it was indeed sweet of him filling Fred's pockets with diamond editions of the books of Scripture, and then his remark that Fred might find comfort in every pocket without inconvenience was indeed touchingly simple."

All the time the Sunday lessons were going on, the small pupil would fidget all over the room, apparently utterly inattentive, yet in reality taking in everything, for if his sister, thinking he had not been listening, remonstrated with him and began to recapitulate, "I've heard it all. I know everything—I don't want to hear it again—I know all that," he would exclaim. John Nicholson wrote to her: "I should like to see Markee being taught to sit still! I can imagine the lessons usually being a failure."

When he was seven years old, he was sent to a school in Berkshire, where he used to aver he "learnt all the wickedness he ever knew." It was a terribly rough place, and the small boys were unmercifully bullied. Poor little boy! He did not find the change of life an easy one, and sadly missed the love and petting to which he was accustomed. One pathetic little epistle to his mother runs:—

MY DEAR MAMA,—

I hope you are quite well. I think of you; the boys cram as hard as they can. I am very unhappy here; I always wish you had come to visit me. I never was so unhappy in my life. So now I say good-bye.

I am your affectionate and dutiful Son.

His love of athletics showed itself at once in the enthusiastic way he took to football, playing such a plucky game that before he had been at school a fortnight he was put into the school Eleven. From that time he played continuously until a year or two before his death; and in the winter of 1902 he played in one match for the "Old Quintinians" in order to complete his record of "fifty years of footer." During his first holidays his father found occasion to reprove him for something, and was answered by a fluent string of bad language. Regarding his small son in horrified silence for a moment, he requested to be informed if that was the sort of language habitually used at K—— "Oh, yes, Papa! I know a lot worse than that," replied the child, evidently pleased with the impression his school habits were creating. He did not return to K——, but was sent to Lee's, a fashionable school at Brighton, popularly known as the "House of Lords," where he remained until he went to Eton. Though probably the best preparatory school then in existence, the methods of discipline were of a rough-and-ready kind that would scarcely be well received nowadays. There was, for instance, a strict rule against talking in the dormitories. One day a master taxed young Hogg with having broken it, an accusation he denied. The master, unable to prove his point, grudgingly let him off the intended punishment, but warned him that the very first time he made a fault, he would be caned once a week for the rest of the term. Shortly after this, a bad mistake was found in the boy's Latin translation, and the threat was actually carried out; for the rest of the term a whipping was solemnly administered every Monday morning whether he had been good or naughty! At Lee's he played in both the cricket and football elevens.

In 1858 he went to Eton, to the house of the Rev. J. L. Joynes.

All his life he spoke of his tutor with deepest affection and respect. Certainly Mr. Joynes seems to have studied and understood the boy committed to his charge. In every nature containing such a wonderful capacity for goodness there exists equally the awful possibility of that capacity being misused for evil, and all-important are those school days, for "the boy is father of the man," and evil wrought in the days when the character is sensitive to every impression is hardly erased in later years. In a New Year's letter to one of his day school boys written in 1895, Quintin Hogg himself emphasizes this:

"Those years, my boy, which lie immediately before your feet now cannot fail to prove amongst the important of your life. Most men are made or marred between fifteen and twenty-three. So many men seem to think it will be easy to live a good life when they grow older, and that it will be far less difficult to come to Christ then than it is now. Believe me, Charlie, exactly the reverse is the case. A man does not grow religious or unselfish, but he grows worldly, selfish and cynical if he tries to spend his life for his own pleasure. There will be no year that you will spend when Christ will stand more manifestly knocking at your heart than He will do in 1896; never again will you have so few sins to confess; never again so much of the talent of youth and strength as you have to-day. Will you not remember, my boy, as you stand on the threshold of the New Year, that you may so live in it as to win His blessing, and to make others happier and better, because you have lived?"

Mr. Joynes himself was at first rather afraid that the self-willed, high-spirited, mischievous boy might prove too great a handful. Careful observation of his new charge, whom he remarked "had great power and an inclination to good," enabled him to strike the right chord. He appealed to Hogg to help him with some matter connected with the new boys. "I was so proud of that, I couldn't disappoint my tutor," "Q. H." remarked, speaking of this episode. "My tutor made my character; he was the first person who absolutely trusted to me."

He did not greatly distinguish himself in the way of work at Eton, though learning was never any difficulty to him; Ma-

caulay's "Lays" being once given as the holiday task, he could repeat them verbatim after reading them carefully through twice, and I believe he never failed to win the Holiday task prize during the five years he was at Eton. When his interest or ambition was aroused he would slave at his books, and he was considered to possess high intellectual faculties. Writing to his mother about trials in the third year of his Eton life he says—

MY DEAR MAMMA,—

I go into trials to-morrow and feel quite burning with excitement. It is rather wet to-day, and was also yesterday, the first bad days we have had for an immense time. I hope it is not going to be wet during trials, for I can never do half so well when kept indoors. The night before last I got up after my light was taken and worked the whole night, only going to bed at six in the morning, rising at seven. Mind you don't tell my Dame this, for she would be furious if she knew it, and I should probably get swiped. I am going to bed at eight to-night, so as to get up all fresh on Monday. Our football is getting on as well as ever, both in house and school matches. I hope I shall take well after all my sap, as it would be awfully disheartening if I did not. So you are stuck at old Brighton again, which is always abused when you go away or are there, and praised only when you are going there. Will you send me some money soon, as I am quite out of pocket. When is Amy going to start, please let me know in good time.

There is a wonderful schoolboy attempt at a monogram at the foot of this letter. Another letter shows that he already took that keen interest in every subject that came under his notice which made him in after years a man of the most varied and widespread knowledge.

MY DEAR MAMMA,—

Trials were over last Friday evening, and the French had two papers on Friday. I think I have done tolerably in all except euclid, where I have done badly, but what I have done is word for word like the book, which is one comfort. I did all the first French paper, all the turning English into French, and wrote a page and a half of heathen mythology. I am very much obliged to you for your handsome present; I received it on Saturday morning. . . . Pepper, the Polytechnic lecturer, is giving a weekly course of lectures down here, and I attend them, and I am going to try for the School prize, though it is an awful sap. There are five lectures, ten questions every lecture, each question takes me an hour besides the diagrams,

I hope the hard work will deter a good many fellows from it, and give me a better chance. The lectures are on electricity, and he has every sort of apparatus on an enormous scale. Will you write to my dame to ask her if I may change my room to that of a boy named 'Rhodes,' who is going to leave. It is a much larger room than mine and a much nicer one; besides, I am entitled to change my room as soon as I like from my place in the School. Will you please write some time in the next fortnight, as a good many boys are going to try for it.

"Professor" Pepper, celebrated in after years for the spectre which he exhibited and which went by his name, was a pioneer of popular science, and was at that time established as a lecturer in the building which has since become so closely connected with Mr. Hogg's name.

Quintin seems to have been a very popular boy at Eton, his extreme keenness for sports and enthusiastic participation in them no doubt contributing largely to make him so. Football, cricket, fives, boating, shooting, it was all the same. The first named was perhaps the only game he ever greatly excelled in, but his enthusiasm was fervent for them all. He joined the Volunteers, and in 1863 shot in the Eton eleven[1] at Wimbledon for the Ashburton Challenge Shield, which the School won by sixteen points; the highest individual score was twenty-seven; Quintin Hogg's, twenty-two. Three members of the team hailed from Mr. Joynes' house, Colour-Sergt. Blisset, Sergt.-Bugler McKerrell, and Sergt. Hogg, who obtained his commission the following year!

In 1862 his tutor's house won the Football Cup, though having injured his leg in a previous game, Quintin Hogg was unable to play in the final. In the autumn of 1863, his last half at Eton, he was both in the Oppidan Wall game, and in the Field Eleven, usually playing as "long behind" or "flying man."

The coveted distinction was fully appreciated by the enthusiastic recipient, as the following letter to an Eton friend who had already gone up to Oxford shows—

[1] The usual numbers of a shooting team are eight, ten, or twenty; but as the team is referred to in the *Eton College Chronicle* as "the eleven," it was probably the customary number in those days. The Ashburton Shield is now shot for by a team of eight.

"I have been told to get my flannels for the Field, and now come out in all the harlequin glory of the red and blue. There has just been an election here, and the Eton fellows milled the town and had rare fun, which I missed unfortunately, as I was staying out for a kick on the knee, which I got crawling in a rouge from one of the Oxford beauties. . . . You can't think how glad I am to be in the Field Eleven, my great object of ambition, and third choice, too; it is so awfully jolly to feast my eyes on the cap, and know it is mine!"

The same year he and Alfred Lubbock won the School Fives, though it appears the victory was principally due to the latter, who was a very fine player. Mr. Joynes presented the victors with a silver pepper-box in the form of a thistle, which always lived on Hogg's writing-table under a glass case, and great was the amazed incredulity aroused in him by his wife's failure to appreciate the appropriateness of a "pepper-box" as a fives prize! Nearly all, indeed one might say all his best and truest friendships were formed at Eton, and almost entirely amongst the boys in his tutor's house. Aboyne (now the Marquis of Huntly), the Hon. Arthur (now Lord) Kinnaird, the Hon. Tom Pelham, "Cojo" Campbell, the Lawrences, the Marquis of Lorne (now the Duke of Argyll), and his brother, Lord Archibald Campbell (who however did not live in the house but boarded out in Windsor) and the Trittons.

The Duke of Argyll has given the story of their first meeting—

"Quintin was one of the Scotch boys at my tutor's at Eton. As such he was invited once a year with other 'brither Scots' to a breakfast given by the headmaster. At this entertainment, which used to be partaken of almost in silence, broken only by an occasional gruff voiced civility spoken to the elder boys by Dr. Goodford, there was a curious ceremonial. The Scot of highest rank had to present to the headmaster a badge worked in gold of the national emblem. These badges were useless, and all the master could do with them was to place them with those given by the Irish and Welsh boys on fire-screens, corners of table-covers, etc. My acquaintance with Quintin began at one of these solemn breakfasts, for he had an enthusiasm which made him stutter slightly when he expressed his feeling of nationality. Perhaps this was all the more marked in him in that his family had been little in Scotland for many generations. Another enthusiasm which made him 'tumble over his words' was his love of football. The composition of the house

eleven, or the prospect of any match, made his breath come quicker than his words, which all wanted to leave his lips at once! In the football field he was a dashing, resolute player. He was fond of fives, cricket, and boating; boating and football being chief favourites. 'Piggy Hogg' was popular with every one at Joynes'. Mr. Joynes had a nice German wife who much liked him, thereby showing her excellent good taste! He was a sturdily built boy, with broad brow, well-brushed mop of dark hair, honest blue eyes under straight brows, a stout nose tip-tilted a little, and well-cut firm mouth."

One summer Lord Lorne, Lord Archibald Campbell and "Piggy" Hogg started from Goodman's yard with the intention of rowing down to London. The weather was glorious, but extremely hot, and having reached Richmond a halt was made. It is sad to chronicle that the sleepiness induced by "shandy gaff" and a good meal after their exertions, caused the scheme to be abandoned in favour of quicker transit by train.

"Even the prospect of holidays could not prevent his affectionate disposition feeling a parting from friends, and he was quite in the dumps at our having to separate!"[1]

In spite of his high spirits and keen enthusiasm for all athletic occupations, he was a very reflective boy, and would go into a "brown study" for half an hour at a time despite the efforts of his friends to distract his attention, and pepper-boxes, boating expeditions, football and lectures on electricity were by no means the only subjects occupying the active brain of the young Etonian.

> "Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
> And realize our longing,"

sings the poet, but it is not often that the record of a man's progress towards a pronounced condition of spiritual exaltation is one of uninterrupted climbing. There are usually some prominent milestones that mark momentous crises in the journey, frequently some definite boundary to which one can point and say, This is where such a one first dedicated himself to the service of God and of his fellows. But with Quintin Hogg one can trace the ever-mounting path back to his earliest days until it is

[1] Lord Archibald Campbell

lost in the pure innocence that is God's birth-gift to every little child. There is no apparent genesis of conviction, of dedication. From a child upward he seems to have been imbued with a sense of service owed to a Wonderful Benefactor, and though of course there must have been times of struggle and of darkness, they were principally of a mental rather than of a spiritual character, causing no interruption of his self-appointed labours and leaving no contemporary external indications of their presence.

It has already been mentioned how receptive of spiritual influence he showed himself as a mere child, and thanks partly to his tutor's rightful understanding of him, but chiefly to his mother's letters to him when he was being prepared for confirmation, the impressions received in those early days had deepened, and were already being translated into the "marble of action."

On Sunday afternoons the boys in his passage would often indulge in pillow fights or games of a somewhat rowdy order. In order to stop this, Hogg, now one of the eldest boys at Joynes', suggested that they should all club together and have tea in his room, and then read aloud. He collected a large quantity of old *Chambers's Journals*,[1] in which he would look out any curious or interesting articles for these Sunday afternoons. After a time he proposed that before separating a chapter of Scripture should be read and a prayer offered. It must have cost any boy a great effort to make such a suggestion, though the fact that a strong religious revival was then moving England, and that the movement had touched even the great public schools may have made it a slightly less difficult innovation than one would imagine. Yet his contemporaries own they "would not have stood it from any one else"; and he himself spoke of it as a "sore struggle." As a matter of fact very little opposition or ridicule was met with. Most of the boys respected him for having the courage of his convictions; the majority responded

[1] Mr. W. Laurence, M.P., says that he also organized a system by which the boys took in daily papers.

to the invitation; those who held aloof were by no means antagonistic. Young Hogg used to read the chapter, and usually made some remarks as he did so; occasionally other boys would take an active part, and thus gradually the *Chambers's Journals* were dropped, and the gathering became a regular Bible Class. The Christianity of these youthful zealots was rumoured to be of a muscular and rather peremptory description, for one boy declared that having hidden in the bedstead from curiosity to find out what happened at "Piggy Hogg's" Bible Class, he heard a boy who advanced somewhat atheistical theories promptly silenced by the threat of being "taken on at football!" Be that as it may, there is no doubt that these readings were of great benefit to the boys who attended them, strengthening the weak, and giving the hesitating just the needful impetus in the right direction. During the holidays any of the members who were in town used to meet in Willis' Rooms, and, such is the force of example, similar gatherings were gradually arranged in other houses, "Piggy Hogg" being generally called in to assist in starting them. He was a splendid speaker, and had a "genius for talking,[1]" though he stuttered badly when excited or in great earnest (an infirmity he completely overcame), and he soon became the recognized interest of the Sunday afternoons. His sympathies had already been aroused for the poor and suffering. He would stand and look at the wretched children in the streets, saying softly, "Poor little beggars!"[1] In the holidays he persuaded his father to allow a few poor children to be lodged over the stables, and would do his full share of looking after and trying to amuse them. And probably at no time in his career did he meet with so little disappointment, misunderstanding, or hardness of heart, as during those days at Eton when he first put his hand to the plough from which he never deserted until his Master called him to the fuller joy of service in His presence.

His influence over others even in such youthful days, was very remarkable;

[1] The Duke of Argyll.

"He would never overlook or ignore any wrong-doing, swearing, bullying, fibbing; whatever it was and whenever it occurred, even in the middle of a game, Quintin would speak his mind, but in such a way that it was never resented. One would take from him what one would have stood from no other boy at Eton, even great swaggering fellows and bullies would take a rebuke from him without a word."[1]

After he left Eton he retained his interest in these Sunday gatherings, and exercised considerable influence over those who took part in them, as the following letter from the Ven. C. D. Lawrence, Archdeacon of Suffolk, who was one of the boys mainly responsible for the continuation of the class after its originator had left, shows;—

"When he left Eton, he kept up his interest in the House Prayer Meeting, and may be said to have directed our proceedings from London. He wrote chiefly to me on the subject, and it not only went to show his intense desire that the work he had begun should continue, but his great personal influence, even then, over young men. He came down occasionally for the Sunday and gave a great impetus to what was known as the 'Synagogue.' We looked to him in London at each step of the movement, and though absent, he was virtually keeping the spirit of prayer alive in our midst. His understanding of Scripture was quite remarkable, and while he read such booklets as *Bonar's Way of Holiness*, he thought a great deal for himself, and made the Scriptures come home to us boys in a way that deeply interested us. Then, again, he had great command over all types of boys, he was all things to all of us in turn, and when I look back on the various boys who joined the 'Synagogue,' I feel that it was a sort of genius emanating from him that brought us together and retained the hold on us. Of course, all this was seen on a much larger scale later in life, when the lads of the Polytechnic fell under his spell; but it is interesting to think that his early lessons in the art were learned at Eton and under conditions infinitely more difficult than in Regent Street. While he thus drew together some sixteen of us into the 'Synagogue,' he never lost his hold on others who were outside and who occasionally sneered at him and his prayer meeting. In a remarkable degree he was one who could have his serious side and yet retain his intense love of football, fives, and such like; and he had the wonderful instinct of never overdoing his religious profession by intruding it at unsuitable times. . . . I think his Eton work was quite unique."

[1] The Marquis of Huntly.

Those who were most active in keeping the "Synagogue" alive used to write him very detailed accounts both of the general work and of the individual members, so that he was able to keep thoroughly conversant with the needs and difficulties of both, a fact which was naturally of great assistance to him, both in giving advice concerning its general conduct and in preparing his own remarks to the boys when he went down to address them.

Quintin Hogg was very fond of discussing his Eton days, specially with more recent generations of Etonians, with whom he liked comparing notes as to the changes introduced, the customs still observed, the ancient traditions still honoured. He very rarely spoke of the "Synagogue"; that was one of the memories he treasured in his heart, mention of which but seldom crossed his lips; but of any other side of his Eton life he would talk freely, and was full of happy reminiscences concerning his contemporaries and personal experiences. One of his stories was of a boy who had been ordered to apply two leeches to his upper lip as a cure for neuralgia and toothache. "The poor boy, knowing no better, applied the brutes with his hand to the place directed, upon which the reptiles promptly escaped, one up each nostril! His dismay can be better imagined than described. 'Run for a doctor, there's a good fellow,' he called out as he walked up and down the room, vainly endeavouring to pinch the cartilage at the top of his nose, so as to close the passage by which the leeches could go—he knew not where. In due time the doctor arrived, and by some means or other (salt I think it was) got the leeches down, and told the boy he ought to have known better than to apply leeches with his finger, the correct method being to pass a needle and thread through the tails of the beasts, and so control their movements. I shall not easily forget the serious look with which the poor boy walked up and down his room the rest of that afternoon, with a piece of thread through the tails of the leeches, which he held on to with both hands, utterly refusing to enter into conversation, or, in fact, to do anything but watch his slippery benefactors."

Another one related how he and a boy friend went one dark autumn day into St. James's Park, and "since Satan finds mischief still for idle hands to do," commenced throwing into the water, the chairs which were stacked ready for removal. The splashing attracted one of the keepers, who, finding himself unable to capture the boys single-handed, blew signals of distress on his whistle. In a short time all the gates were closed, and the entire force of aged and rather infirm park keepers occupied in chasing the offenders, who, trusting to the fog preventing their being recognized, dodged the poor old men all over the park till they were tired of the game, and then quietly climbed over the railings and went home, leaving their pursuers still rushing wildly about in the fog, capturing each other at intervals, and vowing terrible vengeance once they succeeded in laying hands on their tormentors.

The late Rev. R. H. Killick, then Rector of St. Clement Danes, in whose parish Lady Hogg and her daughters worked, never forgot his first meeting with the youngest member of the family. Owing to an accident at football he was laid up at home with a bad leg one night when the Killicks were dining at Carlton Gardens, and after dinner he was carried into the drawing-room and laid on the sofa. The "good-looking, attractive young Etonian, who lay there aglow with interest"[1] when they spoke of their work in the parish, made a deep impression on the rector and his wife, who, even after a lapse of forty years, vividly recalled the events of that evening. "A princely boy,"[1] they described him, adding, "but his chief fascination was his earnestness; he seemed so deeply and naturally in earnest about religious matters, and talked so eagerly about these things."[1]

It was about this time too that his solitary meeting with Ruskin occurred. He rushed into a room where his sister Florence was copying a picture of Turner's, and, not noticing a gentleman who was watching her, ran laughingly up to her with some little joke. "You had better laugh while you can,"

[1] The late Rev. R. H. Killick.

C. E. CUTHELL. T. HAMOND. E. LUBBOCK. S. C. CORKRAN (*Captain of the Boats*).
A. V. PRYOR. E. S. HOPE. HON. NEVILE LYTTLETON. H. D. FORSYTH. W. S. PRIDEAUX.
QUINTIN HOGG. W. W. PHIPPS.

THE ETON FIELD ELEVEN, 1863.

suddenly observed a lugubrious voice behind him, "for every year you live you will become more and more miserable"!

During one of his summer vacations some of the family went to Switzerland, taking Quintin and Charles Nicholson[1] (John's brother) with them. They found their Benjamin anything but a restful travelling companion! On one occasion, having possessed himself of a horn similar to the guard's, he succeeded, to his huge delight, in starting the train, and his joy increased tenfold when the infuriated railway officials attacked the party with much vituperation, declaring that "ce garçon anglais c'est un veritable diable." His last two summer vacations whilst at Eton were spent mainly at Aboyne with his friend Lord Huntly, who had just lost his father. A religious revival was then in full force in the north, and the enthusiastic meetings and almost hysterical devoutness of the peasantry appeared to affect him very strongly.

[1] Charles Nicholson died in 1862 in a "dâk bungalow," in India.

LETTERS WRITTEN ABOUT THIS PERIOD (1863–4).

Written soon after he had left Eton to a boy who was taking a great interest in the Synagogue.

"MY DEAR —— "'THE DEN.'

"About the Synagogue, I think that if you don't settle upon the chapter dodge, the Acts would be the best book to take. Anyhow, I should make the selection of the chapter the Sunday before a *sine quâ non* in the event of your adopting that plan. Arthur seems to prefer the idea of reading the Acts consecutively. In my opinion either plan would entail much work and reading up on the part of those who are really in earnest, far more so than the Gospels. If I were in your place I would talk it over quietly with ——, or some of that sort, you will know best who, and then propose the plan which finds most favour amongst you to the Synagogue when you come to the last chapter but one of John—i.e. next Sunday, is it not?—so as to give a little time to arrange. Anyhow, we must not forget to pray much about it, that whichever plan is adopted may be the means of saving souls. I am sending you a few tracts in case you may have opportunity to get rid of them. I think them very much to the point, and thoroughly evangelical. Good-bye now, old boy, and God bless you.

"'THE DEN,' MINCING LANE.

"MY DEAR ——

"Many thanks for your jolly long letter and report of the Synagogue. I have just come back from the gymnasium, where I have been practising the noble art, &c., with A—— L——. He is no great hand at gymnastics, and seems quite out of his element even on such a simple apparatus as the giant's strides. However that is all the better for me, as it gives me lots to laugh at, a rare enough treat in the city. We tried hard to persuade fat old L—— to put the gloves on with one of us, but he preferred the more passive and perhaps, for him, safer part of a spectator. I am trying hard to get some one to give the junior fives cup with me, but as yet unsuccessfully, and I can hardly stand it all myself, as I can get nothing decent under ten guineas a pair. I should not myself have started the plan of written prayers, as I think one might as well read them out of the Prayer Book at once; but of course I have not the same opportunity of judging as you have on the spot. However, I am very glad to hear it has succeeded well. Individually, I think it far easier to *pray* an extempore than a written prayer, because you then ask what is really on your mind, while a written one is apt to deal in generalities and become formal. I think you quite right in leaving it optional, and would still, if I were you, offer

extemporary prayers myself and also any who do not feel it too much of an effort for sincerity.

"As to the use of the word 'converted,' I must say that I fully believe that there is a time in a man's life when he passes from death unto life; nor do I think it stronger to say that a man is converted than that he is born again. Surely there can be no word too strong to express the saving of an immortal soul. We 'have passed from death into life,' and, moreover, that very idea of Substitution, which is, of course, the foundation of our faith, implies doing something by proxy. God requires *my* death for *my* sin, and so Jesus steps in and pays the penalty which I should otherwise suffer. So when a man sees this and accepts the Substitute of God's providing, I regard it, as I am sure you do, as the greatest conversion or change which a man can undergo. A new nature is implanted by God, and altogether he views life, death, time and eternity in a different light. I hardly think St. Peter's case applies to us; he had not been taught, as we have, for the simple reason that the Holy Spirit had not yet come down. We (or, at least, I) can hardly realize the state Peter was in at that time, accustomed as we are to see the agency of the Spirit in our very (conversion, I was going to say), but realization of the work of Christ, if you prefer the expression. What I meant was, did you think that —— was saved? I would ask it in all humility, for, of course, only God really knows, but we can generally tell from a man's life and conduct whether he is living for this world or the next. I liked what I saw of —— very much indeed, but there are many who are anxious and trying to do good who are not real Christians. I would speak from my own experience; for months I was anxious about my soul and trying to realize the full perfection of Jesus' work, before I really saw that I was to begin by being saved and then work for love of Him Who saved me. Pray excuse my writing in this free way to you, but I wished to explain what I meant, and I hope you won't mind it. 'All ye are brethren,' and there can be nothing, I am sure, so foolish as not to do one's best to allay any misunderstanding among those who work for His Name. Is it not wonderful how one feels the meaning of the verse which tells us the proof of our salvation lies in 'loving the brethren.' I used never to comprehend its meaning, but now, as you justly observed, hours spent in talking with others of our absent Lord are precious indeed. I do feel so differently towards one whom I know to be a Christian; besides, I think and find nothing so good for one's soul in elevating and helping us on as talking over the Bible, or on spiritual subjects with real Christians. You gave me great cause for thankfulness in your letter, as one seems to see the first forerunner of future blessings in the steadfastness of the younger fellows in the Synagogue. It often brings to my mind the chapter in Chronicles where Jehosaphat appoints singers to go before the army praising God, and then the

enemy fall upon each other and slay each other. How often has the Lord to ask 'Where are the nine?' when we take our answer as a matter of chance, or thank Him coldly for it. Would that we had faith to praise the 'beauty of His holiness' and walk straight at every difficulty, knowing that the battle is the Lord's. Don't talk rot about long scrawls. I enjoyed your letter very much, and the longer and more frequent they are the better I shall like it, though I know how hard it is to find time to write at Eton. Good-bye now, old boy, and believe me yours very affectionately."

QUINTIN HOGG.

III

EARLY DAYS IN THE CITY—BIRTH OF THE POLYTECHNIC

He forgot his own soul for others,
  Himself to his neighbour lending;
He found his Lord in his suffering brothers,
  And not in the clouds descending.

WHITTIER.

THE COSTUME WORN BY THE SHOE BLACK BRIGADE WHEN MR. HOGG WORKED AMONGST THEM, WHICH HE WORE WHEN HE FIRST BEGAN HIS WORK IN THE SLUMS NEAR CHARING CROSS.

III

EARLY DAYS IN THE CITY—BIRTH OF THE POLYTECHNIC

QUINTIN HOGG left Eton at Christmas 1863, with the choice of going up to Oxford or of travelling for a year. He chose the latter alternative, but an opening in the firm of Messrs. Thompson, tea merchants, being offered him suddenly, he relinquished the plan and went straight into the City, with the idea of going out to China as the firm's representative in a short time. It was a horrible change for the athletic boy to go straight from the outdoor life, the glory of being a "swell" at Eton, popular with his contemporaries, and looked up to by the small boys as a veritable hero for his prowess in the football field to become practically an errand boy at the beck and call of all his seniors in the office. He hated it with all his soul, and used to head the letters he wrote from the office, "24, Mincing Lane, i.e. the Den"; but for all that he entered on his new duties with the determination to do his best and shirk nothing.

Whenever possible he would get away for a day in the country, riding or boating. Of some of these brief expeditions he writes from "The Den":

"I went down to Cheam to see the boys some days ago for the afternoon, and made great friends with Tabor, the master there" (Mr. Hogg's two eldest boys subsequently went to Cheam).

"Another day I went to Leatherhead with Lady Huntly's[1] party, to look for wild flowers in a ditch. I was kept warm by delving frantically in the earth with a geometrically made spud, kindly lent by a dentist, whilst a stalwart 'John' bore a vast ironclad machine to contain our treasures."

"I went to my office on Monday, and got a telegram at three, telling me to be at Prince's Gate punctually at two! I was a little

[1] Mother of the present Marquis of Huntly.

busy for a wonder, and did not leave my shop till 4.15, when I went to Richmond to the *Star and Garter*, the place settled on as I thought, with exactly 7*s.* 6*d.* in my pocket. I took a fly (1*s.* 6*d.* gone, besides the 2*s.* 3*d.* for my ticket), and when I arrived was told that no such person as C—— had been there, and that I meant the Sun Fire office party. I was equally certain that I meant nothing of the sort, so went to the *Castle*, where I was told that I meant Mr. Allen's party. Now the very small amount of discretion that Nature has blessed me with, suggested to me that Hampton Court was one eligible place for a picnic, and the most likely place next to Richmond, but I was on the loop line and Hampton on the main, so I had to go to Bushey Park and run as hard as I could (considering my ampulla) to Hampton Court, and going to the *Mitre*, found them not, but had better luck next time, for at the *Greyhound* I was told that C—— and party had started down the river for Richmond 'nigh two hours gone.' Off I started down the river after them and soon found them, not a very difficult matter by the way, as such an uproar pealed round for about half a mile radius that you could make no mistake as to C—— being there. Sure enough I found that amiable young lady in the act of hurling a whole cold fowl at T——'s head, who in alliance with J——was retaliating with French rolls, whilst A—— was quietly smiling at the top of a hamper, excessively happy at having rigged up a shade for himself by suspending shawls between the trees. The rest of the party were seated round on the ground in those exceedingly painful positions in which one has to put oneself, in order to sit on the ground, look comfortable and eat at the same time."

A welcome excitement the following year was his brother James'[1] Parliamentary contest at Bath, which constituency he represented from 1865 to 1868.

"... James is awfully busy at his election, and is being opposed, so of course can find no time to write to any one. He is looking dreadfully seedy, complains very much of having to imbibe bad beer, wherever he goes a-canvassing! He is going to send for me to help him at the time of his election, which will, I hope, be over by the 14th."

Before very long he had a big piece of personal news to tell, which might well efface everybody else's concerns from his mind for the time being. One of his sisters had married in 1856 a wealthy West Indian merchant, Charles McGarel, who

[1] Afterwards Lord Magheramorne.

took rather a fancy to his versatile young brother-in-law, and began to make inquiries about him. He learnt that whereas most of the clerks when sent out with bags of tea were absent for hours, Hogg was always back in the minimum of time; that he was conscientious and hard-working, in fact, that Messrs. Thompson had nothing but good to say of him. A vacancy occurring in the firm of Bosanquet, Curtis and Co.,[1] sugar merchants, after eighteen months of drudgery, Quintin Hogg unexpectedly received an offer from Mr. McGarel, that changed his horizon completely. Writing to tell his sister Florence[2] of his sudden good fortune, he says:

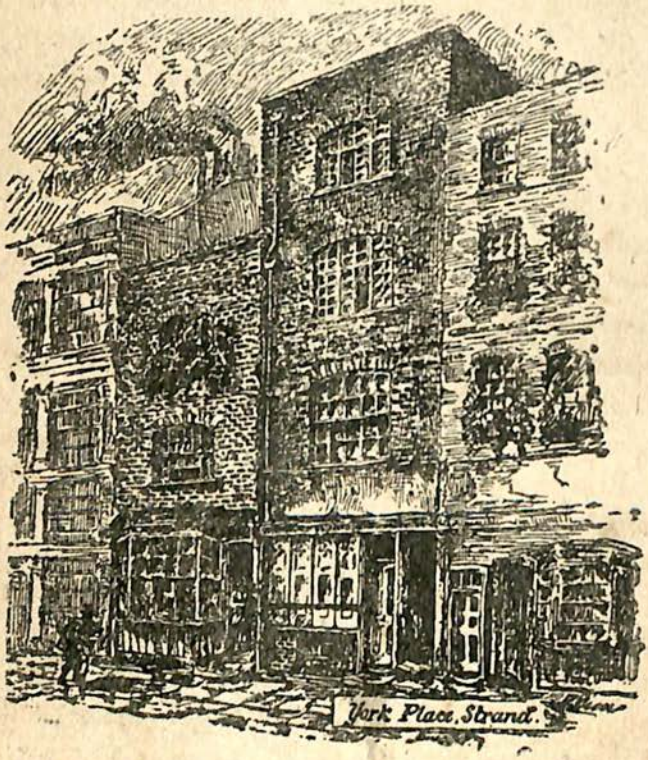
"Young Curtis has gone up into ——'s place, and now he and Bosanquet are sole partners. I am to go into their house" (here follow details of Mr. McGarel's generous offer). "Next year I am to go to the West Indies for six months, which will, I opine, be pleasanter than going to China for six years! What burning coals such blessings come from a God for whom one has done so little. My father is quite delighted, and now nothing remains for me but to say to Mr. Thompson 'Walker!' and to thank him for all his kindness to me during my stay there, which has been real and from the heart."

During those eighteen months of apprenticeship, one would have thought the few hours of freedom from "The Den" would have been too precious to spend in aught but outdoor amusement. But the "poor little beggars" who crossed his path in his walks about the great city haunted him, and his heart cried out in overwhelming pity for them; also the sense of obligation to that "God for whom one has done so little" was urging him on to do what he could to bring others to the knowledge of Him whose name is Love. "What do you know about God?" he asked two little urchins playing in Trafalgar Square whilst the church bells were ringing. "Why, that's the chap wot sends us to 'ell," came the prompt reply. This and many similar incidents made a deep impression on his mind, and he had not been long in London before he went to Mr. Killick, whose parish embraced all the terrible slums where the Law Courts now stand,

[1] Mr. McGarel's firm.
[2] Mrs. George Campbell.

which were crowded with destitute poor, and said, "I want to work. I can't do much, for I don't know much, but can't you find something for me to do? Please tell me how to begin; what can I do?" Mr. Killick, who was just about to leave the parish, suggested work amongst youths; but during his Eton days, Mr. (now Sir Mark) Stewart had taken him to a ragged school in Fox Court, on which occasion his class and the one adjoining it had caught up their forms and indulged in a pitched battle, the teachers finding themselves quite unable to restore order. The young Etonian had vowed then and there that he would never have anything to do with boys, as he couldn't manage them! A vow which fortunately, not only for his own generation, but for all future generations of Englishmen, proved to be of a very mutable nature! For with the misery of the lives of those boys being borne in on him daily: the utter absence of any possible means of innocent recreation, of education, of anything that could turn them into God-fearing, respectable citizens, being revealed to his tentative inquiries, "I felt," he said, "as though I should go mad unless I did something to try and help some of the wretched little chaps I used to see running about the streets!" There follows his own account of his earliest endeavours:

"My first effort was to get a couple of crossing-sweepers whom I picked up near Trafalgar Square, and offered to teach how to read. In those days the Thames Embankment did not exist, and the Adelphi Arches were open both to the tide and the street. With an empty beer bottle for a candlestick and a tallow candle for illumination, two crossing-sweepers as pupils, your humble servant as teacher, and a couple of Bibles as reading books, what grew into the Polytechnic was practically started. We had not been engaged in our reading very long when at the far end of the arch I noticed a twinkling light. 'Kool ecilop,' shouted one of the boys, at the same moment 'doucing the glim' and bolting with his companion, leaving me in the dark with my upset beer bottle and my douced candle, forming a spectactle which seemed to arouse suspicion on the part of our friend the policeman, whose light it was that had appeared in the distance. However, after scrutinizing me for some time by the light of his bull's-eye, he moved on, leaving me in a state of mental perturbation as to what the mystic words I had heard hollared out meant, and to ask myself what I, who a year before had



THE HOUSE IN OF ALLEY, AFTERWARDS KNOWN AS YORK PLACE, IN WHICH MR. HOGG BEGAN HIS RAGGED SCHOOL WORK.

been at Eton, was doing at that time of night under an Adelphi Arch? Afterwards, when I became proficient in 'back slang,' I knew that 'kool ecilop' was 'look out for the police, spelt backwards, the last word being evidently the original of the contraction 'slop,' a familiar nickname for the police of London to-day. Altogether I did not think my first essay a very successful one, and I cast about in my mind how I could learn the language of those boys, and ascertain their real wants and their ways of life."

His cogitations resulted in the purchase of a second-hand suit of shoeblack clothes and outfit. He baked the former in the oven after the servants had gone to bed, as a precautionary measure. (His father, who was somewhat of an epicure, and very particular about his *cuisine*, was happily in ignorance of this episode.) Office hours over, he would sally forth to earn a few pence by holding horses, blacking boots, or performing any odd jobs that came his way. There is a pleasing legend that he once blacked his father's boots which I should be loth to dispel, and at least it wears the garb of possibility, which is more than can be said for some legends! He used to get home in time for breakfast, and for some time Sir James knew nothing of the two or three nights a week when his son supped on "pig's trotters" or "tripe and onions" off a barrow, and spent the night curled up in a barrel, under a tarpaulin or on a ledge in the Adelphi Arches, learning to know the boys he meant to rescue, making their life his life, their language his language, in the hope of changing their thoughts and lives. After a few months of this work, he and Arthur Kinnaird[1] hired a room in "Of Alley"[2] (now York Place, Charing Cross) for which they paid the sum of £12 a year, and started the ragged school from which the Polytechnic was to spring. Mr. Killick, Lord Radstock, Tom Pelham and other friends were invited to the opening of the little room, furnished only with a rough table and a few chairs, and lighted with candles stuck in empty bottles. After the boys had departed the little band of workers joined in an "all-night prayer meeting, and the place seemed shaken with

[1] Now Lord Kinnaird.

[2] It was part of the Old Buckingham Estate, on the site of the old palace of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whence the names of George Court, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley, and Buckingham Street.

power, so overwhelming was the sense of God's Presence and Blessing." [1]

The boys, though his chief, were not his only care; he used to visit in the district, seeing everywhere poverty and misery that urged him to more and more strenuous effort on behalf of the wretched inhabitants. In one place off Bedfordbury known as Pipemaker's Alley, he found in all the houses but two bedsteads; the rest of the people, chiefly Irish immigrants, slept on bundles of rags, old brandy cases serving them for tables and chairs. He started meetings for the rough Covent Garden porters on Wednesday evenings, frequently held open-air meetings, was connected with a medical mission in Endell Street, had a mission hall in Hart Street and a class for flower girls. Concerning one of these, he told the following story—

"Years ago when I had a class among the flower girls at Charing Cross, I succeeded in persuading one of them to promise to lead a new and better life, but she wished to postpone her amendment; she promised to give it all up six weeks later, but not just then. In vain I tried to persuade her, thinking it was but a subterfuge and an excuse to avoid making any immediate decision; but the girl stood as firm as a rock—she would do what I wished in six weeks' time. Seeing I could prevail nothing, I desisted, very discouraged, and feeling almost sure that her excuse was only offered in order to be quit of my importunity. Imagine my feelings when at the promised time the girl came, neatly dressed and ready to carry out her promise. And then it leaked out, bit by bit, that at the time when I spoke to her, the friend with whom she lived was on the verge of being confined. It fell to her lot to support her friend in the hour of her weakness, and repugnant as her life had become to her, she actually carried it on for six weeks, till her friend was up and about again, sacrificing herself and imperilling her chance of a new life, out of loyalty to her friend. You can imagine, but I cannot adequately describe, how humbled I felt when this story came out. I had been judging her as one who was giving excuses, but in very truth she had been making a sacrifice of self, which might well bring into my cheek the blush of inferiority and shame. Verily she loved much; to her the Master could say, 'Go in peace.'"

Another of these girls tells how she was asked by her companions to go with them to Of Alley. She used to leave her basket in a restaurant and attend the night school. After

[1] The late Rev. R. H. Killick.

she had been coming for some time, her father was taken ill and removed to the infirmary; while he was there her mother died suddenly, and Emma, a child of twelve, was left alone. She went straight to the Home and told her tale. She was put into a servants' training home, and from there she went into service, and made herself so useful to her employers that when a young man wished to marry her, her mistress wrote to the Home imploring the authorities there to interfere, as they did not wish to lose the girl!

The open-air services were frequently subjected to by no means friendly interruptions on the part of the inhabitants of the surroundings houses. One man appeared so enraged by the singing of a hymn that Mr. Hogg thought he was going to attack him. Suddenly some one in the crowd called out that it was "the cove as looks after the kids in Bedfordbury." Instantly the man's manner changed. "Beg yer pardon, guv'nor," he said quite apologetically, "I never knew as 'ow you were the bloke what gave my little Joey 'is truss." And in a rough but sincere attempt to make reparation he joined in the singing with such robust vocal whole-heartedness as to completely annihilate the voices of the rest of the congregation.

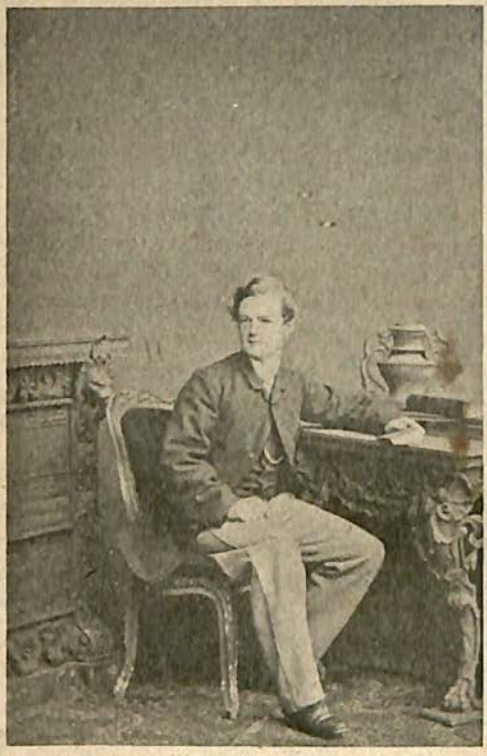
One of the families he visited at this time prided itself on having gained the reputation of being "the wickedest family in the court!" a preeminence by no means easily attained in those terrible slums, veritable cesspools of iniquity and vice. With infinite patience and perseverance he strove to influence them; one of them is now a Christian worker in St. Giles, another a City missionary, another a nurse, and a fourth the matron of a hospital in New South Wales.

But the young philanthropist whilst winning the name of "friend" amongst these unfortunates, won also for himself the reputation of being a determined enemy of crime, a persecutor of thieves and the like, and his work in consequence was not unattended by danger. He describes one of his adventures in a letter to a sister:—

"I nearly got potted the other night. I was humbugged into a room to buy photos, and they did their best to shoot and stab me. I only succeeded in getting off by a most determined resistance and the bursting of a shutter, the bar of which fortunately came down, shutter and all, when I wrenched at it in desperation."

Another time the bait was a sick woman, but his suspicions were aroused by the innumerable tortuous passages and back alleys he was conducted through, and confirmed when he was eventually taken into a room occupied by a couple of ruffians, and invited to enter the cupboard leading out of it, in which the invalid was said to be. Instead, he made a sudden dash at the window, swept away the furniture with which it was partially barricaded, and smashing the glass, yelled "Police! Help!" with all the power of a sturdy young pair of lungs. Luckily for him, a couple of policemen heard him and, guided by his voice, effected an entrance through the window, and after a short struggle succeeded in rescuing him. Discretion being the better part of valour for the respectable in that neighbourhood, they took to their heels and ran until they found themselves in a familiar street. Next day a party of police, headed by an inspector, went to try and clear out the hole; but search as they might, the labyrinth of small rooms, nameless streets, and dark cross-passages baffled them, and the quest was given up in despair. But if those two policemen had not happened to be within hearing, the cupboard might have held another gruesome secret, probably by no means the first of that kind, as the inspector significantly hinted.

The room in Of Alley was at first used only in the daytime, a female teacher being in charge, an earnest woman whose ambitions somewhat outstripped her capabilities. She begged Mr. Hogg to open it in the evenings for the benefit of the older lads, but with the vision of his only attempt at that kind of work before him, he refused to take any active part, though he sanctioned the use of the room and gas, provided she would undertake to keep order. Nothing daunted, the good woman eagerly accepted the offer and made immediate preparations



QUINTIN HOGG AT THE AGE OF 18.

for the commencement of her plan. It so happened that the evening the experiment was first tried, Quintin Hogg was in bed with a very bad feverish cold.

"Suddenly" (in his own words) "about eight o'clock in the evening one of the elder boys living in Bedfordbury came racing up to my father's house in Carlton Gardens (the house now occupied by Mr. Balfour), to beg me to come at once, as there was a row in the school with the boys, who were fighting the police and pelting them with slates. In about three minutes I had huddled on just sufficient clothes to suffice me, and slipping on an overcoat as I ran through the hall, I made for the ragged school as hard as my legs could carry me. On arriving there, I found the whole school in an uproar, the gas fittings had been wrenched off and were being used as batons by the boys for striking the police, while the rest of them were pelting them with slates, and a considerable concourse of people was standing round in a more or less threatening way, either to see the fun or to help in going against the police. I felt rather alarmed for the safety of the teacher, and rushing into the darkened room, called out for the boys to instantly stop and be quiet. To my amazement the riot was stopped immediately, in two minutes the police were able to go quietly away, and for the first time in my life I learned that I had some kind of instinct or capacity for the management of elder boys. From that day to 1868, when I had to go abroad for the first time, I scarcely missed the ragged school for a single night."

The boys used to come into the house in an undescribable condition, so that it was absolutely necessary to shave their heads and literally scrub them from head to foot before they were fit to associate with any human being; all of which unpleasant operations Mr. Hogg used to perform with his own hands.

"The class prospered amazingly; our little room, which was only 30 ft. long by 12 ft. wide, got so crammed that I used to divide the school into two sections of sixty each, the first lot coming from 7 to 8.30, and the second lot from 8.30 to 10. There I used to sit between two classes, perched on the back of a form, dining on my 'pint of thick and two doorsteps,' as the boys used to call coffee and bread and treacle, taking one class in reading and the other at writing or arithmetic. Each section closed with a ten minutes' service and prayer."

The classes over, he would walk home to Carlton Gardens with Tom Pelham or Arthur Kinnaird, and invite them to share

a glass of port wine, and then to assist him in exterminating the black beetles to be found in the kitchen, by pouring boiling water over them!

In 1865 a second room had to be added, and next year the house next door was rented for £30 and turned into a "2*d.* doss house."

"The intention was that the boys who had been picked up in the streets and started at the school, and who had no homes, should be kept from bad surroundings, such as thieves' kitchens or low lodging-houses, and housed under respectable and improving influences. The house was in a state of utter dilapidation when we took it over, but the boys and myself set to work as amateur painters, carpenters, and whitewashers, and we were very well pleased with the result, though even to this day I cannot think of the job we made of the doors and, indeed, of our carpentering altogether, without laughing. I had a little room in the attic which had been inhabited by a man who used it for the double purpose of a habitation and a place to dry fish in. The smell of the latter clung about the walls in spite of all we could do, and the boys declared that to come into my room made them hungry for supper!"

But the necessity for extra accommodation was not the only encouragement, nor the only sign of progress. When the school first opened, five of the boys came absolutely naked except for their mothers' shawls pinned round them, nor was this as great a hardship as the uninitiated might imagine, for one boy entirely refused to adopt any other costume, and for a long time remained obdurate to remonstrances and persuasions! Five separate gangs of thieves attended, all of whom were earning their living respectably ("more or less") within six months. Possibly the "more or less" is somewhat significant! Still the results obtained far outstripped the boldest hopes of the little band of workers, for the enthusiasm of the boy of twenty-two was so contagious that old Eton friends and present office companions found themselves caught by it and drawn into the work too. In 1864 the boys were ragged, unkempt, ignorant, without even the desire to rise; in four years' time those same boys had become orderly, decent in dress and behaviour—had,

in fact, climbed several rungs up the ladder of civilization and were anxious to continue climbing.

During these years Quintin Hogg had also been a constant attendant at the Shoeblack Brigade. As his boys improved, he started many of them as shoeblacks, organizing a brigade[1] which took up disused stations near the Strand, Piccadilly, Leicester Square, Westminster, and towards Waterloo. In 1868 he notes in the Shoeblack brigade diary that "thirty York Place boys came in for the first time." This brigade grew to about seventy members, and after a few years was merged in the "Old City Reds" at Fetter Lane. His entries concerning the boys under his charge are very detailed; nothing, good or bad, is too insignificant to be noted, no trouble too great to ensure their welfare. Of one boy he records that a "gentleman writes to say that he gave S—— 2*s.* 6*d.* instead of a penny. S—— returned it honestly. He has done this before, and so has M——." Two others had a row, and finding their fists unsatisfactory weapons, blacked each other's faces and jerseys with the implements of trade! Yet another had to be punished for his excessive zeal, which led him to drag unwilling fares on to his stand by the leg! At one time, small-pox being prevalent, the doctor was summoned and "arrived with four or five babies and vaccinated all the boys." (No conscientious objections permitted!)

One summer there was a serious outbreak of cholera. Mr. Hogg describes how he gave up his holiday to Guisachan,[2] and took up the duties of a city missionary, who had fallen ill.

"There came at the moment an unbidden thought, though I chased it away as unworthy, that I was giving up something very pleasant in surrendering this holiday. But almost the first day in the district assigned to me made me forget any feeling of regret I might have had. I found a little boy lying helpless, almost unconscious, sickening for illness. Taking an orange from my pocket, I squeezed some of the juice into his mouth, and tried to nurse him as best I knew how, though, poor little fellow, his condition was such as to make him anything but attractive.

[1] They were too rough for the Society's brigades, into which only boys of good character were admitted.

[2] His brother-in-law, Lord Tweedmouth's place in Inverness-shire.

Foul as to his linen, foul as to his body, foul as to his head, there was little beautiful about him except the childlike gratitude he had for, perhaps, the only kindly treatment he had known for many a long day. When I was going away, he put his arms up and said, 'Do kiss me, sir. No one has ever kissed me since my mother died,' and one forgot the dirt and uncleanliness of the surroundings in pity for the child."

The existing agencies were hopelessly overtaxed by the epidemic, and he was soon put in charge of a district of slums with two men under him. Here he spent his entire holiday, his family being for a long time unconscious of the risks he was running, believing him to be safely at Guisachan. On one occasion he was called to a man so stricken with confluent small-pox that he could not be touched, and had to be carried through the streets to the nearest hospital in the sheets on which they found him lying, Mr. Hogg taking one end and his helpers the other! He would be summoned at all hours of the day and night to patients, and would give them doses of Rubini's camphor, put hot bricks to their feet and administer all the simple remedies he had been taught until the overworked doctor arrived or the patient could be removed to the hospital.

Once a year the shoeblacks whose records were sufficiently unbesmirched, were taken for a day in the country. This is "Q. H.'s" account of one of these festivals:—

"Started for station at 7 a.m. in deluge of rain; present Messrs. Kinnaird and Quintin Hogg. Mr. Stewart met us at the station, and we went away at 7.40 with everything damped except our spirits. Arrived at Southend, the rain cleared off, as also did Mr. Stewart, while the boys made a most effectual clearance of the very excellent dinner and tea provided. Returned by the 7.45 train, having enjoyed a nice bathe, varied by football, cricket, rounders and donkeys."

By now his entire family knew of his work; it was inevitable that they should do so, as it grew and absorbed more and more of his time and money. Occasionally his mother would come and climb up the dark, steep stairs to speak to her boy's protégés, her stateliness and refinement aweing them to respectful silence. Even Sir James, though he would laugh and grumble

at "Quintin's eccentricities," saying that the proper course of action was to pay other people to do these things, was secretly very proud of him, and often when the "beggar boys" were proving a trial to him, his sense of humour would come to the rescue and dispel his wrath. He always had his own brougham, about the use of which he was very particular, and it was a severe trial to him to hear that his youngest son, to whom he had lent this carriage, had filled it with street urchins and driven them round Hyde Park at a most fashionable hour when the season was at its height.

More trying still, perhaps, was it when he himself went out with his tormentor, who promptly invited one of the "home boys" they passed in the street to "jump in!" "God bless my soul, Quintin," exclaimed poor Sir James, "I will not have it, I will not have it." "Oh, all right, papa! Get on the box, then Charlie!" "No, no, Quintin, if I must have him, I'll have him inside!" One's sympathies are with Sir James! Another time Mr. Hogg and a boy were carrying some ladders and planks across from one home to another when the former saw his father crossing the road in his stately, leisurely manner. Mr. Hogg was at the further end of the load and, waiting till they were just behind Sir James, he forced the boy in front suddenly forward so that the planks caught the old gentleman in the back. Round jumped the victim, thundering out wrath at the unfortunate boy, who stood abjectly apologising, though fully conscious that it really wasn't his fault at all! At last Sir James caught sight of the laughing face of his undutiful son at the other end of the obstacle. He made an effort to rebuke the real offender, but, as usual, the humorous aspect of the incident was too much for him, and his indignation trailed off into appreciative chuckles at his own expense.

Annie, the sister who had first taught Bible stories to the fidgety little boy in Grosvenor Street, and who had always given him the keenest sympathy and encouragement in all his efforts, had taken over the sisters and mothers of these same ragged boys, and, assisted by a woman missionary, held classes for them in

the upper part of the house. If it was rough work for the man who had served an apprenticeship as a shoeblack in some of the lowest slums in London, what must it have been for a girl straight from a luxurious home redolent of ease and refinement, to undertake ?

The girls were almost as entire little savages as the boys ; they usually came in turning catherine wheels, whilst one arrived with a policeman in hot pursuit, and led him an exciting chase over the forms and desks. People were rather ready to shake their heads over the dangerous experiment of thirty or forty rough lads downstairs, and an equal number of equally rough girls upstairs ! But the boy, who could be tender as a woman to any in pain or trouble, who would sleep night after night among the lads he wanted to rescue, sharing their food and lives, could also show an iron firmness when necessary, and administer correction as mercilessly as the most hard-hearted of disciplinarians. Never to overlook the smallest breach of authority, never to condone a fault, that was the only way to keep his ragamuffins in hand, and he knew it. "I would rather," he said, "have ten boys behaving themselves than a hundred making a row." A policeman was stationed at the door, emblem of the order required to be maintained within ; but it was not the arm of the law that prevented disaster in that hive of unruly boys and girls. It was the personality of the boy who ruled it. A look from him would often quell a rebellious spirit, if it did not, if in fact the power of the human eye failed, then the power of the human arm asserted itself. The smallest hint of impropriety of any kind was visited with a severe thrashing, and no misconduct went unpunished. "Always punish some one—of course the right someone if possible," he laughed to Lord Kinnaird once when discussing the discipline of the home.

One winter his manager got ill, and then every night after his City work was done, Quintin Hogg went to Of Alley (then beginning to be known as York Place), and slept there in a hammock, a precautionary measure against the vermin ! Often he had considerable trouble with the boys whom he had taught to read

about their choice of literature. "I used to find penny horribles or '*Bits of Blood*' secreted between the mattresses and lovingly tucked beneath the pillows. One boy I remember was everlastingly buying every bit of rubbish that came out, and apparently thought nothing worth reading that did not begin with murder and wind up with suicide. Do what I would, I could not persuade him to read anything sensible. *Oliver Twist* could not attract him, and 'Sam Weller' joked in vain. At last I got him to promise with a very doleful face that he would read one book that I should choose right through, on condition it was not a religious book. I picked out Kingsley's '*Westward Ho!*' and as he read of Sir Amyas Leigh and the men of Devon, his mind began to perceive beauties in Kingsley's work which he had never dreamed were there. By the time he was through with *Westward Ho!* it needed no persuasion to get him to read Dickens, Scott, and other healthy writers; nor had I again to confiscate from between his mattress '*Young Men of Great Britain,*' or '*Bits of Blood.*'"

He would rise at 5.30 or 6 to start the boys off to their work in good time, then he would rush back to Carlton Gardens and appear at breakfast, swallow down his meal, whilst his mother, full of anxiety for his physical welfare, hurriedly crammed into his pocket some hastily prepared delicacy for his lunch, which of course disappeared down the maw of the first hungry urchin he met. At times it was not only his own food that went. Dark stories are told of the family coming down to find the breakfast table cleared of all portable eatables. And that was the life he led for nearly five years after leaving Eton.

Then there came a sudden break. The junior partner was ordered off to the West Indian estates. Passionately fond of travelling, the prospect must have delighted him, yet without doubt his pleasure was greatly discounted by the fact that he would have to leave his "boys" and anxiety for their welfare. Fortunately for him, he had two willing comrades in whose hands he could leave the furtherance of his work with absolute confidence—his sister Annie, and his former Eton fag, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird.

With all his earnestness and hard work, he remained a boy in heart and spirit. At Carlton Gardens there was a suite of five rooms used only for entertaining purposes, which Sir James had filled with very costly and beautiful furniture. One day, hearing a noise in these apartments, he went to investigate the cause, and found his son and others of the Castle Street workers having a thrilling steeplechase over his precious furniture, which they had dragged out into the middle of the floor. In all probability an urgent invitation to join in it was the only response his remonstrances met with. Quintin Hogg was an enthusiastic athlete; he and Lord Kinnaird were largely responsible for the first English and Scotch football matches, in which Quintin Hogg played as half-back.[1] He it was also who arranged the first Old Etonian v. Old Harrovian match, and after much trouble he succeeded in obtaining permission for it to be played in Battersea Park.

It is difficult to connect in one's mind the pictures of the passionately earnest young man, spending himself so ungrudgingly in the service of the poor and wretched; of the enthusiastic athlete, flying down to Eton for a game of fives, or winning for himself some reputation in first-class football; of the irrepressible schoolboy that still survived in him, leading him to dodge keepers round St. James's Park, and to steeplechase over the furniture; and of the industrious, hard-working man of business quickly mastering the details of his work, and following with interest all that might affect the welfare of his trade. They appear so sharply differentiated as almost to present separate personalities to the mental vision. But to arrive at any rightful understanding of his nature, to generate that subconscious sympathy essential if a written biography is to reflect anything of the man with whose life it concerns itself, these portraits must become merged; and the national work which he built up and which gradually overshadowed his individuality in the eyes of the world, must be regarded not only as the achievement of a

[1] They were not recognized as International, as the team was largely composed of Scotchmen resident in London.

great philanthropist, but as the daily expression of a wonderfully complex nature finding opportunities to use all its component parts for the glory of God. Considered thus, with constant remembrance of that composite portrait, if I may use such a term, the dead word-record of what he did, may, I hope, assume in some faint shadowy manner the form of the living, acting, thinking original.

Written from 4, Carlton Gardens, in 1864.

DEAR ——

Here I am well launched in that mysterious place the City, engaged in what is expressed by that all-defining word "business." I wonder if any one ever understands what a fellow means when he says he is going into business. He may be a sort of light porter carrying 1*d.* packets of tea, or a millionaire picking his teeth in the partner's room; superintending timber at the docks, or travelling (expenses paid) in Siberia; quill driving from 9 to 9, or kicking his heels on the 'bus for the firm; everything, nothing, and anything included in that wonderful unintelligible word "business!" As yet I have had but few of the phases through which "a man of business" must pass before he attains to that cold, calculating selfishness which is necessary to become a "thorough man of business!" Still, even my experience is a little varied; I have carried circulars by the dozens and pounds by the thousands; been inside boxes and outside 'buses, scribbled on a three-legged stool, and soothed offended dignity; got drunk off tea without sugar or milk, and poked my nose into the dregs; all such things and many more I have enjoyed to the fullest extent. I suppose I shall see you on the 4th of June at Eton, as I have not managed to come across you since that time we met in Pall Mall. How do you like Oxford? I suppose anywhere is better than a private tutor's, which I should imagine, by the bye, was not saying very much for it. I am going to see the grand Assault at Arms to-day, at the Guards' place; I believe it is to be a very swell affair, with the Prince of Wales, etc.

Written to an Eton Friend at Oxford.

DEAR ——

I came back to town last night and found your letter waiting for me. I had not waited for you to ask me, however, and such good as my cold prayers can do has been yours from time to time. I am sure you need not have been afraid to approach such a subject in writing to me, my only fear was that you might have taken offence at my having spoken to you in the way I did. There is no subject a man is so sore upon as his soul; *that* at least he seems to think is his own, till awakened to know that it has been bought with a price. Your letter showed me, however, that at least you were not offended. I am sure it must be difficult indeed to confess one's faith at Oxford; but the God Who placed us in different situations cannot lie, and has promised with the temptation to provide a way to escape. It always strikes me that St. Paul gives such a glorious testimony as to living on the future glory when he tells of all his sufferings, more than any of the other apostles. In the beginning of the next chapter he speaks of having been caught up into Heaven, and having seen things not lawful to utter; and

the testimony of the only man who has ever been up to Heaven and come to earth again is that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed" (Rom. viii.). What I found of such comfort at first was just dwelling on the elements of the Gospels, though it took me months to get the assurance that I was indeed saved through Jesus' blood. I was perpetually wanting to get a little better in order *to win* mercy, forgetful that any one sin that I had ever committed would have been sufficient to damn me everlastingly. How slow one is to come as a beggar to God, acknowledging that we are altogether lost, and accepting the free gift of salvation. I often think of David's psalm where the sin of the people of Israel was "limiting the Holy One of Israel." They would not believe His power and love, and I do believe that thousands (like I myself was) are mainly deterred from taking God at His word by doubting His wish. They seem to think that they want to be saved, but that God won't do it, or, at all events, wants sighs and groans and holiness in order to bribe Him to give us what he has distinctly offered us all—salvation by believing that Christ has paid the debt.

"God will not surety twice demand,
First at my Bleeding Surety's Hand,
And then again at mine."

Repentance follows salvation as a necessary consequence, and the higher we get the more we see our own defects and deplore our weakness. The great secret appears to me to be that we are no longer under the law, but under grace. The law demanded perfection, and death to those who broke it, and so Christ came down from Heaven, fulfilled the demands of the law and became our substitute, a channel through which the love and mercy of God might flow down to us. If you find any difficulty in realizing this, I would advise you to read with much prayer from Romans iii. 19 through the next few chapters. I don't know any which have helped me so much as they did. You will excuse my writing so freely, but it is no good mincing matters: such a course is what Satan would have us adopt to hide us from the yearning love and saving death of Jesus; but joy and peace can never come from half measures, and we shall never feel the righteousness of Christ as ours by them. "The work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever." Not "going about seeking their *own* righteousness." Good-bye, now, old fellow, and thanks much for having trusted me; I know what a shy matter it is, and fully appreciate your kindness in writing to me.

Written from "THE DEN."

I have been down at Eton several times, playing sometimes for Oxford and sometimes for Trinity or Balliol, or whoever or whatever

desired any assistance. I don't wonder at your getting pumped your first game; all you fellows up at Oxford eat so much and get so fat, there's no doing anything with you when you go down to Eton. I was going to ask you to meet Lorne and me at Eton on St. Andrew's Day, but an old buffer has asked me to shoot that day, and I must go, so must give up my proposed rendezvous. I am going to play against Westminster on Saturday week, and have made Arthur Kinnaird promise to come up and play for us, also Phipps from Harrow, Trotter, a cousin of mine, and first-rate at football, with many others. I was down at Tritton's place last night, but did not see much of his people, as I had to be off at 8.15 to save my half-crown at the office. I spent all my holidays up in Scotland, and had splendid fun. I went to a place on the Tweed, where I stopped a few days, then by Lochs Katrine and Lomond to the Campbells' place. I stopped there a fortnight, left it for Aboyne's place, whence, after a week's stay, I went with him to the Braemar Gathering, and played a match at Mar Lodge next day. Posting all night, I caught the train North on Saturday morning, arriving at my brother-in-law's[1] place, Guisachan by name, at midnight. I was fairly successful out deer-stalking, getting four or five stags, besides hinds and bucks. You must have enjoyed Killarney awfully. I was there some years ago, but confess, although I admired the scenery very much, I did not fall in love either with the cleanliness, sobriety, or houses of the natives! For instance, it is hardly necessary to bring up your children and pigs together, nor *always* to have your coat in rags and your hat staved in. I have been promoted up from my public sales desk to the China correspondence of the house, which is really much more interesting than it sounds, as one can follow all the different investments and their results, etc., which is to us poor wretches in the City rather exciting. Where is it you are going for the winter? I could make nothing of it, nor could a clerk who reads all the bad scrawls we get, and so I have given it up as a bad job. I shall be going out of England for good in a couple of years or so at soonest, as it takes quite two years to learn tea-tasting, and I shan't begin for some time yet. I hope you like Oxford as much as ever, but I am sure it can't be such a good place as Eton. When I went down there last I took a skin of one of my stags done up as a rug for my dame, and she was perfectly delighted!

December 8, 1864.

DEAR ——

I hope this letter will arrive under as favourable auspices as the last, and so appear entertaining by comparison, as I fear I have got positively nothing to say. I suppose you have heard that my

[1] Lord Tweedmouth.

tutor's were beaten at Evans'—bad luck to them. I am very sulky to-day, and intend to copy my annotated Homer as closely as possible. I played against Westminster on Saturday, and am to play again for an Old Harrovian eleven on the 10th; they do not play us this year, as we can only play on the day previous to their Speech Day, which their Headmaster will not allow in case of accidents. By the bye, while I recollect it, I must express sympathy with your spaniel in your bed! I never could conceive how any living animal could breathe at the bottom of a bed; you'll smother it, so look out! I suppose you will enjoy yourself awfully at Mentone; I only wish I was going to have half such fun in my office here; and the worst of it is that I am obliged to refuse a very jolly set of visits because it would not do to take all that leave. However, I am going for a few days to Huntly's place. What an old moke you are, never going down to Eton. If I was your minor wouldn't I punch your head, that's all! I hope, talking of Eton, that your second essay at football was more successful than the first; you ought to go into training for a bit. Here's an awful bore! I find that next Saturday is mail day, and that I shall not be able to play football, as I am required by the firm, having to do no small amount of scribbling for them; upon my word, it's enough to make a fellow swear; what a good thing it is an Englishman's special privilege to grumble. I am beastly down in the mouth to-day and can't write anything else but rot! so you must forgive me. What are you going to do? Parson or guardsman, lawyer or alderman; you've got a fine field to choose from. I went to Anderson's the other night, and, upon my word, it is well worth seeing. He changes handkerchiefs in your hand, does all the Davenport tricks, rope ties, table raps, and gives you such a galvanic shock that it will last you for some time, I can tell you. I was the only fellow fool enough to take it, so served as a warning to others. I did not know at the time he was going to give it me, and I was never so startled in my life. Nor is he content with that; he takes two rabbits and rubs them into one. Let me know how you are getting on at Mentone.

Written from "THE DEN."

March, 1865.

DEAR ——

I am afraid that I have been awfully long answering your letter, but I really am so confoundedly busy and hard at work that I scarcely have a moment to myself. I am in a beastly old counting-house rammed up on the top of a high stool and casting things all day *non* "ut mens fuit mos," as you know. I was down at Eton for a holiday from Saturday to Monday, and saw your minor, who has joined a Bible reading, which goes on at my tutor's, and to which your friend Kinnaird belongs. I see a good deal of H. J.

Tritton now, and often lunch with him at a place where the waiter gives us his "tariff" in French and his oaths in English! The Commissioners' Report has just come out, and beyond cutting down the school to eight hundred and every house to thirty, and pupils to ten out of the house, they have not done much. Dames are abolished, also nine o'clock prayers, which are to be in the Chapel; Two conducts [1] instead of three, and ten honorary fellows besides the existing ones, and coming and leaving money done away with. Eton masters need not be Eton men, and beyond that I have not been able to digest, so you may discover for yourself. Good-bye and good luck, old boy. Your's better late than never, Q.H.

[1] Note by the owner of the letter—"Conducts" were the clergy who conducted the service in Chapel. One preached a sermon at Eton on "And the fourth river is Euphrates." This is all I remember of Eton sermons.

IV

THE POLYTECHNIC—INFANCY

Give all thou hast, high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more.

WORDSWORTH.

IV

THE POLYTECHNIC—INFANCY

IN 1868 Quintin Hogg crossed for the first time the great ocean that was so often to be his line of travel, for business or for health. Later on, there was a period when hardly a twelve-month passed without his going to one or other of the estates in which the firm had interests. But this was the first time he had ever penetrated farther afield than Switzerland, and his love of travel, his keen interest in all that was new to him, and his delight at exchanging the inside of an office for the outdoor life he revelled in, all combined to make it a never-to-be-forgotten trip.

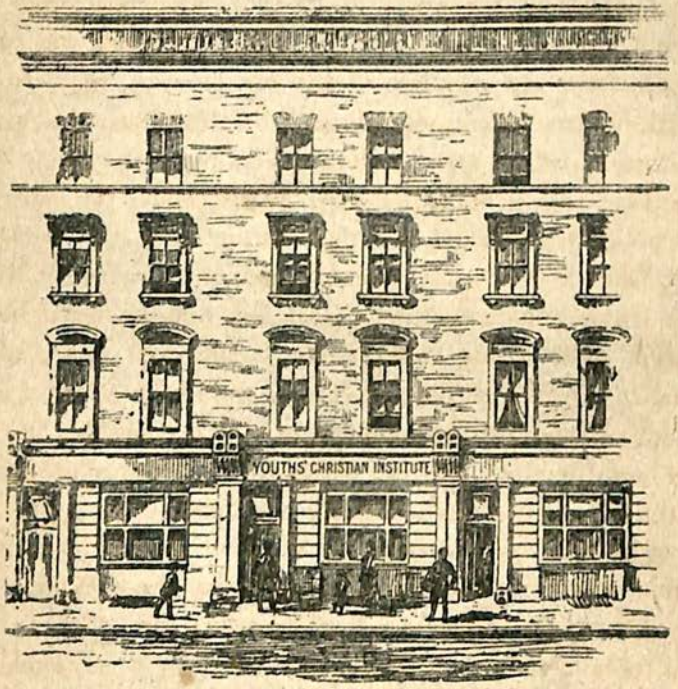
He was late in starting for the station, and therefore promised the cabby double fare if he caught the mail train all right. Owing to the traffic, he was stopped at a crossing by the policeman's upraised hand. Mr. Hogg shouted to the cabby to drive on, at the same time striking the horse with his stick, thereby almost occasioning the demolition of the policeman, who, however, succeeded in stopping the cab and indignantly demanded name and address. As it would have been impossible for the offender to appear the following day at the police-court, he gave his father's name and address. The next morning the summons accusing Sir James of assaulting a policeman was brought to Chesham Place! The butler pointed out the absurdity of such a thing in horrified tones to the bearer, and suspecting that "Master Quintin" was at the bottom of it, soothed the man's ruffled feelings with a tip, and induced him to let the matter drop. Mr. Hogg was greatly amused at the idea of his stately old father being summoned for assault!

After some necessary business transactions in the West Indies,

he crossed to America and took a trip up the Mississippi. He had an intense admiration for our cousins across the Atlantic, and would sometimes insult the Britishers' conservative pride with by no means flattering comparisons between our methods and theirs. His patriotism was as splendidly broad as everything else about him, and in reality as intense as that of the most bigoted patriot—recognition of the national failings and appreciation of other nations' achievements need not necessarily imply a less sincere love for and loyalty to the land of one's birth.

He was offered some shooting "'way up the river," and in pursuit of this sport added another adventure to his already varied store. The train had dumped him down on a lonely riverside wharf, whence a steamer was supposed to carry him on his quest. But as the hours slipped by and dusk fell, he began to resign himself to a solitary night on the hard planks, with a tin of peaches and a flask of wine for his sole sustenance. Somewhat to his discomposure, as it grew darker he noted an evil-looking individual slinking out of the woods opposite, and preparing to cross the stream in a boat that had been hidden in the growth on the banks. Not being favourably impressed by the exterior of his nocturnal visitor, the traveller made a great display of his weapons, and having ostentatiously loaded rifle and revolver, ensconced himself where an attack in his rear was impracticable, and relinquished all thoughts of sleep for the night. Fortunately the moon enabled him to keep an eye on the intruder's movements. Any attempt to approach the shore elicited threats of shooting, and thus the hours wore on. Soon after dawn the whistle of the unpunctual steamer made itself heard, and with some parting words not in the nature of a benediction, the man retreated to his lair in the woods again.

After an absence of several months, Quintin Hogg returned to England, to find his ragged school in no degree damaged by his absence, but on the contrary still growing in such healthy fashion that it was necessary to remove to more spacious quarters in Castle Street, off Hanover Street. Here there was sleeping accommodation for forty boys, and a little cubicle opening out of



THE INSTITUTE IN ENDELL STREET, LONG ACRE; THERE WAS ALSO AN ENTRANCE IN CASTLE STREET, AND THIS INSTITUTE IS REFERRED TO THROUGHOUT IN THE TEXT AS THE CASTLE STREET INSTITUTE.

their dormitory where either the master or one of the workers invariably slept. Greatly as the boys had improved, apparently their personal habits and condition still left much to be desired, for one of Mr. Hogg's staunchest Eton friends, who occupied this apartment once, refused to refer to his experience as "sleeping" at Castle Street, maintaining that was a feat none but "Q.H." could lay claim to; any one else merely passed the night there. In the new building his sister utilized the front part of the house for her girls, until the encroachments of the other sex drove her out to a house of her own. York Place was meanwhile kept open as a home for young women, and rescue work was carried on there, under the auspices of the missionaries, etc. In fact, the work became so many-sided that it is surprising the need for specialization did not force itself upon its organizer sooner. Open-air services, rescue home for girls, night school for those who could not attend during the day, services for the porters of Covent Garden held on Wednesday evenings, shoeblacks, Ragged School Union, Medical Mission, all this not the work, but the recreation of a young man barely twenty-four years of age, working in the City all day, yet giving up all his hours of leisure to labour of the most arduous and exhausting nature. Of course he had many devoted helpers: without the assistance of his sisters and Eton friends, and the zeal of the missionaries he employed, the work could not have been continued for a month; but he was the pivot—the magnetism of his personality the backbone of the whole effort. He could quell disturbance amongst the boys with a look. Once a boy stole a tie-pin from a gentleman who came to speak, but on hearing that his victim was a friend of "Mr. 'Ogg," hurriedly returned the ravished property with the naïve apology, "I didn't know as 'ow 'e was a friend of yourn, sir." As he gained experience in work amongst boys of this class, Quintin Hogg became a keen convert to emigration. He recognized the difficulties a boy, specially one of weak character, encountered in trying to better himself so long as he was surrounded with the old companions, the familiar scenes of dirt and disgrace, the scoffing—perhaps even hostile—relations. To get

him away and give him a new start in a country where no one could throw his past at him, where he started his race unhandicapped, and with as good a chance as his neighbours, was very desirable, and this could only be done by sending him to one of the great colonies where labour was more plentiful than labourers, and where the necessity of earning his own livelihood might serve as an incentive to the boy. On the whole the work was very successful. During the next few years, about 1,500 boys were sent out to Canada, Australia, etc., and the percentage of successes was encouraging. Luckily there was never a trace of namby-pamby about Mr. Hogg's philanthropy. His boys knew that they could depend on his loving sympathy and practical help to any extent, but they had a wholesome dread of abusing his kindness. Mr. Pelham came across one emigrant who had thrown up his job and slunk home. The suggestion of going to see Mr. Hogg evoked symptoms of absolute terror. "No," said the boy, "I remember 'ow he looked at another boy as ran back: I ain't a-going near 'im." It was very curious what a horror these hardened young urchins of the street had of their benefactor giving them a "look." It was a most useful accomplishment; some of the misdoers would even implore, "Oh, sir, do thrash us; only don't give us a look." He was largely unconscious of employing it, and in later years he lost the power, perhaps the growth of moustache and beard destroyed it, or the loss of vitality during his long ill-health; or possibly his friends were never treated to an exhibition of that particular expression!

It was in 1869 that he first met Miss Graham, the lady who was destined to become his wife. At a dinner party given by his sister, Mrs. George Campbell, they were allotted to each other. They found much to talk of, for Miss Graham, though she had not had the opportunity of devoting herself to religious work in the way that he had been able to do, was in absolute sympathy with such effort, and could enter into and appreciate the enthusiasm of her new-found friend. The acquaintance thus begun promised to ripen into a very real friendship, had not

their intercourse been interrupted by his departure for the West Indies in the autumn of that same year (1869). From Trinidad he wrote to his sister, Mrs. George Campbell—

"There would be ample scope for your brush and palette out here, the north mountains are unusually rich in beautiful views, and stretch away in the far distance till they almost seem to unite with their taller brethren on the Spanish main. Among the phenomena are some wonderful mud volcanos which lie just at the back of one of our estates. They are some 120 ft. above sea level, and the cone is from 3 to 4 ft. high. The water in the aperture is quite salt, and bubbles up incessantly with some highly inflammable gas. The last eruption took place two years ago, and it threw up 16,000 tons of mud in less than two hours. Oil springs exist, and the great pitch lake is a wonder worth visiting Trinidad to see for itself. It has been probed for 150 ft., and no bottom found to it, and it possesses the peculiarity of filling up whatever you take from it. It is a bleak, ugly place, about 100 acres of black hot pitch interspersed with pools of water and boiling in the centre. One inch off the whole would give 150,000 tons of crude pitch, the whole of which would be filled up again in twenty-four hours. Grenada is the Queen of West Indian islands for romantic beauty, and there, too, strange sights repay a visit. Going up the Grand Epang we found some 1,200 ft. above the sea a lake strongly impregnated with iron, in which my friend told me nothing could live. It is about two acres in extent, and has no visible outlet or inlet. Leaving this, we rode along the ridge of hills which form the backbone of the island, while the sea shone down at our feet with more than Mediterranean blueness.

"I was sorry to leave it, but at two we were off again, steaming, tearing, tossing, 'through the green islands of glittering seas,' beautiful, too beautiful to describe. Here uprises some hill bright and verdant from the ocean, torn midway into some fantastic shape, and furrowed with corries and ballocks, while the light green patches of sugar cane set off the deeper tints of the ever-green forest till it is lost in the silver setting of the summer clouds. A few more miles and Dominica breaks upon you, wild and rugged to the water's edge; you can almost hear a highland burn rushing down the steep gullies, and the little ruined town at their feet seems as if it was clinging to the dark rock that would fain spurn and cast it away. There is much that is sad in stopping at scenes like this; the broken (spirit-broken) indolent looks of the better classes, the insolent laziness of the black as he lies in your way as though to dare you to kick him, and the utter look of desolation over the whole place writes 'Ichabod' for even the most careless observer. One thing strikes one most forcibly. In other cities and lands whose glory

has passed away, you can point at least to some mementoes of brighter times. Not so with the West Indies; no public works, no fine buildings, no noble charities stand even in ruins to tell you of better times. Not even the remains of houses of fair construction or handsome appearance crop up amid the low thatched pigstyes in which our 'man and a brother lives.' No doubt the climate has much to do with this, destroying by its damp and mildew with marvellous rapidity, and also the habit of living in wooden houses which, of course, will not long survive in emptiness. Still methinks had our forefathers in those 'good old days' been like their 'fast degenerating children,' as the old fogies have it, they would have left some mark behind them, besides an ignorant and ruined race, which mars God's fair earth and well-nigh breaks the heart of the Christians who try to help them. Certainly it needs a man to live by faith and not by sight to really work among these wretched people. . . . The odd part of it is, that the black children are unusually sharp and precocious; indeed, I expect that at thirteen they would be more advanced than a white child at the same age, but there they seem to stop and the intellect develops no more, while all that is animal in the nature seems to be forced into unnatural growth. How I wish some of our negrophilites would come out here and try to live for a year under universal negro suffrage; why, Bright's metamorphis would be a joke to it! There are good points in the nigger, but the man who wishes to rule him as an Anglo-Saxon, and to do away with a paternal government, does him a grievous wrong."

On one of these early voyages he found an elderly friend of his father's on board. One morning as they were pacing to and fro together, the butcher came up on deck to get a joint out of the large chests in which the meat was stored. Now the butcher was a fat, short little man, and the meat in the safe was nearly exhausted, therefore he, had to reach so far over that his little legs left the ground and waved invitingly in the air. It was more than the younger promenader could resist. He gave an upward tip to the legs that caused their owner to fall headlong among his wares, and then fled to a safe point of vantage. The infuriated little butcher climbed out of the box, and seeing only the elderly friend, who had watched the practical joke with an indulgent smile, attacked him furiously with his steel, so obviously incredulous of his fervent protests of innocence that the poor gentleman judged discretion to be the better part of valour and

took to his heels. Round and round the deck they went, the old gentleman lumbering along as fast as his ancient limbs could carry him, gasping breathlessly, "It wasn't me—I promise you, it wasn't me," pursued ever more nearly by the indignant, rotund little butcher, bearing obvious signs of his recent mishap, brandishing his weapon and breathing out threats of vengeance, whilst the cause of all the trouble held his sides on the upper deck and laughed till the tears came.

This voyage proved a most eventful one, and its after-effects wrought terrible havoc in Quintin Hogg's life many years later. He caught yellow fever in Trinidad, and on arrival at St. Thomas went to interview the doctor, who told him his one chance of recovery was to get away immediately. The Royal Mail steamer happened to arrive that very day, and the invalid went off in a small boat. But the Captain refused to take him on board. In vain Mr. Hogg expostulated, implored, explained, even tried the effect of tempting pecuniary offers. The captain was regretful and sympathetic, but obdurate, and in despair the little boat turned back with its fever-stricken passenger, who sat silently huddled up in the stern trying to resign himself to the death that was inevitable unless he escaped from that heat-laden climate. But it was not easy at twenty-five to give up all the dreams and ambitions that crowded his mind, and as a last resource he went back to the doctor and implored him to try his influence with relentless Fate in the shape of a R.M.S. Captain. Backed up by the agent, the doctor eventually arranged that on payment of double fare, and binding himself by fearful oaths to remain isolated in his cabin during the entire voyage, the invalid might come on board. In the bustle of immediate departure, the doctor forgot to caution his youthful patient about the medicine he had given him, which contained a large quantity of mercury. Quintin Hogg, blissfully ignorant of its dangerous properties, took large doses, salivated himself over and over again, and arrived home better indeed of yellow fever, but almost dying of mercurial poisoning. The English doctor who was immediately called in refused to believe it

possible that any one should have taken the quantities stated, and yet be numbered among the living. His iron constitution alone had saved his life, but even that unfortunately was not proof against the havoc such doses of poison could wreak. Though he pulled through then, and apparently recovered his health, in after years the doctors attributed much of his ill-health and physical suffering to that early misuse of mercury.

In the summer of that year (1870) he went up to stay with the Grahams at Urrard, in Perthshire, and resumed his friendship with the sympathetic lady of a memorable dinner party. After this he became a constant visitor at their town house in Grosvenor Place, where Mr. Graham's world-famous collection of pictures was to be seen, and where all the most interesting figures in the world of art, music and literature forgathered. In March, 1871, he and Miss Graham became engaged. They were almost exactly the same age; their ideas, ideals and thoughts were in complete accord; and far from his engagement being a distraction or rival to his work, it proved only an incentive and encouragement. One of the first places to which he took his fiancée to be introduced was the home in Castle Street. She promised to take a class for him, and went down expecting an audience of small boys; it was rather a shock to her to find all the workers gathered there also to listen to her discourse, an ordeal not many girls would have had either the pluck or the power to undergo; but Miss Graham emerged triumphant, and was received with open arms by all inmates. After that she went regularly, taking her share of the work, assisting in the teaching and supervising; then after her fiancé had made the round of the dormitories, they would walk home together, tasting already that union of heart and soul that was to endure unbroken for nearly thirty-two years.

After a six weeks' engagement, the young couple were married on the 16th of May, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. It was a morning ceremony as was then usual. The Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, so long the right hand of his Eton fagmaster, supported him on this occasion also, the Rev. J. Joynes and the Rev. R. S. Tabor

performed the service, and then the company adjourned to Grosvenor Place for the wedding breakfast. After it, the newly married couple started for Scotland, taking with them a small boy whom Mr. Hogg alleged to be his valet! He was in reality one of the Castle Street urchins, who was so very wicked or so very weak that the bridegroom dared not leave him to face the temptations of Bedfordbury and Covent Garden unguarded by his influence.

After a fortnight in Scotland they returned to Chesham Place (the valet being relegated to the school again) until the middle of June, when Mr. R. C. L. Bevan, whose second son [1] had married Constance Hogg, lent them Fosbury Park, in Wiltshire, where they remained for a month. Each week a party of ten boys came down from the home and had the best holiday their lives had ever known in that beautiful country, strolling over the downs, playing cricket, etc., and finding the young wife as willing and eager as her husband to do all that could amuse and make them happy. It is even rumoured that in an emergency she fielded point during a hurrriedly arranged cricket match.

Shortly after their marriage an important change was introduced into the management of the home. So many of the boys had improved under the training and influence they had been subjected to there, and so many better-class boys had joined, that Quintin Hogg was seriously perturbed as to the advisability of letting them mix so freely with the ragged element that still predominated. He therefore suggested that the girls should remove to a separate house, that the front part of the building till then occupied by them should be given over to the boys, and that the ground-floor rooms, which were rented by the Christian Colporteur Society during the daytime, should be used in the evening as an institute for the better-class boys. The proposal met with an enthusiastic response, and thirty-five boys enrolled themselves as members on the spot. Many of them assisted in the work of the ragged school, and the little rooms allotted to them were packed nightly. Those thirty-five boys formed the nucleus

[1] Mr. F. A. Bevan

of the Polytechnic of to-day, which numbers 18,000 members and students; and that experiment, born of the anxious care of their chief to do whatever was most truly for their welfare, was the commencement of a movement that has wrought untold benefit to the entire nation by providing for its young men mind, body and soul.

In July the young couple started off on their real honeymoon, a long tour through America. On their steamer there travelled also a large party of emigrants, including a number of Castle Street boys, who were going out under "Q.H.'s" care to settle in Canada. They roamed over the country, depositing a few boys here and a few there, and wherever they went the same story of encouragement was told them. Everywhere they found boys who had been rescued out of the filthy slums round Charing Cross occupying good positions, leading clean, upright lives, and only too willing to stretch out a hand to help others as they had themselves been helped. It was an encouraging record, and one that served to strengthen Quintin Hogg's belief in the value of a fresh start, which he maintained and acted on all through his philanthropic career. "I wish," he said once, "we could see more of this supervised, selected child emigration. I have found it a most fruitful field of usefulness." Speaking in the Polytechnic on the subject, he said, "I am a believer in emigration, and perhaps a few words about Greater Britain beyond the seas may not be uninteresting to some of our boys. I have said I believe in emigration; my father went to India before he was twenty, and nearly all my brothers sought their fortunes in the same country, while during the past quarter of a century I have, in one shape or another, assisted over 1,000 fellows to one or other of our colonies. No words of mine, however, can be of equal value with those coming from working men who have actually shifted their homes to the colonies during the past few years." He then quotes from letters he had received—from Montreal: "We are very well satisfied for coming here, and truly grateful to you and the other gentleman that sent us. My husband has had work since the first week. He has very kind masters, he

is working at a soap and oil factory. The people here are very kind. It is a beautiful country, and I only wish more of the poor of England were here. There don't seem to be any poor here." Another runs: "I am glad to tell you I am in work, and that we have grown enough potatoes to last us till the spring. We have thirty chickens and a pig, and are in a fair way of doing well. This is a very healthy country."

Once a man in the States thanked Mr. Hogg for having sent him to America. Mr. Hogg failed to recognize him, and then the man told him this story. In those ragged school days, a thief in the London streets had been taken to the home and eventually sent out to seek his fortune in the great Republic, "Q.H." telling him that his passage and outfit cost £10, and that if ever he was able to repay it he ought to do so, to enable another boy to be sent. The lad prospered, and then proceeded to use that £10 by sending for first one and then another of his old comrades, looking after the immigrants and recovering the £10 from them again when it was possible. In this way twenty boys were brought out and started afresh by that £10. The man who had accosted him was one of those twenty. "You see, sir," he ended, "Jack used to say that as he had been helped himself, he felt bound to pass it on."

In 1876 Sir Frederic Hogg,[1] whilst travelling in Canada, was taken over a large boot and shoe factory, where he found two of his brother's protégés. "One," he wrote, "is employed as a foreman and gets £80 a year. Both the young fellows spoke affectionately and gratefully of you, and they inquired eagerly whether you still went to Hanover Street, how you were, etc. The manager said that these boys began by being almost hopelessly bad bargains, and now are thoroughly reformed. One is the leader of a temperance society. Their gratitude to you touched me; there can be no doubt but that your help saved them from ruin."

Having settled the London urchins in their new homes, the travellers went on to Niagara, and after making a tour of the

[1] A brother of Mr. Quintin Hogg.

battlefields of the Civil War of North and South, took steamer from New York to St. Thomas, and thence to Demerara; a place with which Mrs. Hogg afterwards became almost as familiar as her husband, this being but the first of eight visits. Whilst in Georgetown as the guests of Mr. Garnett (whose son afterwards became a ward of Mr. Hogg), Mrs. Hogg had a bad fall down the stairs, and injured herself sufficiently to delay their departure for some time. Sir James was keenly anxious they should spend Christmas with him, so as soon as she was able to move, they rather regretfully turned their faces homewards and arrived at Chesham Place just before Christmas. There, in February, their first son was born, and christened Douglas McGarel, after the brother-in-law who had wrought so great a change in the fortunes of the erstwhile "tea-taster." In May they moved to their first home in Richmond Terrace, and plunged with renewed ardour into the ever-increasing work among the boys and girls in the various homes. Mrs. Hogg not being very strong, could not do very much active work, but she took the even harder task of passive self-forgetfulness. It was by no means a sinecure. They had been married only a year, they were both young, and close comrades, and it cannot always have been easy to quash the desire to keep him at home and to urge him to leave the boys for once to stay and amuse her, but I do not think in all their long married life her husband ever received anything but encouragement and sympathy from her, ever heard one single word of remonstrance or even of reluctant consent to anything he thought necessary for the furtherance of his life work.

That summer they had arranged to go to Urrard[1] together, but ten days before they were to start, Edwards,[2] their butler, came and told of a wonderful American preaching at Frank White's Chapel. His name? Mr. D. L. Moody. Mr. Hogg had met him in America, and when he heard that the evangelist had no friends in London, and was going to a hotel, he immediately sent

[1] The Grahams' home in Perthshire.

[2] He, as well as their coachman, Faulkner, always took classes in the ragged school.

and invited him to make Richmond Terrace; his home during his stay in London. That evening he took some of his boys to hear the visitor. They were so greatly impressed that the next night a contingent of about fifty boys turned up. Mr. Moody had the same magnetic power over masses of people that Quintin Hogg possessed over individuals, and the influence he exerted on these poor boys was so marked that their leader felt it was an opportunity he dared not let slip. The boys were some of them quite broken down by the service, and were more open to religious influence than they had ever been. It was a terrible disappointment, but Mrs. Hogg swallowed all personal feeling as usual, and agreed at once that it was a crisis in which the influence of one they knew and trusted must not be removed. She went north with her baby, leaving her husband to cultivate the good seed that had been sown so plenteously. The account of the work is best told in his own words in a letter to Mr. Pelham—

"Almost by chance I heard that Mr. Moody, of Chicago, was to preach at Chelsea Chapel, and went to hear him. He spoke with much power, and I was glad to find that he was going to a hotel, which enabled me to secure him as my guest. On the Monday following we closed school, and I invited the home boys and your class to come to tea here on Tuesday and then go to hear Moody at Chelsea Chapel. They did so, and every single boy there was broken down more or less. Eleven professed to find peace that night. The following night I asked any who liked to come again, and fifty boys came to the chapel and we had a special service in the schoolroom for them. I went round after the gas was out and prayed with each alone. Little R—— was very unhappy. The following night I held your class at my house, fifty-eight came. Miss Bruce[1] took the address, and I spoke shortly afterwards. Several professed peace. The next night I had a small reading; all the boys who came seemed to have a right notion of the truth except C——, who could not quite see it. I took the same boys to hear Poole preach at B——'s tent; not much power. I gave a general picnic invitation to the home, and your class and ten Society[2] boys for the Sunday. All who liked were to come here at 10.30. We were

[1] Afterwards the Hon. Mrs. T. Pelham.
[2] Shoeblack Society.

then to go to Chelsea Chapel, thence to dine at Chesham Place[1] ! ! ! Then either to Kensington Gardens or chapel again at pleasure. Tea at 5, chapel at 6.30; seventy-seven boys came, and we had a most blessed time, E. P. being hit and several in the inquirer's room, and D—— standing up and confessing Jesus. I am holding another Bible class here to-night, and to-morrow we go to hear Moody's farewell address at Chelsea Chapel. You will be pleased to hear that on Tuesday immediately after the meeting, M—— got hold of S——, brought him on his knees, and was enabled completely to break him down. Poor boy, he was brimming over with joy in his bed, wondering at his own boldness and God's great love to him. I am staying in town till the end of the week, as I feel that unless earnest building up is carried on, much harm may be done and souls ruined. May the Lord continue and establish the good work He has begun. It is rather on my mind to organize a branch of the Y.M.C.A. among the boys, as now there must be over forty boys confessing the Lord among us. Of course, some may not be in earnest, but the whole work is so manifestly the Spirit's that I can't doubt but that many will stand. All the older Christians are in sympathy with the newly born ones. Write and let me know what your plans are, as your Bible class should be carefully watched now. Pray much for us all here, as Satan will not be slow in trying to mar the work."

As soon as Mr. Pelham could return to take charge, Mr. Hogg joined the Grahams at Urrard, but how full his thoughts and prayers still were of those "new-born ones" he had left, another letter to Mr. Pelham shows—

"I have been longing for a word about the boys, to know who remains steadfast and what is the practical result of the awakening under Mr. Moody. We had a meeting here last Sunday, and I purpose speaking again to-night and every alternate night till I leave. The cottage is overcrowded and many cannot get in; one feels such strange pleasure in preaching on the hillside of Covenanter hills, and in the neighbourhood of McCheyne's revivals. In most places in Scotland there is abundant knowledge, but, alas! little life. Let me hear of the boys. I almost tremble to think of what God has given us in committing so many of His babes to our charge; but He who was sufficient for us in the seed time will not be found wanting in the harvest, and if He be for us, who can prevail against?"

[1] Where his parents were then residing. The notes of exclamation are due, I believe, to the fact that the invitation to dine there with the boys did not emanate from his people, and would hardly have received an enthusiastic endorsement from Sir James Hogg.

In August a small house was taken at Brighton, the baby being left at Urrard, so that his parents might be freer to cope with parties of boys. At 24, Portland Place, East Cliff, was made the tentative commencement of the holiday homes now scattered all over the kingdom during the summer and autumn months, where for sums ranging from 15*s.* to 20*s.* a week Polytechnic members can pass their holidays; and from this time onwards the boys shared whatever autumn holiday plans Mr. and Mrs. Hogg made. Concerning this place Mr. Hogg again writes to Mr. Pelham—

"I have taken a house at Brighton for the boys; my wife and I go down there on Saturday, and the boys follow the same evening. I shall expect you to come and help whenever I have to go to London. We won't talk about your giving up the Bible class yet; we shall have to re-arrange our work when the Institute is fairly at work. I am now forming a tract distribution arrangement among the boys. I have bought a large number, and will sell them at a nominal rate, as I don't think they should offer to God what costs them nothing. G——, and M——, and C—— prayed quite beautifully at the after meeting. M—— is as bright as ever."

From Brighton constant trips to town were necessary, not only for business purposes, but also to keep Castle Street going. "We have had over 80 boys every school since opening, and only Offer, myself and my coachman as teachers," he writes to Mr. Pelham.

The winter was spent at Richmond Terrace except for a short trip to Italy, when they spent Christmas Day on Vesuvius. He had long expressed a very ardent desire to visit Italy, saying once to his sisters, "I envy you Venice; it is the one place I should choose to see of all the towns on the face of the earth." In March 1873, it became necessary for him to pay a flying visit to Demerara.

He arrived back in July, just before the birth of his eldest daughter, Elsie. In July 1874, Lady Hogg died; her loss was a terrible grief to all her children, and to her youngest son she had proved the most wise and sympathetic of counsellors. "Twenty years have not availed to lessen the sense of loss which came upon me when she entered into her rest,"

he said to some one passing through a similar sorrow; indeed it would be difficult to overestimate the benefits he owed to his mother's noble influence. There were two human beings who, at different periods, exercised a very noticeable influence on Quintin Hogg's spiritual life. These two influences, though diametrically opposed, served eventually to complement each other; but the battling of what appeared irreconcilable forces until they at last blended in harmonious unity, led him through spiritual experiences that enabled him to understand the soul struggles of others as nothing else could have done; and thus contributed largely to the development of that power of rapid comprehension of the unexpressed, perhaps inexpressible difficulties of those with whom he came into contact, which was of such inestimable advantage to him in his individual efforts. The two persons who exercised so far-reaching an influence over him were, firstly, his own mother, and secondly, his father-in-law, Mr. William Graham. Lady Hogg was a deeply affectionate woman with plenty of determination and strength of character, but her religious opinions had been moulded in the strictest school of Puritanism. She accepted unquestioningly the doctrines of verbal inspiration, of eternal punishment, etc., etc., which were indeed held by the majority of her generation; in fact, she not only believed them herself, but considered absolute adhesion to them an essential of salvation, and thinking thus, she naturally did all in her power to secure her son's allegiance to these principles. How deeply her teaching was implanted in Quintin Hogg's mind is shown by his own reference [1] to the shock he received when reason compelled him to abandon some of these early inculcated doctrines. Then he came into close relationship with another deeply religious character of a totally different type. Mr. Graham possessed one of those rarely beautiful temperaments whose sweetness and serenity act as a talisman to guard them from all that is unlovely and harsh. Mr. Hogg often spoke of him as one of

[1] See page 305.

the most lovable men he had ever met, and the influence of such a nature, with its living doctrines of universal love, of eternal tenderness and mercy, supplied all that was wanting in the rather stern creed of the younger man. One might say that the religion of Lady Hogg was founded more on the lofty austerity of the Old Testament, that of Mr. Graham on the all-pervading gentleness of the New Testament; and the influence of both was clearly discernible in the virile convictions which became the very essence of Quintin Hogg's inner life and which exhibited the salient features of both.

The sudden loss of one to whom he owed so much, and on whose love and sympathy he had so long relied, was too great a strain. Nature at last rebelled against being expected to work at double pressure all the time, and overworked and exhausted as he was, the shock of his mother's death proved the last straw. For weeks he lay at Christchurch (where the Hoggs had taken a house for the summer), hovering 'twixt life and death. A nurse was hurriedly summoned, whose ministrations were not altogether desirable from the patient's point of view! According to his account, "Mrs. Gamp" used to wait till Mrs. Hogg had gone to bed, and would then take her charge's pillows and wraps and make herself comfortable on the sofa. He was too far gone to be capable of resistance or remonstrance even when on awaking in the morning she measured out the quantity of medicine he ought to have imbibed during the night, and poured it down his throat in one vast dose! He also used to tell a story of Sir William Jenner, who drove down from London three times to see him during his illness. On one of these occasions the local practitioner mentioned that his heart had been troubling him, and asked the great doctor to sound it. Sir William made him take off coat and waistcoat, and then placing his arms round the sufferer's body and laying his ear against his chest, ordered him to hop. During this performance Mrs. Hogg happened to go into the room to hear their verdict about her husband; the spectacle of the partially disrobed doctor hopping vigorously

round the table tightly clasped in Sir William's embrace was too much for her startled nerves! After one prolonged stare, she fled back to the sick room to inform her husband that one, if not both of his medical advisers had gone stark staring mad! For a time typhoid and rheumatic fever seemed to be winning the fight, and hope was practically abandoned. One at a time Mr. Hogg sent for the boys who were staying there, and spoke a few words of farewell to each. When they were dismissed, they went creeping miserably about the place, walking on the gravel paths in their socks and sleeping in the barns and outhouses sooner than re-enter the house at all late, for fear the slightest noise should disturb the rest the doctors had declared to be imperative. But his work was not yet accomplished, and gradually the weight of anxiety was lessened, and the patient struggled back to the world from the very gates of that valley he was destined to enter so peacefully when his labour was ended. When he was convalescent, he and his wife made a trip to the West Indies. In 1875 their second boy, Ian Graham, was born. He was a very delicate baby, and during his childhood his health was a source of unceasing anxiety to them. That spring Mr. Moody returned to England for a mission. He took up his quarters at Richmond Terrace, a brougham was set apart for his exclusive use, and a general plan of campaign mapped out. Four or five ladies were kept busy all day answering letters, Quintin Hogg undertaking in addition to his already far too heavy labours, the duties of chief secretary. The meetings were held in the Haymarket Opera House.

It was during this visit that Mr. Moody arranged to go down and hold a meeting at Eton. For some reason, the authorities took alarm at the prospect; one of the clerical dignitaries of Windsor even went so far as to assert that "the American" was only coming to preach Republican doctrines, and asked that a reinforcement of troops should be sent in readiness to defend the Castle! The dispute waxed so hot that a question was asked in the House of Lords on the subject. Mr. Hogg went down to hear the debate, and as he was coming away he met Lord Lorne.

"Hullo, Quintin, I hear you can talk of nothing but football and religion," called out the latter chaffingly. His friend was not to be outdone. "I have given up football, so I suppose there's nothing left me conversationally but religion," he answered. Eventually it was arranged that the meeting should be held in a tradesman's garden very privately, to avoid hurting any one's susceptibilities. A very nice, quiet little gathering took place, nor does the Castle appear to have been in very serious peril!

That summer a house was taken near Strathallan, and sheds were knocked up for the boys, who came in batches of thirty. The holiday was overcast by the tragic death of the Grahams' youngest son, who took an overdose of some medicine containing morphia, and was discovered in an insensible condition too late for his life to be saved. In 1876 Sir James Hogg died after a month's illness.

The next two years were almost entirely spent in yachting, first round about the Channel, and then farther afield to the West Indies, babies, boys and all! The *Eldorado*, as the yacht was called, once had a terrible passage through the Bay, and the night the storm was at its worst, "Q.H." saw a rocket fired in the distance. He turned to the captain and asked if it did not mean that a ship was in distress. The captain replied that it was probably only fired to prevent the yacht from going too close, adding that in any case he could not turn her in such a sea, to which the owner rather indignantly answered that if another boat was in danger the yacht must of course go to her assistance. The captain smoothed matters by explaining that if she were in real peril she would be showing the Board of Trade signal of three lights in a triangle. Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the three lights were plainly seen in the vessel's rigging. "Now," said Mr. Hogg quietly, "you must go to her assistance," but the captain answered that he was responsible for the lives on board, that he could not and would not turn the ship, and that nothing his employer said could make him alter his decision. There happened to be on board a pilot whom they had been unable to put off at Dartmouth in consequence of the weather, and who

had consented to come on to Lisbon and take the boat into the harbour, so Mr. Hogg sought him out and asked him whether he would turn the yacht if he, as owner, took the entire responsibility. The man assented. The captain on hearing of this arrangement, replied that he had nothing further to say and retired to his cabin. Orders were then given for those who wished to stay on deck to go on the bridge, for all others to go below, everything was battened down, the deadlights screwed up, and the yacht was headed round, all hands being prepared for the heavy seas that were certain to come aboard. As she got into the trough several enormous ones were shipped, one touching the end of the bridge as she rolled over, but once before the wind the danger was over, and she was soon close to the little steamer, which presented a most pitiable appearance: wallowing helplessly in the trough of the sea, her anchor not being large enough to keep her head on, with her sails hanging in ribbons. The pilot asked through the speaking trumpet what the matter was, the answer came back that her engines had broken down, and that she wanted to be towed. As it was, however, quite impossible for the yacht to attempt this in such weather, all that could be done was to offer to take off the crew, but this the steamer's master refused, saying he would not be justified in leaving his ship so long as she was sound, and therefore he asked that his plight should be reported in Lisbon and a tug sent out to his assistance. Nothing was ever heard of the steamer again, but a vessel of her description was known to have foundered off Finisterre. The yachting party ultimately arrived in Demerara, whence Mrs. Hogg returned to England.

The Colony had now begun to reap the benefit of the enormous sums of money Mr. Hogg and his firm had spent and continued to spend on improvements and sea defences, and in recognition of this, the leading Colonists gave the partner a banquet at which speeches laudatory of his enterprise were made. The sea defences of Belair,[1] which adjoined the city of Georgetown, cost enormous sums of money, and the opinion in the Colony at the

[1] One of the firm's estates.

time they were commenced was that the firm could have forced the Government to bear at least a portion of the expense, as without them nothing could have saved the town from being washed away. As it was, in spite of the large sums expended on them, they broke on two occasions, involving further very heavy outlay. The yacht afterwards made a short cruise to Cuba; from Havana Quintin Hogg was very desirous of visiting Cienfuegos, but owing to the brigandage existing at that time, the Governor would not allow the cross-country journey to be made without the inevitable "guard," so perforce he had to consent to being accompanied by a quartet of these "soldiers," and used to declare that he could not have fared worse if he had been left to the tender mercies of the real article!

Mrs. Hogg had returned home from Demerara in the spring, her husband landed at Brighton in June, and arrived at Richmond Terrace just a few hours before the birth of their second daughter, the writer of this memoir. In the autumn, a place in Hampshire some seven miles from Southampton, called Holly Hill was rented, and proved such a success that on the expiration of the lease Mr. Hogg purchased the property.

In the early years of his married life, Quintin Hogg was very much interested in spiritualism. He used at first to arrange for seances in Richmond Terrace, but one day the children ran into the room crying with terror, because they declared "there was some one in the nursery, they couldn't see any one, but they knew there was some one," and after this he would not allow any meetings in his own house. His interest soon waned, for he found the deceit and frauds practised by the professional mediums rendered it impossible to separate the real issues from the false, unless a great deal of time and personal attention were given to it. Once when the spirit that had been speaking through the medium professed to be that of his mother, he remarked drily that he could only say if it were so, she must have sadly deteriorated both morally and intellectually since she had left this world!

Meanwhile the "Institute," as the front part of the house

devoted to the better-class boys was called, had outgrown its shell hopelessly. The thirty members had increased to three hundred, the house was crammed every evening to its uttermost capacity, and even then proved totally inadequate. In 1878 much larger premises were secured in Long Acre, but the transaction was kept an absolute secret, and the first intimation the members had of their good fortune was an invitation to the New Year's reception to be held in honour of the opening of the new premises. Burning with curiosity, the entire three hundred turned up. As he arrived, each member was handed a mysterious ticket inscribed with a number, which was apparently entirely purposeless, but which he was advised to cherish carefully. A sumptuous tea had been provided in the Great Hall, after which the tables standing round the walls were uncovered. Then the *raison d'être* of the tickets was revealed. The tables were covered with presents, all numbered, and every member was entitled to the parcel which bore the number corrresponding to that on his ticket.

The removal to Long Acre marked the definite separation of the Institute from the Ragged School, and the rapid development of the educational and social experiments in the former gradually absorbed more and more of Quintin Hogg's time. After the opening of the premises in Long Acre, his life story is written amongst boys of a different stamp and class. The other work was carried on for some time; Mrs. Hogg had a rescue home for girls, which was maintained for five years entirely at her husband's expense; Castle Street was taken over and managed by one of the Institute members, who afterwards became the Secretary of the Woolwich Polytechnic; the Ragged Schools (taught by teachers approved by Government, a regulation introduced in 1871) ceased only when the Board Schools rendered them less necessary; whilst the evangelical work in and around Bedfordbury and Covent Garden under the control of Mr. Cox, a missionary who had been working under Mr. Hogg since 1870, was continued until his health broke down many years later. Before taking leave of these poor waifs of the streets

who were the earliest objects of "Q.H.'s" loving care, I should like to give some of the tributes they have paid him, since their lives show more truly and simply than anything the importance of the personal character of his work and the extraordinary influence he exercised over those with whom he came into contact.

Where possible these tributes are quoted in the words of those who sent them to me.

STORIES GIVEN BY VARIOUS MEMBERS OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

"During Mr. Hogg's mission work in York Place, he had heard that a poor woman living up a narrow court in the neighbourhood was ill and in distress. I was living close by; he inquired of me to show him her dwelling. We went up into her room, where she lay in bed very ill; he spoke very kindly to her, and saw she needed nourishment. He then asked me to take him to a butcher's shop. We went to one in King William Street, Charing Cross; he bought some beef, and requested me to take it to the sick woman's home that she might have some beef-tea. Years have passed since this occurred; but the incident shows how large his heart was whilst yet so young."

"I went with Mr. Hogg one evening to visit a member who was dying. Poor boy, he held out his hand, and said, 'Thank you, Mr. Hogg, for the Institute.' Another of our fellow-members he had given a Bible, which I often saw lying about on the shelves. As Mr. Hogg walked to his usual place near the book shelves, he noticed the Bible was neglected. He glanced round, and when he caught the boy's eye he 'gave him a look.' Such a look, once seen, never forgotten."

"One instance I can recall that gave me an insight into the love and sympathy that Mr. Hogg had for his boys. He had invited a number of us to spend our summer holidays with him in Scotland; it was the first week's holiday in my life, so you may imagine what an event it was for me. Within a short time of arriving in Scotland, many of us were taken very ill with severe attacks of colic. Mr. Hogg was very anxious about us, and used to dose us. One night after physicing us he said, 'Good night, bad boys' (his usual salutation to us) 'and no more talking,' blew out the light and left us, as we thought, but in the morning I was informed he had stopped with us all night, fearing some of us might be taken bad."

"When a lad about sixteen years of age I worked at a printing office in the Strand, and part of my duties was to fetch the men's beer. One day I was proceeding in my shirt-sleeves and apron on, loaded with beer cans, when a gentleman stopped me. It was Mr. Hogg. He went with me to get the beer and then walked back to my shop with me, asking all about my work and my welfare generally; he

did not mind walking with me along the busiest part of the Strand, although I was loaded with beer cans.

"Another time Mr. Hogg told me of two boys he had picked up living wretched lives in a place called Bedfordbury, a den of thieves then, and took them to a home he had in York Place, Strand; he bought them a rig-out and found them work, and they seemed very happy and contented, until one day they went to Mr. Hogg and told him they intended to leave the home. He asked them why, were they not comfortable? Yes, they were; but they had decided to leave their work, they were going out thieving; they did not care about regular work. Mr. Hogg reasoned with them, and told them what the end of such a career would be—probably penal servitude. He appeared to have convinced them, and they told him they had altered their minds. Soon after, however, one of them went away, taking with him his companion's clothes and anything else he could lay his hands on, followed soon after by his companion. Mr. Hogg was very friendly with the police officials at Scotland Yard, who often brought to him homeless boys whom they found in the streets, and informed them about the two boys, and gave a description of them. The police soon caught them and brought them back to him. Mr. Hogg spoke kindly to them, and asked if they would like to go abroad to get away from their evil companions; they eagerly jumped at the idea, and Mr. Hogg bought them a kit each, paid their passage to America, and when they arrived there got a friend of his to look after them and get them work. Some years after, Mr. Hogg went to America and visited New York, and inquired after these boys. He found one of them, the one that stole his companion's clothes, honest and industrious, and an employer of labour, but the other one had gone to the dogs and was a billiard-marker in a gambling hell in the Bowery, one of the slums of New York."

"I think we boys at the Institute were always on Mr. Hogg's mind and heart. I remember one Sunday afternoon at Hanover Street we were informed that Mr. Hogg was too ill to take the class that Sunday. I forget who did take it, but after it was over, Mrs. Hogg told me that Mr. Hogg wanted to see me after the evening service. I went down to Richmond Terrace and saw Mrs. Hogg, who took me into Mr. Hogg's bedroom, where he was lying very ill in the dark; he greeted me very kindly, and then asked me about my work. He was going to apprentice me, and wanted to know if I had decided about my place; even in his illness he could not forget his boys.

"At the Bible class he was always on the look-out for any new fellows, and would come up to us old boys and would say. 'Who is that boy over there?' and would sometimes say to me, 'Harry, find out that young fellow's name, and let me know.' I had then to go and make his acquaintance, and ask him his name; then Mr. Hogg

would go up to him, and laying his hand kindly and lovingly on his shoulder, get into conversation with him, and soon put him at his ease.

"He was always thinking what he could do to make us boys happy, so he bought a large steam yacht called the *Mayflower*, and took about sixty of us for a week's cruise—think of it, sixty London boys going to sea for a week, to sleep on board—what a week's delight. We were to board the yacht at Southampton. We left Waterloo Station, arriving at the docks in the evening, and went on board in the midst of a thunderstorm, but we did not care for that, we were only too anxious to board our vessel. After breakfast the next morning, Mr. Hogg asked us where we would like to go to, so we decided on the Channel Islands. After spending two delightful days, we were crossing from there in the evening and having a concert, when suddenly the vessel stopped with a jerk; the captain, who was in his cabin shaving at the time, rushed up on deck, and found we had stuck hard and fast on a sand-bank; the man at the wheel had been paying more attention to the singing than to his compass. We reversed the engines full speed astern, the foghorn blowing all the time, and we fellows enjoying the spree, Mr. Hogg laughing and joking all the time; but it was all in vain, the vessel would not move an inch. We then took one of the anchors in the largest boat and then rowed away from the vessel, dropped the anchor, connected the cable to the windlass; then we sixty lads and the sailors began hauling and tumbling over each other until at last we found she began to move, and soon was once more on our journey, homeward bound."

Mr. Cox gave me the following reminiscences—

There was a shoemaker living in Long Acre who threatened to murder with his last any missionary who came near him. Eventually Mr. Cox managed to persuade him to come to the mission hall. Mr. Hogg became greatly interested in the man, who was a clever, intellectual being, and gradually his mind was influenced and guided in the right direction. He developed into a very fine speaker, and on inheriting a small sum of money, he returned to his native town, where he prospered greatly, built a mission hall, and was mourned at his death as a public benefactor. Another time an anonymous letter, evidently penned by a heart-broken mother, was delivered at the mission hall, begging him to "try and find Harry R—— in the Strand." Mr. Hogg told his boys about this appeal, asked them to pray about it, and to do their best to trace the lad. One morning

Mr. Cox saw a small, ragged boy cleaning the lamps of a very low public-house. He drew his bow at a venture, and as he passed under the ladder called "Harry!" The lad looked down and said, "Did you call, sir?" "Yes; are you Harry R—— ?" "Yes, sir." Then he told the boy of his mother's letter, of "Q.H., the boys' friend," and persuaded him to come to the home. Work was found for him amidst less hellish surroundings, and after a time, he drifted out of touch with Castle Street. A few years ago Mr. Cox met a man in the south of England, who accosted him, reminding him of the ragged little lamp cleaner. "I'm that one," he said. "I came back to my mother here. I've done well, and now I'm the preacher at the chapel here."

One man wrote to me as follows—

"I am an old Endell Street boy, and was picked up by Mr. Hogg at the Opera House, Haymarket, in 1875, when Messrs. Moody and Sankey were there. Mr. Hogg took me to his house in Richmond Terrace, when I was introduced to Mrs. Hogg as 'my young friend J—— H——.' Poor Joe from Slumland, to ride in a hansom cab, and to be introduced to a lady in Richmond Terrace as a friend of Mr. Hogg's! well, it was an event he could not soon forget. Many years after, when serving in a Bond Street shop, Mr. Hogg came in and I sold him something. When he saw I knew him he talked of old days, and I then told him that I had left Endell Street because he called upon me to read the lesson one Sunday afternoon and I could not read, so I turned all colours, and instead of telling Mr. Hogg why I would not read I stopped away; but the seed was in my heart and it grew."

Yet another letter I received runs—

"It was about forty years ago, I was a poor boy playing about the dark arches near the Strand, when your father invited me and others to come to his ragged school. We laughed at him at first, but he being so earnest, pleaded so hard, at last I said I would go. I was very rough and rude at first, but his kindness soon melted my heart. I was thrown on the world at a very tender age through my dear mother being in the hospital, where she died; my father being left with seven young children, I the eldest, he had to work all night for very small wages. I was drifted with very rough companions, stealing and gambling with halfpence; that seemed our only happiness, specially on Sunday. Your father soon made a change in me; he got me a situation for day work, and I went to his school at

night. He learnt me to read and to love God, and when a good boy he would take me and others to his home at Carlton House Terrace; I was sometimes a bad boy, then oh, his looks! I remember once telling him a lie, of course, thinking that he would not find me out. *He did.* How he pleaded for my good and my future; believe me, as a man, I have never forgotten it. All my life his words to me and his beautiful face have sown the good seed of my life. When I was ill once, he found me out, I don't know how; but to my surprise after a few days he was at my side at my grannie's, who lived in a front kitchen in Charles Street; he brought me nice things, read and prayed with me, and paid my grannie all my wages that I was earning whilst I was ill. How he loved us poor boys! I was with him for about two years; he always impressed on me to fear God and to be honest in word and act, save my money, and shun bad companions. I used to ask him to let me belong to the Shoeblacks, his answer, 'No, Will, you be a bright man, I shall not let you go there.' I thought him hard, as the boys earned good money, but your father said, 'Here is something better for you to do,' which time proved him to be right. I keep on improving, getting better situations, and save money; at nineteen years old I was married; at twenty-two I had a little business for myself; at twenty-five was worth near £500. Now my sons will not believe I was ever one of Mr. Hogg's ragged boys. Your father was so kind to take us ragged boys to his fine house; he did not take us in the back way, but in the front door, and we had livery servants to wait on us. Dear Miss, your father's was a grand life."

V

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA AND THE EAST—THE POLYTECHNIC—GROWTH

All who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.

BYRON.

26050

V

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA AND THE EAST—THE POLYTECHNIC—GROWTH

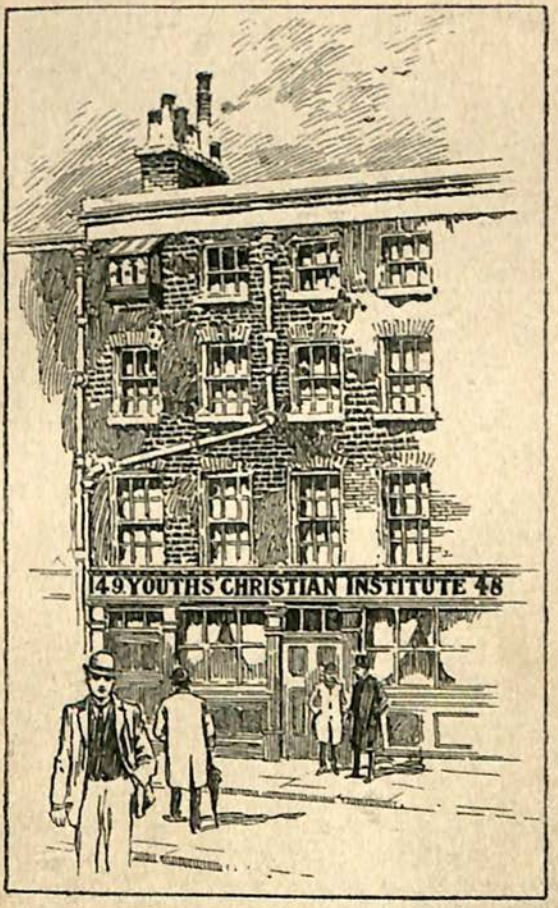
LONG ACRE was soon to prove itself as inadequate to cope with the needs of London's young men as its more modest predecessor. Accommodation had been provided for 500 members, but even so candidates had to wait a year for election, so anxious were the lads to come, so loth to go. Mr. Robert Mitchell, a member who had been acting as hon. sec. since 1872, now accepted the position of secretary, and gave up his entire time to the Institute; he filled this post until 1891, when he became Director of Education, and any one who has ever had anything to do with the Polytechnic knows how much of its prosperity and successful enterprise it owes to his devotion and ability.

At Long Acre a somewhat ambitious experiment was made in the publication of a monthly magazine entitled *Home Tidings*, the editing of which was undertaken by the Institute's founder, whose broad shoulders were ever willing to accept a fresh burden, however overloaded they might already appear to the onlooker. I do not think he found the job a very attractive or easy one! "Take my advice," he said laughingly, "when you're hard up go out with a blacking-box, but don't become an editor, specially a volunteer one! I've tried both, and much prefer boot blacking. Twenty years ago, when in the States, I was seeking a gentleman who had exchanged the sword for the pen, and to whom I had a letter of introduction. I climbed the staircase leading to his office, and found the legend outside, on a neat card—

> No admission before twelve
> except to shoot the Editor.

In spite of its popularity, which soon necessitated a weekly issue, the magazine was always carried on at a loss, the deficit being paid by the editor! It gradually became heavier than he cared to meet, not that he grudged either his labour or his money, but that he felt the good done was not sufficient to justify the outlay, and in 1888 a great effort was made to alter this unsatisfactory state of affairs. The name was changed, much to Mr. Hogg's regret, from the friendly, familiar *Home Tidings* to the more imposing appellation of *The Polytechnic Magazine*, very largely because other Polytechnics were springing up all over London, and it was felt that the organ of the pioneer institute had the best right to a name which would otherwise probably have been taken for the publication of one of the newer institutions. Great efforts were made to secure advertisements, but in spite of everything the magazine continued to require an allowance, for the expenses increased more rapidly than the receipts, and as Mr. Hogg's work grew heavier and heavier he found it necessary to appoint a paid editor. Since his death, the original monthly issue has been reverted to, as it was imperative that the expenses should be curtailed, since they proved to be about £500 a year in excess of the receipts.

The Government educational grants were at that time restricted to science and art classes; these had been held in Castle Street days, and had proved so successful that more ambitious educational schemes were now arranged for. A building class, carried on under the auspices of the Science and Art department, was the tentative commencement of technical instruction, and its popularity emboldened Mr. Hogg and Mr. Mitchell to arrange various trade classes. The case of a boy who had learnt elementary geometry during his leisure hours and who had in consequence been able to take the place of the foreman of his works when the latter fell ill, and jumped at once from a wage



48 AND 49 LONG ACRE.

of about 20*s.* a week to one of about £5, because he proved to be the only boy in the place with any scientific knowledge, had made a great impression on Quintin Hogg's mind, and set him thinking very seriously about the need of technical teaching for working boys, and the inestimable advantage such instruction could give them. The development of this side of his work grew steadily from this time.

The introduction of educational work as one of the principal aims of the Institute had not been accomplished without some opposition. The premises were not very large, and the multiplying classes occupied the majority of the rooms available for the members every evening; this was objected to by some who wished to use the Institute primarily as a place of recreation. At one time, indeed, the conflicting opinions on the matter became so strong that those of the committee who favoured the development of the educational, even at the expense of the recreative side if that were necessary, rather than vice versa, threatened to resign. The gist of the controversy is summarized in a letter written by the president to one of the members. The great thing, he contended, was to organize the school arrangements so as to make the classes more attractive than the games.

"This is the real point at issue, and if this is satisfactorily solved, it will render all other questions as to games, etc., of minor importance. If the majority of members attend classes, they won't stand being interrupted by a small minority playing games and chatting. Give my love to all my dear boys on the Committee. God only knows how dear they all are to me, and how much I wish to enter into all their anxieties and pleasures."

With the larger premises and the growing popularity of outdoor athletics it was no longer so difficult to adjust matters to the satisfaction of both parties, but the real solution lay in the fact emphasized in the letter; that as the majority of members were induced to interest themselves in educational matters, and to avail themselves of the advantages offered them, their earnestness bore down all opposition and carried the day.

Having seen the boys fairly settled into their new premises, and the work in full swing, in the winter of 1879 Mr. and Mrs.

Hogg started off on a long-discussed and eagerly coveted trip round the world. During this trip the president wrote frequently and at great length to his "boys." The letters are quoted below (though in a very abbreviated form), since they give to some extent the impression made on his mind by the various places he then visited for the first time, and illustrate also, in the constant allusions to past events and anecdotal reminiscences, the retentiveness of his memory and fertility of ideas; but their main interest for the general reader lies in the revelation they unconsciously afford of his relationship with the "boys" to whom (and for whom, it must be remembered in reading them) he wrote.

The first one, dated from Brindisi, November 22, 1879, gives an account of his first sight of Rome. He describes for them his visit to St. Peter's, with its "pious fraud" of a statue, originally intended to represent Jupiter, but now devoutly kissed by fervent admirers of St. Peter; its guild of workmen living on the flat roof and occupied all the year in alterations and repairs in the vast building; its wonderful mosaic work; and speaks also of excursions to the Forum, the Colosseum and the Mammertine Prison—

"Where Paul is said to have been put when called for the second time to appear on his trial, and where also St. Peter is reputed to have been imprisoned during his mythical residence in Rome. Coming down to the prison there is a dent in the wall, some four inches deep, said to have been caused by the head of the Apostle when he was pushed up against it—a legend which seems to presuppose an unusually thick apostolic cranium, or possibly a large amount of gullibility on the part of modern visitors. In the prison itself there is a small spring full of excellent water. This spring, like everything else connected with Peter in Rome, has a miraculous origin, and we are told that the water obligingly sprang out from the rock to enable the holy prisoner to baptize a certain number of converts whom he had made while awaiting his execution."

From Rome they went to Naples, and during their stay there of course drove out to inspect that excavated city of the dead, Pompeii; whilst another day they drove

"past Puteoli, where Paul landed on his way to Rome and where he

stayed for seven days, to Baiæ, another rich Roman watering-place, where are the ruins of baths and temples. Puteoli itself has lost all of its former importance, for it was at one time the foremost port in Italy, but you still can trace the remnants of some of its departed greatness. Here is the Lucrine Lake, once celebrated for its oysters, and still producing those tasty molluscs though not at 3*s.* 6*d.* a dozen. On the basis, I suppose, of small oysters being the best, our host gave us some of the most Lilliputian creatures imaginable, in fact, consuming them was more like 'eating vinegar with a fork' than anything else. In old days this Lucrine Lake had been connected with Lake Avernus, which lies just behind it, and which the Romans believed was the entrance to hell. The hills around it are full of dark gloomy caverns, some of them of great length, and others full of boiling water and steam. We ran through the upper gallery of one of these last, and paid a franc each for being choked. The courier took his coat off, the guide stripped himself to his skin, took a bucket and a raw egg, and then lighting a torch, told us to run. The gallery was very low, only about five feet high, but run we did, as we felt nearly suffocated by the heat and steam. At a corner of the gallery the guide put his bucket in the boiling water which was coming out of the earth, and by the time we got out into the open air again the egg was cooked, and, to tell the truth, so were we.

"Next day we devoted to the ruins of Herculaneum and some of the sights in Naples itself. The theatre in Herculaneum was most difficult to dig out, as it was overwhelmed, not by ashes, but by lava, so that it had as it were to be hewn out of the solid rock. Its existence was discovered by accident. When the owner of a house which had been built on a lava rock some forty feet above the ruins, was sinking a well, he suddenly felt that his augur had cut into a hollow place, and going down, found himself behind the scenes in a green-room which had not been used for 1,800 years."

From Naples they travelled via Brindisi to Alexandria, the entrance to which, Mr. Hogg says, reminded him of Demerara, whilst the cosmopolitan nature of the crowd within the town interested and surprised him.

"Streets, pavements and roads were crowded with women and men of all nationalities, in all garbs. Arabs and Jews, Greeks and Albanians, French and Turks, niggers and fellahs, Italians and Britons jostled each other through the bazaar; while mingling in the stream was the camel bearing water skins on its back, and the inevitable donkey, varying in condition from the really fine animal of the rich man to the poor old moke, whose quarters and ears

had long well known the power of the donkey-boy's muscles and lungs. As regards this latter class of donkey, which I need scarcely say was by far the most numerous, even tolerably good acquaintance with Clerkenwell would fail to give you any idea of their condition. The best part of them was usually the saddle, which was often cushioned with ragged drapery before and behind, but the poor beasts themselves were a mass of bruises and sores, and altogether so unkempt, unfed, and ill-cared for, that it must be a blessed day for them when they can be driven no more, and are cast outside the city gates to be devoured by the jackals and vultures. It is evident that these useful scavengers would receive quite a heart-breaking disappointment if they expected to get much of a meal off the ill-covered bones of the outcasts. Perhaps, however, long experience has taught them to expect but little from the carcase of an Egyptian donkey.

"One thing which strikes one in Egypt is the entire absence of forests or woods. As far as the eye can reach one can see nothing in the shape of wood: a few avenues of acacias and a few clumps of date palms constitute the only growing wood visible; and inasmuch as no coal is found in Egypt, the people suffer greatly from want of fuel. When we were travelling across the desert in the railway, I at first thought that the houses in the villages we passed by—for there are villages wherever fresh water canals have been dug to bring the Nile water for irrigation purposes—were deserted. A close examination, however, by the light of the beautiful full moon which was shining in the heavens, showed me that I was mistaken. The houses are all of a single storey, and have neither decent roofs nor anything else that would require wood. I then began to realize for the first time what the want of wood really meant to the poor in this country. The wretched mud huts are nearly all covered with palm leaves, straw, the stalks of the maize, and other such rubbishing materials. It was of course midwinter when we passed through, and we were all cold enough in the railway carriage to use our great coats and rugs, but yet I noticed several men sleeping on the ground in front of their doors, while the method they adopted of keeping themselves warm was eccentric enough. Europeans generally look after their feet, knowing that if they are warm their bodies will not be cold. The Egyptian, however, when he finds it cold, wraps his head in an endless quantity of swaddling clothes, and leaves his naked feet to take care of themselves. Why he does not catch his death of cold, and where he gets fresh air to breathe must always remain a mystery. The want of wood, however, has other disadvantages for the Egyptian besides this. It makes fuel so very scarce that the Egyptian is hard put to it to get sufficient for cooking purposes. The fuel he does use is mostly dried dung, and to economize this as much as possible, he has recourse to all sorts of shifts. For instance,

he will not bake his bread more than six or eight times in the year, and, to keep it from getting stale and mouldy, he cuts it in very thin slices and dries it in the sun. For the same reason you scarcely ever see a cart used for agriculture in Egypt, it is always the inevitable donkey or the camel, except for turning a water-wheel, when use is made of the Egyptian buffalo, a somewhat second-rate looking ox. In shoeing their donkeys the same want of fuel prevents them from giving the wretched animals a good shoe. The Egyptian merely cuts out of a thin sheet of iron a semi-circular piece about the size of the animal's hoofs, and fastens it on to the wretched animal's foot in a way that would send our blacksmiths into convulsions. But where fuel is so scarce forgeing has to be avoided. The gas made in Cairo is produced from English coal; and we also pour into the country large quantities of all sorts of manufactures, such as cotton goods, hardware, iron, coal, etc., which Egypt pays us for by dates, sugar, raw cotton, and other produce of the valley of the Nile. It is a strange thought that the rains falling away in Central Africa, causing the Victoria Nyanza to overflow, and loading the Nile with rich alluvial deposit with which she manures Egyptian fields, really give employment to the cotton spinners of Manchester and the colliers of Northumberland and Durham.

"Amongst other things in Alexandria, we went to see the so-called Pompey's Pillar, a column erected in honour of the Emperor Diocletian, and a second Cleopatra's Needle standing close to the spot from which our monolith on the Embankment was brought. To my surprise, this needle was cased in wood; a broad band of iron was round its centre, and the American flag was flying at its apex. Our Transatlantic cousins, having determined that as the acquisition of the needle was only a question of dollars, they would not be behind the old country in that matter; they have, therefore, bought this needle, and are going to transport it to New York to testify to the power of the almighty dollar, instead of the grandeur of Pharaoh.

"Near Pompey's Pillar stood the famous old library at Alexandria, which contained as many as 700,000 volumes of books written before the days of Moses down to the time of the Christian era. Much of it had escaped the hand of the destroyer, though a portion of it was accidentally burnt when Cæsar was besieging Alexandria. It fell, however, to the lot of the Turk to do that which even the barbarians of ancient days had refrained from. Omar, the successor to Mahomet, ordered the books to be destroyed, and in answer to a plea that they might be spared, he replied, 'If they contain that which is agreeable to the book of God, the book of God is sufficient without them; if, however, they contain that which is contrary to the book of God, the world has no need of them; in either case they are useless,' after which he distributed them as fuel to the inhabitants, and in the course of six months they were all destroyed."

Of Suez he wrote—

"The town lies in the most desolate place imaginable. It is surrounded on all sides either by salt water or the barren desert, while on the east and west the view terminates in steep rocks stretching away to the Egyptian desert on the west and the range of Sinai on the east. Of course, the principal thing at Suez, in fact the only thing worth seeing, is the Canal, which here runs into the Red Sea, affording direct communication with Port Said on the Mediterranean. The total length of the Canal is about 100 miles, and it cost in round numbers sixteen millions sterling. This idea of cutting through the isthmus is by no means new; indeed, it was talked of more than 3,000 years ago, and 2,000 years ago a canal actually existed by which vessels could pass as easily from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea as they can at present.

"The only novelty in M. Lesseps' idea consisted in the Canal containing salt in place of fresh water; and it is very much open to question whether the old idea of the Pharaohs was not the best of the two. Suez is primitive—I may say, *very* primitive—in its ideas. On one occasion I went into the bazaar for the purpose of finding a tailor who could perform some slight repairs to my clothes, which had somewhat suffered by my travels. I found out a grey-bearded 'snip,' who was able by means of pantomime and a broken jargon of French and English to communicate with me; and he at once offered, if I would be good enough to give him my clothes, to make them good for me. Now it so happened that the particular garment which needed repair was that one usually described as 'unmentionables,' and as I was standing in the open street in front of his house, I felt some little backwardness in taking them off in that public place. The Arab—perhaps entering into my thoughts—gave me to understand that I should be acting perfectly in accordance with precedent if I did what he wished. With all inclination to 'do in Turkey as the Turkeys do,' I found great difficulty in screwing my courage up to the disrobing point. A glance around, however, assisted me somewhat, for I noticed that I was the only man in the streets who had any trousers at all, so that by discarding these useless appendages I should only be appearing in the height of fashion. Finally, I sat down on the stool which had been obligingly placed for me, and, I blush to say it, did what was required, and there I sat, like a kiltless Highlander, for nearly half an hour. My nether garments having been sewn up and restored to me, I gave a word or two of commendation to the man for having done his job—as he really had done it—neatly and well, and then I paid him the agreed price of four piastres (tenpence). The rascal, whose broken knowledge of English I found was more assumed than real, begged me to pay him eight piastres, four for his good work, and four for good fellowship 'because,' he said, quoting my words, 'Master says I have done it so well!'"

Down the Red Sea, past Perim—

"A perfectly barren island, where the rain never falls, and where 250 soldiers with one wretched officer eke out a not very enviable existence. The soldiers are, I believe, almost entirely natives of India, the officer is mercifully changed every month or so. There is a legend that a good many years ago, before inquisitive taxpayers began to inquire into the state of the British Army, when things were left to go on pretty well in their own sweet way irrespective of bending bayonets and breaking sabres, an officer was discovered who seemed to be as fond of the solitude of the Isle of Perim as every other officer in the regiment hated it. This man, with altogether wonderful self-sacrifice, volunteered to stay there as long as it suited the convenience of his colonel to leave him on the island. The work, it is true, was not excessive, consisting almost entirely in filling up one or two printed reports, and sending them once or twice a month to the headquarters of his regiment at Aden, seventy miles off. On the other hand, it must be confessed that an absolutely barren island, three miles in its biggest part, whereon neither tree would grow nor water fall, can scarcely be regarded as an earthly paradise. The arrangement, therefore, suited all parties. The colonel was well content to have found an officer who liked Perim; all the other officers were delighted at being exempt from the duty, and the martyr seemed to enjoy excellent health and derive considerable satisfaction from his solitary post. Bets used to be made as to whether he were writing a book or practising for solitary confinement, the odds being offered in favour of the latter employment. One day, however, another solution of the difficulty suggested itself. It so happened that the colonel had got leave of absence, and on his way home looked in at Cairo and put up at the well-known *Shepheard's Hotel.* To his astonishment who should he see, comfortably ensconced in the airiest part of the gallery, rocking himself in an American chair, and drinking a pleasantly compounded cock-tail, but the gallant officer stationed at Perim. The last scene in the drama was explanations all round, when it came out that our friend, finding himself never inspected, had instructed a native in his regiment, who understood English, to fill in his reports and imitate his signature for a trifling consideration per month, while he himself travelled on the Continent, visited England, enjoyed himself in Egypt, or otherwise occupied his time as the state of his funds or the inclination of his heart might suggest. Rumour does say that the colonel was so afraid of getting a wigging himself for lax discipline, that he hushed the matter up and said no more about it, though he threatened that the offender should really be sent to durance vile in Perim for twelve months, under such supervision that a repetition of his escapade would not be so easy.

"There is another old story in connexion with its occupation by the

English, for the truth of which I cannot vouch, but which, whether true or not, is amusing enough. The story goes that some forty or fifty years ago the French were anxious to occupy Perim as a kind of counterpoise to our possession of Aden. To effect this object they sent a small expedition to annex the island in the name of the French king. This expedition arrived safely at Aden, where it put in to purchase coals and provisions, its destination of course being secret. Now it struck the English officer in charge of Aden that it was a very odd thing for French men-of-war to be going up the Red Sea for the purpose of coming down again, as there was no Suez Canal in those days. Revolving this in his mind, he is said to have invited the French captain to dinner and to have entertained him with the best of his larder and the pick of his cellar while the French vessels were coaling. Meanwhile he had sent down two pencil memoranda to his subordinate. One of these memoranda instructed the officer who had charge of the coaling department to be as long as he decently could over the job. The other instructed the fastest English ship on the station to take a company of soldiers and proceed with all speed to Perim, which he was to occupy in the name of the King of England. About midnight, when ample justice had been done to the English officer's champagne, the French commander took his leave, charmed with the hospitality of his host, though whether he was quite as much pleased the next morning when he found Perim occupied by a company of English soldiers with the Union Jack flying over their quarters is at least open to doubt.

* * * * *

"As this will be the last letter you will get before Christmas, I must not close it without wishing you a bright and happy Christmas in every sense of the word, and I hope in the midst of all the brightness with which Christmas-tide is associated, you will not forget to remember us in prayer—not only us, but all the old members scattered about in various parts of the world, and whose hearts, I am sure, will be thinking kindly of the old Institute, and of all the friendships they formed there in bye-gone days. Good-bye, once again, dear boys. Let no self-inflicted trouble spoil your Christmas, 'For the blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow.'

"Yours affectionately,
"QUINTIN HOGG."

The next letter was written from India, the travellers having landed at Bombay early in December. Their initiation into the mysteries of that strange land commenced with a visit to the Towers of Silence, where the Parsees lay their dead, leaving them exposed to the attacks of the carrion-eating birds that infest the

neighbourhood of the grim building. That same day they went to the Caves of Elephanta—

"always full of interest to those who regard them from anything beyond a mere curiosity view. To my mind, they bring home very forcibly the fact that all religious truth over the world has at one time been substantially the same. At Elephanta you get the Hindu Trinity; Brahma the Creator, Alishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer, with the Saviour Krishna born of the Virgin Maya; while even the destruction of the Innocents is represented, Siva the Destroyer attempting thereby to destroy Krishna, and finding his attempt as ineffectual as that of Herod. Siva is everywhere accompanied by the Serpent symbol, and in several other ways one is reminded of Christian doctrine or legend.

"The temples were of a considerable size, and had been hewn out of the solid rock; at regular intervals pillars had been left so as to divide the principal temple into a central hall with two aisles, and these pillars were decorated with various representations of gods and goddesses, etc. Opening out of the largest cave or temple, were two more of a somewhat similar construction, but smaller in size. At the end of each were altars with huge sculptures of many-armed and many-legged gods, male and female, and in some cases the centre of the altar was occupied by a single stone shaped something like the top of a capstan, the adoration of which formed part of the worship of those who hewed out these temples.

"On Saturday we started off on our twenty-seven hours' journey to Jubbulpore, where we arrived early in the morning and were met by a cousin of mine, who had taken rooms for us at the hotel and ordered a supper to be ready. The next morning we were up early, and, after breakfast, we started off in a carriage to see the marble rocks on the Nerbudda River, about twelve miles from here. Our costume gave us some little trouble, as it was cold enough for thick clothing morning and evening, while during the day the sun was powerful enough to render a solar hat a necessity. We got to the rocks about 12.30, visited an old Hindoo temple on a hill above the river, had a look at a water-fall in the neighbourhood, and then, getting into a boat, rowed up the Nerbudda and had a good look at the rocks from the water. The sight was certainly a very wonderful one; on each side of us rose cliffs of white marble, many of them over a hundred feet in height, and perfectly precipitous. After examining the rocks, we went up to what is called a 'dâk bungalow,' that is to say, a house erected by Government for the use of travellers, where any one may go and sleep or take refreshment by paying the man in charge a certain fixed sum."

The next letter tells of their visit to Jeypore—

"The capital of Jeypore is nicely laid out, one-seventh of it is

occupied by the Maharajah's palace, and another large portion by the Maharajah's garden, which, however, he throws open to the public to serve the purpose of an English park. It contains a zoological garden, containing perhaps twenty wild beasts and a few aviaries, where we saw more rats than birds. It is lighted with gas, has a school of art, a railway, and a few decent roads, all of which improvements are, I believe, of recent introduction. About 100 years ago the then Maharajah found his capital unhealthy, so he removed it to its present site, and, as the old town, palace, and all has remained in very good preservation, we were able to wander through the abandoned houses and thus gained a very clear insight into the style of dwelling inhabited by the native rulers and their people when the English became masters of India. We had left Jeypore early in the morning to visit the old capital, Amber by name, and we were rewarded for our activity by witnessing a very interesting scene. In the palace is situated a temple, and here every morning at nine o'clock a goat is sacrificed to propitiate the goddess in whose honour the temple was erected. The story goes that in olden times a human victim, generally a prisoner taken in war or a criminal, was offered daily to the goddess, but when the English got the upper hand these human sacrifices were put an end to. Some years ago, however, the late Maharajah, having, I suppose, dined too sumptuously or drunk too plentifully, had a nightmare, when he fancied he saw an image of the ancient goddess standing on his stomach—

'As well he might,
Having dreamt of the devil, awoke in a fright,'

and consulted the priest, who informed him that probably the cannibalistic deity would be satisfied with a dish of goat's blood until human blood was again obtainable. Be the story true or false, the fact remains that a live goat is daily offered in true Mosaic fashion in the old capital of Jeypore. . . . Remounting our elephant, we went back to our hotel, and there we bought some curious specimens of Jeypore enamel, very beautiful work. It requires to be done on the finest gold, though for all you can see of the latter material it might as well be on copper or brass. We were told that the heat required for some of the enamel work was so intense, that no metal but twenty-two carat gold was suitable for the purpose.

"From Jeypore we went to Delhi, where, although the antiquities are very numerous, and many of the buildings worthy of notice, yet it is in connexion with the great siege that its main interest lies to an English visitor."

From Delhi he wrote—

"It would not be the slightest use to try and describe to you in

detail the sights we saw at Agra and Delhi. On one side rose the world-renowned Taj, the structure of which cost about two million sterling, and 20,000 workmen were employed for seventeen years in its erection. The labour of these men was of course forced; they received no wages, but only a very limited supply of food. Another most interesting place we went to was the fort, inside of which was the old palace of Akbar Khan, with its jewelled bath room, white marble mosques, and richly gilt audience chamber, in the last of which it was curious to remember that the first English Ambassador had been received by the great Moghul in the days of Queen Bess. We visited also many other places of interest near: amongst these was Futtehpore Sikri, an abandoned city lying some twenty miles from Agra. This was built and deserted by Akbar, its entire existence having been less than fifty years. The palace, however, still stands in a wonderful state of preservation, the carved red sandstone, at which one can only look and wonder, still remaining almost as fresh as when it left the hands of the workmen more than 300 years ago. . . .

"The only ornament introduced in any of the mosques is inlaying work or fret-work. No picture, image, or rails appear. The largest mosque is at Delhi, and it accommodates two thousand people on its own floor, while eight thousand more can be accommodated in the court-yard. The mosque itself generally stands on a slight elevation so as to render the priest visible to the worshipping people. That is to say, you generally go up three or four steps from the court-yard into the mosque. The depth of the building rarely exceeds twenty or thirty paces, while the length is often four or five times that amount. This constant uniformity in the plan of the Mahommedan mosque, renders one rather tired of them, and to my mind, those which are built of simple white marble are incomprehensibly superior to any other. At the great mosque at Delhi, we were shown a hair of Mahomet's beard, the book written by Mahomet's son-in-law, and the print of the prophet's foot in stone, relics of the great Arab which were valuable in exact proportion to the faith of the beholder. Among other sights at the Secundra, where Akbar is buried, is an old-established Roman Catholic mission, which claims to have been founded under the auspices of Akbar himself. Here is the so-called wolf-boy, who was captured some years ago in a wolf's den, in company with another lad of similar habits. They were, I suppose, carried off when they were mere children, and seem to have escaped the cannibal propensities of the wild beasts, and had actually thrown in their lot with the latter. One of these lads is dead, but the other one is still living. He is a complete idiot, and quite incapable of making his wants known by articulate speech, merely pointing to his mouth when he is hungry, and expressing his satisfaction by a series of grunts. He has been clothed and fed by the priests, but it was found beyond human power to bring him to his right mind."

After giving a brief account of the terrible scenes Delhi witnessed during the Mutiny, he ends by describing the monument to his cousin and his childhood's hero, John Nicholson—

"I spent my Christmas Day standing on the ridge outside Delhi, and gazing on the scene which that little army looked at during the months of that painful siege. I read on the stone column erected in memory of their deeds, that no less than 2,500 were sick out of 9,000 on the day of assault, and that of the 7,000 men engaged, some 1,400 were killed and wounded, and then I strolled down to Nicholson's tomb, and I leave you to judge whether or no I felt proud of my country, and thanked God that in the days of England's peril so many gallant fellows had been found willing; who, forgetful of their own safety, had thought only of their helpless countrywomen and children in British-India, and had laid down their lives for their friends.

"Leaving Delhi and rejoining the main line at Gazeeabad, we went on to Umballa, where there is a considerable cantonment of English and native soldiers. Here a brother-in-law of mine was Commissioner,[1] and we spent a pleasant day or two at his house. From Umballa we proceeded towards Lahore, the old capital of the Punjaub, and the place from which the one-eyed Rajah, Rungeet Singh, drilled his Seikhs with such success that his successor, Gholab Singh, was able to match them in a not unequal combat with Lord Gough's English troops. On the road to Lahore we stopped for a day at Umritsur, a place noticeable for its so-called Golden Temple, a building the roof of which is covered with gilded metal, which shines brilliantly in the sun. It stands in the centre of a little lake, the fish of which are so tame that they will come and take pieces of bread out of your hand. The most revered object in the Seikh Temple appears to be their holy book or bible, writings which contain, I believe, considerable portions gathered from our own Scriptures, and which were compiled in their present shape by a 'Gooroo,' or saint, who lived in comparatively recent times. We got to Lahore in the evening, and, to our dismay, found that all the hotels were full. Of course, in a place like Lahore, there was sure to be a good sized 'dâk bungalow,' so we drove two miles to the place where it was situated. Imagine my feelings at finding this also full! We were getting hungry, besides being very tired, and I began to think we should have to spend the night in our gharri. Determined, however, to leave no stone unturned in order to get a shelter, I drove back to the hotel, and managed to fix up beds, where we were tolerably comfortable. The next day we visited the fort where the Afghan prisoners, Yakoob Khan's relatives, were confined.

[1] Mr. James Macnabb.

"Leaving Lahore at 8.30 p.m., we arrived at Jhelum at 6 in the morning, and adjourning to the dâk bungalow, prepared for our drive of 165 miles. Under ordinary circumstances this would soon have been traversed. Just now, however, the enormous traffic caused by the war has cut up the roads terribly. In spite of ominous forebodings as to the time we should take to get to Peshawur, we determined to run the risk, and packing ourselves and the little luggage we travelled with into the gharries, we set off on our journey. We were galloping along the road merrily enough, when we were brought to a full stop by a regiment of cavalry on the march to Peshawur, where they were to form part of a new column 8,000 strong, which was being formed under General Ross, as a kind of reserve to support the 42,000 men already in Afghanistan. Our stages were not long ones, but they were in most cases very rapidly got over, when we were not impeded by any military or commissariat trains, doing some of them at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. By daybreak we found ourselves slowly climbing a hill which led up to the dâk bungalow at Attock, and the hill being steep and the road terribly cut up, we had replaced our horses by a pair of bullocks who were making, as is their custom, very slow progress. To accelerate matters I jumped out to walk, and arriving at the dâk bungalow by a short cut found stretched out before me a panorama for which I was hardly prepared. What looked like an immense gulf lay at my feet, the water stretching away until I lost sight of it in the grey morning, and I had to think for a moment where I was to make sure that I was on the banks of the Indus and not on the shores of a great sea. Just at this point the Cabul river joins the Indus, and the combined streams spread over an immense flat of low-lying country surrounded by hills, through an opening in which they emerge, under the name of the Indus, and find their way southward, becoming as they travel one of the most magnificent waterways in the world. At Attock the Indus is crossed by a bridge of boats, and being bound in by hills on each side, it is of no great width where the road crosses it. Of the body of water which goes through this gorge, however, you may form some idea when I tell you that the river sometimes rises thirty feet in a single day. The bridge and road is commanded by the fort of Attock, and here it was that my brother-in-law (Mr. J. Macnabb, present Commissioner of Umballa) was sent post-haste by John Lawrence at the outbreak of the Mutiny in 1857, with the orders to collect at once three months' provisions in the fort, and if he could not get three months', to get three weeks', or even three days', but to get what he could. At the dâk bungalow we were met with the most pitiable description of the state of the Attock bridge. 'You will never get across,' quoth a traveller who had just arrived from the other side. 'I have taken sixteen hours and a-half getting over.' I was inclined to think that his woes were exaggerated; but, when I went down to look

at the state of affairs myself, I saw that he had by no means overstated the case. As far as I could see in both directions there was one dense mass of bullock-carts, camels, donkeys, ponies, mule-carts, and other descriptions of vehicles, some loaded and some empty, but all quite intent on crossing the river. The wretched bridge only admitted of a single line of carriages, and it was now absolutely blocked by the two contending streams, one wishing to get to Peshawur and the other to return to Jhelum. Some of the cartmen told us they had been there three days, and when we arrived there in the morning they seemed to have given themselves up in real Asiatic style to the necessities of their position. Making no further exertion to progress, they had unyoked their bullocks and sat down on their haunches or rolled themselves in their rezies to wait until providence or a Sahib should open them a way across. Travelling with me was an inspector of the post-offices, and so we set to work to do what we could to clear the bridge. On the further side there was a steep ascent until the level of the road was regained, and it was here that the chief difficulty occurred. I got together a gang of coolies and shoved up behind each cart as its oxen struggled up the incline, while the post-office inspector stood upon the bridge and reduced the chaos to something like order. We were not sixteen hours in getting across, but it took us four hours and a half hard work to get our gharri to the other side, and I felt full of indignation with the wretched mismanagement which had allowed matters to get into such a condition. A second pontoon bridge could have been thrown across that stream in a couple of days, and yet the Government, to save the few pounds which this would have cost, allows this block to go on month after month, breaking the hearts of the officers, killing their cattle, and wasting the wages of the men, to say nothing of detaining stores sorely needed by the poor fellows in the front three or four days longer than was at all necessary. In fact all through this wretched business the Government appear to have acted with that want of foresight which seems to be so characteristic of our race.

"Our gharri crossed at last, and then we started to accomplish the forty-five miles which lay between us and Peshawur. We got into the city about 5 p.m. Peshawur has the reputation of being one of the most unhealthy places in India: scorching hot in the summer, bitterly cold in the winter, and reeking with malaria during the monsoon, it affords its inhabitants a pleasant choice between sunstroke, rheumatism, and fever, and happy is he who manages to steer clear of all three. In addition to fever, ague, sunstroke, and rheumatism, Peshawur is noted for its furs, arms, Pathans, bud-washes, battle, murder and sudden death. Many of the men are as fair as Europeans, and all through the district we could not help noticing the fine, upright build and martial bearing of many of the inhabitants, who look as though they could eat up the poor

weakly-looking peasants inhabiting the plains of Bengal. Some little distance from the European quarter lies the native city, commanded by a rickety old fort built, as everything is in this neighbourhood, of mud, and which consequently often showers down large pieces of itself on the heads of passengers below, whenever it becomes necessary to fire a salute or in other ways to burn gunpowder on the ramparts."

They also paid a visit to an exiled Kokand Prince, to whom the Indian Government allowed the munificent pension of £60 a month—

"Accompanied by our interpreter we approached the house tenanted by the exiled king, and sending in our names, requested to be allowed to pay our respects to him. We were immediately asked within, and ascending a rickety stair, we traversed a dirty gallery, entered another room, and through that a third, where chairs were placed for us, and we were asked to await the entrance of the king, as his majesty at that moment was engaged saying his prayers. In a few minutes he came in, a desolate-looking youth of about twenty-six, with his hair cut very short, his complexion yellow, and the lozenge-shaped tendency of his eyes speaking unmistakably of his Tartar origin. He came up to us and shook hands in European manner, and gave us to understand, through our interpreter, that he took our visit kindly, and rather liked being 'interviewed.' As one was bound to say something, I ventured to ask him what cause the Russians had assigned for picking a quarrel with him. I asked this not only to elicit an answer, but also, I must confess, because I was rather hazy in my geography as to the exact position of Kokand, though I had a sort of indefinite idea that it was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Khiva and Bokhara. He told us the old story—that his uncle had wanted the throne, had asked the Russians to help him, and they had done so. No sooner had he succeeded with the help of the 'White Czar' in turning his nephew off the throne, than the Russians sent him to the right-about also, and quietly annexed the country. The Bokhara people were jealous of the people of Kokand, and therefore allowed the Russians a through passage to fight their enemies, suffering in return the same fate as the Roumanians when they performed a similar service to the Russians during the late Turkish war. The poor young prince whom we interviewed looked harmless enough, and certainly his dress betokened more barbarism than civilization. He wore a bright blue satin dressing gown ornamented with gorgeous flowers, from beneath which his feet peeped out, clad in some badly shaped and ill-fitting European boots. His prime minister stood at his side clad in a dressing gown of a much less gorgeous aspect, and appar-

ently exercising his ingenuity in shoving each hand as far as possible up the sleeves of his dress, so as to make the two arms of his dressing gown join together, completely hiding both hands and wrists. The minister, however, had a face of some ability, and he often joined in the conversation, illustrating and enlarging on his master's remarks. After declining an offer of a cup of tea, we said good-bye to our Kokand friend, and expressed our sympathy for his forlorn condition, though we did not tell him that just now there were a good many kings knocking about in search of thrones, and so he had plenty of 'brother sufferers.'

"Leaving Jumrood on horseback, with my Afreedi friend, Ayoub Khan (himself a Khyberee and chief of some Afreedi villages in the Pass), we cantered sharply along for some two miles, when we found ourselves fairly between the hills. The road we traversed was cut out of the rock, and every salient point was occupied by a small martello, or square watch-house, where a piquet of English or Sepoy soldiers kept watch. At last, when we were about eight miles from Jumrood, we suddenly rode round the shoulder of little hills, and there right before us, at a point-blank range of 2,000 yards, stood the fortress of Ali Musjid. The hills on either hand, which had been some distance apart, here approached pretty close, and on a mound, something like Primrose Hill, between the frowning mountains, stood the Afghan fortress, where Sir Neville Chamberlain was denied admission by Shere Ali a year ago, and where the first blood was shed in this Afghan war. My Afreedi friend, who was guiding me, seemed to know and to be known all along the route, and we amused ourselves in trying to pick out the little bands of Afreedis, Shinwarries, Mohmunds, etc., who were hiding on the hillside in the hope, perhaps, of committing robbery or murder whenever they thought they could do so with impunity. At present, however, the Passes are pretty quiet, for we subsidise all these tribes, and if any Europeans were attacked during the day-time, the subsidy would cease. At night all traffic is stopped. The men are not of a particularly inviting aspect. Their hair is cut short, the crown of the head being covered by a dirty skull cap. For coats they wear 'poshteens,' which consist of tunics with embroidered yellow leather outside, and sheep skin, wool and all, inside; in the event of snow, the poshteen is reversed, and the shaggy hair-wool exposed to the weather. For weapons they have a rifle with a curious crooked stock, the barrel being so long that it is nearly always rested on a stone or rock when being fired. A long dagger, shaped like a carving knife, a pair of pistols, and a belt containing ammunition, make up the portrait. I shall, however, be able to show you all these, as Ayoub Khan apparently took such a fancy to me that he gave me his rifle, knife, and belt.

"Three miles from Ali Musjid the Khyber widens, and some attempt is made to cultivate the little valley into which the Pass really

extends. Here and there lie Afghan villages, that is to say, you see a mud wall ten feet high, surrounded, as the case may be, with one, two, or three square towers, according to the wealth of the chief of the village, and you are told that inside these walls lie the houses of the villagers. Expressing a desire to form a closer acquaintance with some of these places, Ayoub Khan at once galloped off the road, and led me round to one of the largest villages from which we found that the inhabitants had fled, the men having taken service either for or against us as they felt inclined, and the women in consequence having retired to somewhat safer quarters. The walls are often six or eight feet thick, and are composed of rubble, plastered together with very tenacious mud, which acts like cement. The odd thing is that the roofs are constructed in a similar manner; they are all quite flat, with a slight slope to prevent the rain from settling on them, and are built apparently as follows. Wattles, or small branches, are laid from wall to wall, and a little brushwood placed on the top. On this, mud is laid very thick, and generally mixed with gravel, the surface being finished off with puddled clay so as to exclude water. Their roofs, they tell me, last for years, and are very warm.

"From Jellalabad, a short stage brings you to Gundamuck, where the treaty was signed, and twenty-five miles past that lies Jugdulluck, a fearful pass, which was the scene of the massacre of the ill-fated British army, in its criminally ill-managed retreat from Cabul in 1841–2, under General Elphinstone. Out of the whole force that entered the Pass but one man lived to tell the tale, and he arrived breathless and wounded to warn the garrison of Jellalabad of what had befallen their comrades in that narrow defile. This Jugdulluck Pass can, however, be easily avoided.

"At Lundi Kotal I was given a share of a small tent which afforded shelter, but that was all, while for my meals I was invited to join the officers' mess. The next day I cantered back to Ali Musjid, and thence to Peshawur, with my Afghan guide, who presented me with his rifle, knife, and belt. I have said so much about the bad management of the transport business, that I like to be able to mention one point where the Government arrangements certainly deserve praise, I mean the clothing of the animals. During the winter of 1878–79, it is estimated that the army lost no less than 60,000 camels, from exposure and want of care, to say nothing of other beasts of burden. This year the Government have clothed every animal employed on transport duty. Camels and bullocks alike have nice warm coverlets, and amongst all the thousands of animals which I passed, I saw but very few that were suffering from sores or ill-usage. The horses on the dâk route, however, were shockingly bad. A few good ones were specially kept for us on our upward journey, but when we came back we got the same as other people, and they were quite unfit for their work. Hour after hour I had to get out and assist

in shoving the gharri, till at last the wheels touched the horses and set them going. As I was jumping in, I slipped, fell, and got the heavy carriage, with four people inside and all the luggage on it, over my leg. Fortunately the heel of my boot partially saved me, otherwise my leg must inevitably have been broken, as it is I can't do much walking yet, and I afford a practical illustration of the fallacy of George Careless' advice to 'hire a cab and run behind.'

"We stayed at Lahore for twenty-four hours, and then pushed on to Cawnpore. We put up in a very comfortable little hotel kept by an old sergeant in the 78th Highlanders, who had accompanied Havelock on his famous march to Lucknow, and had arrived at Cawnpore just twenty-four hours after the massacre there in 1857. Cawnpore itself is not interesting, flat with a flatness I have never seen out of India, and dusty to an extent that baffles all description. There having been no rain for some time, scarcely a blade of grass was to be seen, the vertical sun beat down on the desolate-looking plain, and the air half choked you with mouthfuls of dust, while it was pretending to cool you."

Mr. Hogg then describes the events of the Mutiny which made Cawnpore a sadly familiar name to all English ears. From there he wrote to his eldest brother, James,[1] a letter which is of considerable interest owing to the details it gives of John Nicholson's death :—

"To me, and to you too, the most interesting place I have visited was Delhi. It is full of memories of poor John Nicholson. The Nicholson Gardens mark the spot whence our batteries breached the Cashmere gate; Nicholson Road marks the lane where he was shot; while his name stands first on the memorial cross erected outside the walls, and his face looks down upon you from the walls of the museum. I am having a copy of the latter painting done for you on ivory, as I thought you would value it . . . it is a fairly good reproduction, though harder than the original, which, while like John, has a singularly sweet expression and shows him at his best. . . . The ridge held by our troops in '57 was very interesting. It lay on the north of the city, and is rather more than a mile in length. At one end of it is Hindoo Rao's house where so many of our sick officers lay through the siege, and where they awaited the result of the assault, and at the other end a kind of tomb where the standard was hoisted and which guarded our left. In front of the latter point the Cashmere breaching battery had been pushed forward to within some few hundred yards of the curtain and bastion at the Cashmere gate. It must have been from this point, across the glacis intended for the foes of England, that John led his men and stormed the gate. This secured, he turned sharp to the

[1] Lord Magheramorne.

right, led his force just inside the wall, along a narrow lane with houses on one side and the city wall on the other to assist the Cabul gate which the fourth column were attacking with no very great amount of spirit. Expecting the fourth column to engage the enemy in front, John took them on their right flank, and swept them past the Cabul gate to a point some sixty yards along the wall where a gun commanding what is now called 'Nicholson Road' was placed. The sight of this gun and the heavy fire from the houses on the left made our men hold back, specially as the backwardness of the fourth column allowed the enemy to fire on them from the wall on our right as well as from the houses on the left. It was while encouraging his men at this point that John fell and was carried to a house at the Cashmere gate, which as far as I can make out must have been what is now the *Northbrook Hotel*. Hardly had he been laid on his bed than Charles[1] was brought in and accidentally placed by John's side. Turning round and seeing his brother wounded, Charles burst into tears—upon which John leaned over and struck him, so at least I was told by more than one who was present at the siege, and the characteristics of the two brothers makes the story a probable one. Colonel Waterfield, with whom I stayed at Peshawur, was often with John after the assault, and was the first to tell him that his wound was mortal. John burst into tears, 'utterly broke down' was the expression, in reply to Waterfield's offer to write or take messages for him, thanked him and said, 'No, he had none to send.' The night after that Waterfield was returning home after sunset, and seeing a light in the room where John was lying, he looked in through the window. John had just died, not a European was in the room, but the natives were gently and reverently closing the eyes, smoothing the hair and arranging the limbs of all that remained on earth of John Nicholson. Colonel Waterfield showed me John's sword belt which he wore when he was shot; it was made in London for him by the order of Herbert Edwardes. In the Punjab, some fifteen miles beyond Rawul Pindu, crowning an eminence and seen on all sides, stands an obelisk of stone. It bears no inscription on the outside, but inside are the words—

"'This column is erected by friends, British and Native, to the memory of Brigadier-General John Nicholson, C.B., who after taking a hero's part in four great wars for the defence of British India—

"'Cabul, 1840,
"'1st Seikh[2] War, 1845,
"'2nd Seikh War, 1848,
"'Indian Mutiny, 1857,

[1] John Nicholson's brother—see page 37.

[2] I have left the spelling as it stands in Mr. Hogg's letters, even though in several instances it is not that usually accepted as correct nowadays.

and being as renowned for his civil rule in the Punjab as for his share in its conquest, fell mortally wounded on the 14th September in leading to victory the main column of assault at the great siege of Delhi, and died 23rd September, 1857, aged 34.

" 'Mourned by the two races with an equal grief.' "

Mr. and Mrs. Hogg's next stopping-place was Benares—

"one of the holiest cities in India, where many Hindoos come to die, in the firm belief that by so doing they will go to heaven. How strange it is that in all races and faiths there seems a tendency to think more of the place you live in, than the spirit in which you live there. The Papist invests Rome, the Ritualist the steps of his so-called 'altar'—the Moslem, Mecca, the city of the Prophet, and the Hindoo his Ganges, with some special power of drawing him near God, forgetful of the old truth that

> 'God, within no walls confined,
> Inhabits still the humble mind;
> Where'er men seek Him He is found,
> And every place is holy ground.'

By far the best way of seeing Benares is from the river, so we went along the river front of the city, and saw the burning ghauts and some of the temples. The state of the river is simply indescribable—the London main sewer would be sweet compared to it; and in addition to a fearful amount of refuse, you see occasional dead bodies floating down, on which carrion-eating birds are feeding."

During their wanderings an accident occurred which nearly cost both the travellers their lives. At the top of a steep, long incline which their train had to ascend in crossing the hills, the engine in trying to recouple after it had been to water failed to catch the link, whilst the shock of the impact started the carriages backwards. The driver hurriedly made another attempt, but probably rendered nervous by his realization of the impending danger, again failed, and the second impetus served to send the carriages over the brink of the hill, down which they rushed with ever-increasing momentum. The front guard walked through the train, warning the passengers of their peril. Mrs. Hogg was asleep, so taking care not to arouse her, her husband bedded her round with cushions, rugs, etc., and then sat down beside her to await the crash that appeared inevitable. Fortunately the brakes were powerful, and on the only bit of level ground that occurred in all the downward run, the guards succeeded in bring-

ing the fugitive carriages to a standstill. Though very outspoken and frank as a boy, Quintin Hogg had grown more and more reserved as he grew older, and would seldom speak of anything that affected him strongly. In this case he was probably largely actuated by the fear of making his wife nervous and spoiling her enjoyment of future hill-journeys. He kept silence, and she never knew of her narrow escape until many years later, when to her astonishment he used this story to illustrate some point in an address.

Whilst at Calcutta they attended a grand native nautch in honour of the espousals of an antiquated bridegroom of 16 and an aged spinster of 11.

"A more uninteresting, I may say a more unmanly, lot of looking fellows than the native Rajahs I have never seen. The contrast between these men and those we have seen at Peshawur was very striking, and a gentleman who had been present when the late Ameer of Afghanistan came down to Lord Mayo's durbar, some seven years ago, told me that the Afghan Ameer could not help expressing his disgust at the attempt of these native princes to shine with jewellery rather than manliness, for when Lord Mayo asked him what he thought of some specially gorgeous trappings which hung on the neck and turban of one of the Rajahs, Shere Ali answered aloud, 'In my country it is the women who wear jewels.' Shere Ali himself was dressed on that occasion in plain white, without jewellery or ornaments of any description."

From Calcutta the travellers went to Madras and thence to Colombo, which apparently did not impress them very favourably, for Mr. Hogg writes—

"When I want to emigrate I shan't go to Colombo; it is hot, dirty, and evil-smelling; and, as if to make the worst of their position, the inhabitants, instead of building houses as we do in Demerara at some elevation from the ground, live in small bungalows of one storey, the gardens of which are enclosed by a wall as high as the top of the windows, and are planted up with cocoanut and other trees so as to prevent any little breeze there is from getting to the rooms. The town is very scattered, and to get from your office to your house you have, in most cases, to drive through narrow and dirty native streets, the dwellers in which, like everything else in Ceylon, are redolent of cocoanut oil. In addition to cocoanut oil, Ceylon produces tortoise-shell, coffee, and leeches, the latter in great

abundance. In the hills, after a few showers have fallen, it is impossible to keep these plagues off your legs; they lie in wait for you on the ground, they run after you when they see you in the distance, they drop on your head from branches of trees, and lay hold of your legs as you ride past the bushes. One thing you very early learn in Ceylon, and that is, always to walk fast if you have to traverse any grass. The leeches hear somebody coming, and generally miss the first comer to settle on number two. The natives are well aware of this, and when you come to a leech-bearing field it is amusing to observe the readiness of the crafty Hindoo to 'show master the way.' When I was master, however, I liked to find my own way, and leave my coolie to fight it out with the leeches. Personally I was very lucky, as when I went through the estates the rains had not been heavy enough to bring out any number of leeches, but planters tell me that they have often come home and picked as many as sixty off their body after half an hour's walk.

"From Kandy Mrs. Hogg went to a place called Newera Ellia, some six thousand feet above the sea, where I had taken a bungalow for her while I visited the coffee districts. These districts of course lie among the hills, and must have been pretty enough before the coffee planters replaced the virgin forest with the stunted, ugly-looking coffee plant, a good deal of which resembles nothing so much as a worn-out gooseberry bush. The felling of the forest is a curious sight, and is one of the few things which the Singhalese (the inhabitants of Ceylon) are quite willing to do; all the work of the island, with the exception of tree-felling and rice growing, being performed by coolies from South India, who are rapidly outnumbering the native population. When a planter wishes twenty or more acres cut down he enters into a contract with a Singhalee, who comes with a few axemen and starts upon the trees. The method is to cut a wedge from the trunk of each tree on the side on which you wish them to fall, and then a very much smaller wedge on the other side of the trunk. This you do till every tree in the whole twenty acres is prepared, upon which you start off one big tree; this one falling breaks down the next, and so on with noise like thunder that can be heard for miles round; the trees throw each other down and the whole forest disappears in the course of a few minutes. The next operation is to burn off the felled wood, after which roads are traced, drains dug, and the coffee plants put in. Another industry which is being taken up here a great deal is that of cinchona, a tree from the bark of which quinine is prepared. In old days this was only got from Peru, and the Peruvian Government were very jealous of their rights. I remember my father telling me that when he was chairman of the Court of Directors they vainly endeavoured to get the Peruvian Government to give them seeds or cuttings so that the tree might be propagated in India. All is fair, they say, in love and war, so the Court of Directors made no bones about sending

a few botanical thieves to Peru, who, without asking the leave of the Government, carried off a sufficient number of seeds to plant up some nurseries in India. These trees are now growing in many parts of that peninsula, and to suit the wants of the people cheap febrifuge powders are prepared on the spot, which have nearly as much effect as a more highly-priced sulphate of quinine."

Writing on board ship whilst *en route* for Singapore, he remarks—

"I was not very sorry to get away from the so-called isle of spices, as I now indulge in a faint hope of getting my pocket handkerchiefs washed without their being steeped in cocoanut oil, and of having my white trousers sent home in a condition less suggestive of salad. My time was so taken up with business that I had but little opportunity of touring about in the island outside the coffee districts; there are, however, several interesting places well worthy of a visit, amongst which is Adam's Peak, a conical hill nearly 8,000 feet high, which was for a long time supposed to be the highest point in the island. At the top of the mountain is a small temple, covering a rock which bears a mark having a faint resemblance to a gigantic foot—the foot of Buddha, say the Buddhists—the foot of Adam, say the Mussulmen—the foot of St. Patrick, the Irish would say, did they know of it; while the Scotch and Welsh would probably support the claims of a Mac or an Owen. The mark is of such a size as to suggest that whoever made it would certainly find a difficulty in getting fitted with ready-made boots—it is rather longer than a tall man and wide in proportion. Be this as it may, however, it serves to support a certain number of priests, who don't care who owned the foot so long as they get the money. In fact the worshippers are welcome to attribute the mark to whom they like, so long as the 'poor priest's hands are crossed with silver, noble gentlemen,' as the gipsies say."

Whilst at Singapore he visited a Chinese theatre—

"The hall was about twice the size of that at Long Acre, the floor was of earth, and filthily dirty, and the audience were accommodated with seats on wooden benches, the extra luxury of a cushion being attainable for the sum of a halfpenny. 'What is the damage?' I asked the man at the door. 'A dollar,' he replied as bold as brass. 'Rubbish, here's sixpence,' and so in I walked, the Chinaman probably chuckling over having robbed me of, I suppose, about three times the legitimate entrance fee. As a Chinese play generally takes three or four months to finish, and this one had only been going on about five weeks, I did not stay to see the end of the performance, but satisfied myself with a very small dose of one scene. I suppose the Chinamen find it interesting or they would not go,

but anything duller to a European it is hard to imagine. The dresses were most gorgeous, and inasmuch as there was not a single bearded man except myself in the audience, so there was not a single man on the stage who did not wear a false beard of altogether stupendous proportions. The actors appeared to find the work very fatiguing, for after walking about two or three minutes they sat down and took a rest on a chair, during the whole of which time they would sing what I supposed was meant to be a song."

He also describes for them—

"a little Malay village built in shallow water and entirely resting on piles, the inhabitants of which, as you may suppose, are perfectly amphibious. I call them Malays because their mothers, I believe, belong to that race: their fathers must certainly have been fishes. Their first operation when they want to take a walk is to jump into the water, and they get their living mainly by visiting ships as they come into harbour and selling shells, Malacca canes, Penang lawyers, birds, and similar curiosities. Three or four canoes laden with an endless variety of shells lay off our ship the whole day, and a few coppers would secure specimens which would have been more readily bought had they been less impossible to carry owing to their extreme fragility. Another favourite amusement of the Malays is the old one of getting you to throw small coins into the water, which they easily enough secure by diving after them."

Their next stopping place was Saigon, where the weather was "hot and stifling," the place "poor and dirty," whilst the mosquitoes were like a "hostile army," and their attacks reminded the letter writer of two mosquito stories—

"In vain we fastened mosquito netting across our port-hole, and, denying ourselves the luxury of a light in our cabin, went to bed in the dark. No sooner were we fairly ensconced than the little wretches began to make it so hot for us that I was seriously contemplating trying on that trick which a friend of mine—an Irishman of course—played upon some Singhalese mosquitoes a short time ago. This disciple of St. Patrick was staying at a planter's house where there were more guests than beds, and he therefore had to content himself with a sofa in the dining-room. The mosquitoes being unable to punish the other guests began to give it to the Irishman, who tossed about vainly seeking repose. About two o'clock his host having heard constant disturbances in the Irishman's room entered, and to his intense surprise found his guest lying under the table, although the brandy bottle was safely under lock and key. On asking the reason of this strange selection of a resting-place which his friend had made, the latter answered in a whisper

'Och, you rascal, hush! don't you see I have made up a dummy traveller in my bed with a bolster and pillow, and the wee villains are biting it and thinking it is me.' It was even so. Paddy was convinced that School Boards were no good if they could not enable him to circumvent the mosquitoes, and he therefore passed the rest of the night under the dining-room table, in the firm belief that the bulk of the mosquitoes were puncturing the dummy on the sofa with their probosces and wondering why Irish blood was so thin. I remember another encounter with mosquitoes in Demerara, where the actors were not Irishmen but Scotchmen. I can't vouch for the truth of it, but it is one of the current traditions of British Guiana. We have in that magnificent province the finest specimens of mosquitoes known in the world; their legs are striped, their muscles are marvellously developed, and their stings are so persistent that they go by the name of 'galley-nippers.' The story runs that one evening two Scotchmen (planters) were bragging about the thickness of their respective hides rendering them mosquito-proof. The contention waxed hot as to whose hide was thickest, and ended in a bet, the conditions of which were that the two were to lie down in their birthday suits in the gallery, without any artificial protection of any kind; but inasmuch as mosquitoes in the eyes and nose were more than human nature could endure each party was to be allowed to smoke a cigar for the protection of his face, the man who stood the test the longest without moving to win the bet. The conditions were strictly complied with: the two puir bodies stripped to the skin, lit their cigars, and lay down side by side in that part of the gallery where absence of breeze rendered the mosquitoes most numerous. It was not long before one of the planters began to repent his bargain; the pests crowded over him and covered every square inch of his body, filling him with an intense longing either to cut his stick or at least to scratch himself,—for since the days of the good Duke of Argyle those who hail from the north of the Tweed are supposed to have an undue longing for the proper trituration of their skins. At last the poor fellow could stand it no longer; in sheer despair he looked round and saw his comrade lying close to him with his arms crossed and smoking his cigar as if he were in the most comfortable position in the world. It is said to require nothing less than a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman, but then the mosquitoes were carrying on a large number of surgical operations simultaneously all over his body, which may perhaps account for the brilliant idea which suddenly occurred to him. Gently, very gently, withdrawing his cigar from his mouth he knocked off the ash and applied the end—need I say the hot end?—to his companion's body. The effect was instantaneous. Sandy could stand the mosquitoes but not the fire, and clapping his hand to his injured portion, he roared out, 'By George, that's a galley-nipper,' thereby of course losing his bet. Now the particular

class of mosquitoes with which we had to deal with at Saigon, though extremely persistent and unusually musical, were not very venomous; they teased one beyond endurance, but their bites were not nearly as bad as their bark. Mrs. Hogg lay in her berth dabbing herself with eau-de-cologne, while I went on deck and alternately sat in an armchair or walked about, waiting as patiently as I could for the dawn, which would I knew be the signal for the disappearance of the mosquitoes.

"Our stay at Saigon fortunately extended for only twenty-four hours, and yesterday at noon we had our anchor up and were steaming away down the Me Kong. A little after three we dropped our pilot, and here we are running along the coast of Southern China, some eight miles off land, and expecting to arrive at Hong Kong in about forty-eight hours."

Their first glimpse of China proper was Hong Kong, where, however, they found "nothing much to see," and so hurried on to visit Canton.

Arrived at Canton, they soon obtained "chairs" and were carried about the city.

"I never yet saw a place which gave one the idea of such a dense population. The streets were swarming with Chinese, yet so narrow that in many places two chairs could barely pass each other, and there is not a single street down which a carriage could drive. . . . Through narrow and most odoriferous streets we wound our way to the objects generally visited by foreigners. The temples were always guarded by two gigantic figures, about the size of our Gog and Magog, and just about as good-looking. Inside a poor building, a few wooden images, and some burning 'joss sticks.' The moral reputation of the dirty-looking idlers who act as priests does not seem to stand very high amongst the Chinese. One of these temples was appropriately termed 'the temple of horrors.' It consisted merely of a large 'lean-to' shed of considerable length, inside which were the figures of some gods—in front of whom those who had done evil in this life were receiving a little mild correction from their tutelary deities.

"Exactly opposite the chamber of horrors a little performance of the same description, but on a smaller scale, was going on; for here public dentists were carrying on their jaw-breaking business, and were inviting passers-by to sit down for a moment in a chair and have some of their teeth pulled out for a trifling outlay of a few cash. These 'cash,' you must understand, are the smallest Chinese coins. They have a hole in the middle, and are generally strung together by means of a string or cane. A thousand of them are equal to 4*s.* 2*d.* As the dentist could not of course interrupt himself in

the middle of an interesting extraction to announce his trade to passers-by, he made use of an excellent sign-board, consisting of a piece of wood about eight inches square on which his name was written, and suspended from which were long strings of human teeth, which hung flapping in the wind and chattering ghastly invitations to bystanders to add one of their masticators to the sign-board. I was very much taken up with these dentists' advertisements, and tried to induce several of them to sell me one. I was unsuccessful until I saw a man who had two, one of which I succeeded in buying, after a long barter, for the sum of $6. You may imagine the huge delight of the Chinese crowd when they saw me take down the man's sign-board, teeth and all, and march with it under my arm to my chair.

"At one of the temples we saw a water-clock said to be eight hundred years old, and I believe the only thing of the kind in the world. It consists merely of three bronze buckets, arranged one above the other, from the first and second of which water drops into the lower one, much in the style of a Lipscombe filter. This lower bucket has a cover with a small slit in the middle through which appears a kind of bronze ruler with the hours marked on it in Chinese. The ruler is fixed to a piece of wood in the body of the bucket, which, of course, rises as the water increases in bulk, and the water is so timed as to flow in at so much an hour. This clock is looked upon with some pride by the Chinese, and they sell at the temple joss sticks arranged somewhat after the manner of King Alfred's candles, so as to tell the time as they burn. I bought two of these; one long one for the day, and one twisted up like a serpent for the night. The priest assured me I could count upon their being correct, as the maker was constantly checked by means of the great water clock itself. Tell it not in Gath (or, at least, not in Canton), but the water clock was sixteen minutes wrong by my English watch. The priest smiled incredulously when I informed him of the fact, and appeared to have as much faith in his clock as that celebrated Yankee who assured his audience that if the sun was not 'over the brow of the hill in five minutes it would be behind time.'

"You must remember that with all their faults the Chinese are perhaps the most dutiful people to their parents, alive or dead, in the world. The grey-haired man is always treated with respect.

"No visit to Canton would be complete without a lunch off birds'-nest soup, so we went to a restaurant, into which we were carried, chairs and all, and ascending a frightfully dirty wooden staircase, we arrived at an equally dirty first floor, and thence got to a reasonably clean, scantily furnished room on the second floor, where the table was laid for us. For each of us a two-pronged fork, a pair of chop-sticks, and a porcelain spoon were provided, and little cups of tea were set before us while the soup was being brought up. Next, as an

appetiser, we were given in the tiniest of glasses some of the wine or spirits of the country, made from rice and drank hot. It is called 'shamshoo' in China, and 'saké' in Japan; and having tasted 'shamshoo' I don't think I shall trouble 'saké.' Following the 'saké' came a very small dish of omnium gatherum into which we were all supposed to stick our two-pronged forks, and select what we liked; as we liked to abstain we did not trouble the forks. Then came the dish of the afternoon, birds'-nest soup; it was served in a small bowl in which there was very little soup, a great deal of birds' nest, a certain number of pigeons' eggs, and to crown all, a slice of ham. I had been so sickened by the smells of Canton, and by the sight of the restaurant, that it was with the utmost difficulty I succeeded in gulping down three or four mouthfulls of the birds' nest, and Mrs. Hogg was in somewhat the same predicament. Our guide, however, thought us very convenient companions, for it left him the whole of the bowl to himself—an opportunity of which he was not slow to avail himself. After the birds'-nest soup we were each offered a pipe, and wishing to do in China as China does, I smoked a couple. You must not suppose that smoking a pipe in China is quite the same as smoking a pipe in England. The Chinese pipe consists of a bowl filled with water, a long stem, and a very small tube, on the top of which you place a minute amount of tobacco. From this, tobacco once ignited, you get perhaps half a minute's fair smoking, and then the pipe is done; I can only suppose that the amount of tobacco used is regulated more by the purses of the Chinese working-classes than their inclinations, for one could hardly doubt that they would prefer a longer pull at their luxury if they could afford it; as it is, however, this pipe is, I am told, in universal use all over China.

"The most prominent buildings in Canton are the pawn-shops, they stand up like huge towers all over the city. As the bulk of the houses are only one, or, at the most, two storeys high, while these huge pawn-shops require ten storeys in which to pile their goods, I went into one of them, and having chin-chin'd the proprietor, got leave to go to the top of the building; and I was very glad I did so, for besides seeing the wonderful regularity with which all the goods were stored away and labelled, I got from the top of this house a most excellent view of that part of the city. Far below me lay the streets and houses, and I noticed on the tops of the latter a number of earthenware jars filled with water as a precaution in the event of fires, which in these narrow streets are frightfully destructive. Some thirty years ago over 2,000 people were burnt to death in a single conflagration.

"Descending from the three balls we visited the execution ground, a place lying close to the river, from which it is separated by a dead wall. The ground is used for drying pottery on ordinary days, but when an execution is to take place, everything is cleared away. Soldiers are on guard, and crosses are erected there. Three hundred

to fifteen hundred people are annually executed at this place, mostly by beheading, and in 1855 no less than fifty thousand people are said to have so suffered in the course of the twelve months. Up against the wall were a number of little jars, each containing the head of a dead Chinaman preserved in lime. I had the curiosity to examine the interior of one of them, but did not care to prolong my exploration."

But both the execution ground, the prisons and the examination halls have become too familiar to English readers from the many minute accounts of them given by authorities in matters Chinese for Mr. Hogg's description to be of any interest.

"There are seventeen Protestant Chapels and one *Papist* Church in Canton. Concerning the latter, rather a good story is told in connexion with the Roman Catholic doctrine of worshipping saints. The priest, so runs the story, was endeavouring to persuade a newly-made Chinese convert to worship at the shrine of Peter, or Paul, or some other Christian worthy. 'Who is Peter?' asked the Chinese convert. 'A very holy man,' responded the priest. 'Was he a Chinaman?' was the next question. 'No: a Jew.' 'Was Paul a Chinaman?' 'No: he was a Jew too,' replied the priest. 'Well, after all,' remarked the Chinaman, 'our religions are very much the same, we both worship our ancestors, and of the two I mean to stick to my own!' The story was told me some years ago as a true one by a Protestant missionary, to whom this convert afterwards went. Be that as it may, however, the Roman Catholics evidently found themselves in a great difficulty when cross-questioned by the shrewd Chinamen as to the second commandment, and their habit of worshipping images. So impossible have they found it to argue out the matter, that in the copies of the ten commandments which they have translated for the benefit of the Chinese, they have actually left out the second commandment altogether, and split the tenth commandment into two, so as to make up the right number. Truly, 'in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain,' a priest can give the heathen Chinee points, and then clean him out.

"A large portion of the population, I believe some 60,000 in all, live altogether on the river. They seem to spend their whole time on their boats, or sampans as they call them, men as well as women working, living, and apparently dying on them."

In conclusion he quoted, as an example of "pidgin English," a translation of Longfellow's "Excelsior," two verses of which run—

"Man man one girlee talkee he,
What for you topside look see;

And one teem more he plenty cly,
But alla teem walk plenty high—
Topside Galah.
Take care t'hat spilum thee young man,
Take care t'hat ice must go man man;
One coolie chin-chin he goodnight,
He talkee my can go all light—
Topside Galah.

A short visit to Shanghai, where "not the least noticeable thing is the use made of wheelbarrows as means of locomotion"; than down the river en route for Japan. Early in May they landed in Nagasaki, near which lies the island Pappenberg,

"famous, or rather infamous, for having been the massacre ground of many thousands of Christians 250 years ago. Just off the town of Nagasaki, and almost forming part of it, is the little island of Decima, a small fan-shaped piece of ground, the only spot where Europeans were allowed to land or trade for nearly three centuries. The Dutch alone consented to the restrictions put upon them by the Japanese Government, and there with a patience characteristic of their race, the worthy Hollanders spent year after year looking anxiously for the arrival of the one ship which they were allowed to receive during each twelve months. Sometimes, owing to war or other causes, this much-longed-for vessel failed to put in its appearance, and then, deprived of their little annual excitement, the position of the Dutch traders must have been dull indeed. It was not difficult, standing on the island of Decima, to picture the exiled traders pacing up and down their little island prison, looking longingly at the green hills by which they were surrounded but on which they might never set foot, and then, after a pull from their long pipes, casting their eyes westward to the mouth of the harbour, wondering when the next vessel from their far-off European home would bring them tidings from their native land."

Their travelling was now done in "jinrickashas"—sometimes covering twenty miles in two and a half hours. It was a mode of conveyance Mr. Hogg never could accustom himself to, as the thought of the strain on the men who pulled them always made him unhappy.

They proceeded to Kobe, Oaska and Kioto, the Mikado's capital. This they considered a much overrated and very disappointing town. Wishing to see a little of the interior of the country, Mr. Hogg travelled to Yokohama by land, the rest of the party

going by sea. He covered seventy to eighty miles a day by having relays of jinrickashas waiting ahead.

"In Japan," he remarks, "there is no such thing as privacy, in fact, a European feels inclined to say, as decency. The fronts of the shops are open, and the inhabitants perform the whole of their domestic operations in public. The jinrikasha men are compelled by law to have a certain amount of clothing upon them, but by choice they run with the smallest of waist bands, utterly insufficient for Western ideas of decency. A light cotton cloak is thrown over the shafts, and if ever a policeman makes his appearance, or a town is approached, the jinrikasha boy slips on his coat and tries to look as though he would be uncomfortable without it.

"At one place we came to rather a steep path leading over a range of hills. Here jinrikashas could not be taken, so our luggage had to be transferred to the heads of some coolies, and we had either to walk or to be conveyed in cangoes, a contrivance combining every element of discomfort. No European can possibly attempt to lie down in it, as no one but the Japanese can double away their legs into nothing, as you must do if you wish to lie down in a cango. It consists of a thick bamboo pole from which is suspended a basket-work seat, and into this you must screw yourself. You can't let your legs hang down or they would be in the way of the coolies who carry you, nor can you sit upright, otherwise you bang your head against the bamboo pole, which supports your cradle. A Japper gets in and goes to sleep with the utmost ease; but somehow I always went to sleep the wrong end, for my feet and legs oscillated between slumber and pins and needles, while my head was most uncomfortably wide awake. There are three coolies to each cango, relieving each other every hundred yards or so. Each coolie carries a staff in his hand on which he rests the end of the bamboo when he wishes to change shoulders, which he does every thirty or forty yards. Altogether I was not fascinated with my cango experience, and was not tempted to introduce it at Holly Hill.

"Our road led us over many rivers and past the foot of Fujiama, the pride of Japan. It is certainly a very beautiful mountain, standing almost alone with its conical crater covered with snow, and rising from the sea shore to a height of nearly 12,000 feet.

"Leaving Fujiama we passed the next hill by means of a tunnel, of which our guide was not a little proud, and then came to the mountain range of Hakone. Here we took a very pleasant walk over the hills to Myanoshita, and other neighbouring places, where some celebrated sulphur baths were located, beneficial for diseases of the skin, etc. We started from Hakone early in the morning, and visited altogether three of these sets of baths. The water was very hot and strongly impregnated with sulphur, and the baths consisted of little square tanks in the ground some five feet deep,

and eight, ten, or fifteen feet square. In these baths men, women, and family circles, and apparently picnic parties, mix with the utmost gravity. A most enjoyable fifteen miles' walk took us back to the Tokaido route, and we rapidly got over the thirty-six miles that lay between us and the Yokohama. We got into the latter city after a pleasant five days' journey, in which we had traversed 300 miles across the island from the Inland Sea to the Pacific.

"At Tokio on several evenings we went to see representations at the various Japanese theatres. A curious feature in the Japanese theatre is the absence of all female actors. I believe Kioto is the only place where women appear on the stage, in all other theatres all the characters are represented by males. The pieces are put on the stage in a very poor way, and the dresses seemed inferior to those in China. We had our guide at the theatre with us, and he acted as a kind of interpreter.

"As in most Eastern countries, temples abound, perhaps the most numerous being those in honour of Hatchiman, the Japanese Hercules, whose shrine is to be found in nearly every village. The Shinto temples are generally distinguished by strips of paper, supposed to represent leaves of trees, hung up in their neighbourhood, and also by a mirror occupying the place where representations of Buddha stand in the Buddhist sanctuaries. In front of both alike is a curious kind of structure, looking something like a gallows or two crosses joined, called a Torü, and made either of stone or wood. This originally was intended as a roosting pole for the birds given to the temple, but even the very tradition of its use seems to have died out among the people. All the popular temples are surrounded with booths, sweetmeat shops, wax-work shows, three shies a penny, and such like diversions, which we are accustomed to connect more with a fair than with a place of worship. Sometimes pet animals are kept, which are fed at the expense of the worshippers; and sometimes birds, beetles, etc., are exposed for sale, which the pious purchase and set free to propitiate the animal-protecting Buddha. A bell is suspended in front of every shrine, and an immense money-box for offerings occupies, I need hardly say, a conspicuous place. The bell is rung to draw the god's attention, a few cash are pitched into the money boxes, and then a formal prayer is repeated several times over, being a simple invocation to Buddha or some other god to hear him. Should words or time fail, a praying machine, consisting of a huge wheel, is often conveniently at hand, the turning of which is considered equivalent to an act of worship. It probably is at least as efficacious and a good deal more wholesome (for the wheel is heavy) than mumbling in Latin words to quondam images of Jupiter or Peter in Rome. The prayer said or turned, the worshipper patronises the surroundings of the temple, which are of the very lowest description, houses for the vilest purposes existing under the very shadow of the sanctuary, and within the sacred enclosures.

In front of the temples are often suspended offerings from rich or poor—sometimes pictures, sometimes a pair of half-worn shoes, and sometimes a top-knot which the grateful Japper has shaved off his head in token of gratitude or of his having made a vow. I endeavoured to purchase one of these top-knots from the temple devoted to foxes near Tokio, and the good-natured old priest gave it me for a mere song, saying that it was no good to him and that he supposed that it was hung by some one who fancied he had got some good from the foxes' temple."

As regards beauty, Mr. Hogg thought Japan "decidedly overrated." The people struck him as being

"of a low caste, utterly lacking in the high moral qualities which constitute a great nation. They are civil and obliging, rather like third-rate Frenchmen. . . . It is of course flattering to find the Japanese adopting everything English, but the question forces itself on one—if they can give up their own customs so easily, will they not be likely to give up their new ones at the first provocation?"

HOLLY HILL, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON. THE HOUSE BUILT BY MR. HOGG IN 1883.
DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1886.

VI

THE POLYTECHNIC—ADOLESCENCE

He lives most
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end—that end,
Beginning, mean and end to all things—God.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

VI

THE POLYTECHNIC—ADOLESCENCE

IT was during this trip that Mr. Hogg first suffered from the severe and frequent attacks of dysentery which proved to be the beginning of a long and painful illness of twelve years' duration. During all that period he was scarcely ever able to eat meat of any kind, and was often reduced to a diet of milk. He suffered considerably physically, and even more from the depression of mind and spirits brought on by anæmia, weakness, insomnia and suffering; yet he never relaxed his efforts to better the position of the lads of London, never ceased to labour amongst them, and unless compulsorily absent, never allowed his physical infirmities to interfere with his life work.

Whilst the travellers were in Japan, bad news reached them as to the condition of their second son, Ian, who was a very delicate child, subject to asthma; and not caring in consequence to remain away as long as they had intended, they turned their steps homewards, arriving at Holly Hill in August, laden with trophies and mementoes. Large packing cases full of curiosities and furniture continued to pour into Holly Hill during the autumn, the majority of which were unluckily destroyed in a fire that broke out during Christmas week and completely gutted the house. Its owners, who were on the point of starting for the West Indies, were delayed by this disaster; arrangements had to be made respecting rebuilding, etc., and it was some weeks before they were able to start. Quintin Hogg took the greatest interest in this new house, going minutely into all the architectural plans, arranging every little detail, and planning fresh delights for his family and his boys.

He was not fond of rural life, nor had country pursuits with the exception of shooting, of which he was very fond, any attraction for him. Horses he regarded merely as a rather slow means of locomotion to be urged over the ground as rapidly as possible, and he was a most reckless driver himself, though rather nervous about other people's equestrian feats! But in spite of the lack of any natural inclinations towards a country life, this home of his, which had the reputation of being one of the prettiest places in the South of England, became very dear to him, and he took the keenest interest in any improvements or alterations.

Whilst the house was in process of erection, he would frequently go down and spend a night or two in a small room over the stables, which had not been injured by the fire. On these occasions the Institute members, quite a small colony of whom had settled in the neighbourhood, several of them being employed on the estate as gamekeepers, gardeners, etc., would collect to welcome him. "It was then," writes one of them, "that we fellows who were living on the estate learned to love him so. When we heard that the governor was coming, we were all overjoyed, and with a roaring fire we would crowd round Mr. Hogg, and the place would ring with laughter as he told us many yarns as only he could tell them, and suddenly looking at his watch in amazement, he would say, "Go to bed, bad boys." Sometimes we would turn out on a moonlight night after ten, and wander through the holly plantations, always bright and happy, forgetting the difference of our social positions and joking and talking without the least reserve, which was the very thing Mr. Hogg wanted us to do, and as midnight drew near, we would break up, Mr. Hogg go to his little room at the old stable, the fellows to different parts of the estate. Many a time two or three would still sit up talking of his wonderful love for us."

He was never weary of clambering all over the gaunt scaffolding, examining the structure slowly growing amid the chaos, and making sure that no little plan on which he had set his heart was being forgotten or neglected. One day his agent laughingly

complained that he ought soon to be able to climb as well as any monkey. "Why," retorted Mr. Hogg in the sedately quizzical tones that always meant mischief, "why add where nature has done so much already?"

One wing of the new building was set aside for the Institute members, capable of accommodating seventy at a time. Racquet courts were added, the deer parks, woods and lakes were stocked with curious birds and animals which were an unfailing source of delight to his children, whilst frequent trips to the Isle of Wight, etc., could be made in a small yacht called the *Mayflower*. The captain of this yacht was by no means a young man, and much preferred spending his nights in port to walking through them on the bridge. Once Mr. Hogg wanted to travel quickly from Penzance to Cowes, which of course meant steaming up the Channel all night; the captain was not at all pleased and attempted to frustrate the idea by saying that it was absolutely necessary for the boat to water at Falmouth, asserting that there was not even enough of that invaluable commodity on board for washing purposes! "Never mind," was the only reply he could obtain from his employer, "you push right on, and I will give orders for the steward to put six bottles of soda water in your cabin for you to wash in." The yacht was plentifully supplied with aërated waters, and the captain found the promised supply in his cabin! Whether he applied it externally or duly tempered it and consumed it internally remained a matter of conjecture!

The next few years are a record of constant illness and pain on Mr. Hogg's part, of endless optimistic trials of different treatments and of as frequent disappointments. Richmond Terrace was sold and a house bought at Mortlake with sufficient land to provide recreation grounds for the Institute members. When this was given up, twenty-seven acres were bought at Merton, where their cricket, football, and various athletic contests took place until two years ago, when the property was sold for building purposes, although the Polytechnic did not have to evacuate it until this year. An appeal was recently made to the public

for funds to provide a fresh ground, and the result has been most satisfactory, sufficient money having been raised in a very short time.

The membership of the Institute was at this time limited to youths between the ages of 16 and 22; the entrance fee being a shilling, and the weekly subscription 3d., a reduction of 4*s*. per annum being made for those who availed themselves of the educational classes, provided at least twenty-five attendances were made at the selected class. If a member failed to pay his fees for three weeks, his name was exhibited in the rooms, and after six weeks it was struck off the rolls. Members out of work were not required to pay a weekly fee until they found employment.

Annual exhibitions were held, specimens of members' work only being accepted; these, however, ranged from a working model of a steam engine whose funnel poked its way through the skylight of the Gymnasium, to gaiters and ornamental braces! Medals and prizes were given, and at the close of the exhibition an entertainment of some kind was usually provided.

A committee of not more than fifteen or less than eight was responsible for the management of the Institute, the whole committee retiring annually, but being eligible for re-election. Too much stress cannot be laid on this fact—that the management of the Polytechnic, as regards its clubs and societies, the maintenance of order within its precincts, is, and always has been, entrusted to the members. The Polytechnic is, practically speaking, a club for the wage-earning class, and its founder always insisted that to make it useful, homelike, and acceptable to those for whom it is intended, you must not only provide what you as president, governing body, or secretary, think good for them, but, so far as is possible, what they themselves wish for. All decisions concerning the social life of the Institute are, whenever possible, left to the members; their opinion and co-operation are always sought for and respected, and, knowing how largely they are responsible for the inner life of the place, the members have shown themselves worthy of the confidence

placed in them and have proved capable of guarding its truest interests and of maintaining its reputation for a high standard of purity and morality.

This system also tends to foster a feeling of pride in and affection for the Institute which is an invaluable factor in promoting that spirit of unity and good fellowship its founder was so anxious to see reigning; it helps to engender a strong *esprit de corps* such as exists in our great public schools, or amongst the men "in the same regiment," and which exerts a very wholesome influence in any body, each unit feeling an individual responsibility for the honour and good reputation of the whole. After an Institute badge had been struck, a member who was wearing it thought he noticed "Q.H.'s" eye resting on it, and said, "It's a thing to be proud of, isn't it, sir?" a little tribute to the place that was, I think, very encouraging to its founder, as such spontaneous testimonials can scarcely fail to be. At the time that Nansen was pursuing his journey into the unknown, dreary regions of the far north, this conversation was overheard between two Polytechnic members—

"They say Nansen has found the North Pole, I hear."

"Yes, I expect we'll have it stuck up in our entrance hall before very long!"

A Savings Bank was also inaugurated at Long Acre, Quintin Hogg making himself solely responsible for the money and allowing five per cent. interest per annum, in order to encourage the boys to save their money and not to squander it away. The deposits doubled themselves almost yearly, and it eventually became necessary to lower the interest to four per cent. on the first £100 and three per cent. on every subsequent £100.

With the Institute increasing so rapidly and crying out so audibly for further development, it was certain that its originator would not long remain deaf to its appeals. Long Acre, which in 1878 had seemed so spacious and admirable, by 1880 appeared cramped and inadequate, and Quintin Hogg proceeded to look about for larger premises. A suitable site was obtained in St. Martin's Lane, but before building operations had been started,

the Polytechnic in Regent Street came to grief. It was, as I suppose most people know, a building devoted to a judicious, but unfortunately for the proprietors, unlucrative mixture of instruction and amusement for the young. When at the end of 1881 it came into the market, name, position, association[1] and capacity all appeared so desirable that Mr. Hogg decided to sell the ground in St. Martin's Lane if he could obtain the Polytechnic. The lease was purchased for £15,000, but by the time the necessary alterations and improvements had been effected, many times that sum had been spent. An auction of the strange and divers "properties" of the old Polytechnic was held, the diving-bell fetching £60, the mechanical Blondin, who used to trundle a wheelbarrow across a rope over what is now the gymnasium, selling for £84; the lantern slides proving the best bargains—for the sellers!—fetching about £900.

In September 1882, the premises at Long Acre were closed. Prospectuses and advertisements had been widely distributed, with the result that even before the new building was entered, the number of new members began to strike dismay into the hearts of the promoters. The President assured them indeed, that the new premises "were so extensive as to afford scope for almost any possible development in the future." He proved a false prophet, for in twelve months it was the old cry of not enough room, and the capacious maw of the Polytechnic has since absorbed two new storeys built over the gymnasium containing thirty rooms, a series of workshops excavated in the basement, the adjoining house in Regent Street, the Marlborough Rooms, 14 Langham Street, All Souls' Schools in Langham Place, a house in Cavendish Place, an annexe in Balderton Street, to say nothing of various classes arranged for outside its own buildings, and still the monster is not satisfied, but cries out for more!

It was announced that the new premises would be opened on Sunday afternoon, September 25th; that the first "function"

[1] It was originally opened in 1838, "for the advancement of practical science in connexion with agriculture, art and trade."

to be held in it should be a Bible Class was by no means a matter of mere convenience, but symbolic of all Quintin Hogg's work, every detail of which was actuated by the command, "Whatsoever thou doest, do all to the glory of God." On Saturday night, however, the wiseacres shook their heads and began to consider how they could provide some room where the class might be held. Not so Mr. Hogg and Mr. Mitchell. They had arranged to have that class in the hall, and in the hall they intended to have it. On the Saturday afternoon the prospect was certainly not encouraging—

"The painters had left their scaffoldings, the hall was a mass of timbers and planks; painters' pots were all around the scaffolding, and ladders and dust were everywhere. I warrant you these men thought that they had a good fortnight's work in front of them, and that they were not going to hurry in taking down their scaffolding. But no sooner were we clear of them than our Poly. boys came to speak their word in the matter. There were fellows in the building trade among them, as well as in the contractor's shops, and to see how they rattled the painters' pots away, got down the scaffolding, and shot the poles out into Regent Street was a sight for sore eyes. New members turned up with the old ones in such numbers that we were at last obliged to decline further aid, all the brooms, washing flannels, etc., in the place being hard at work and the gangways full of volunteers. They divided themselves into gangs, working till every square inch of the Institute from top to bottom had been scrubbed by volunteer labour, and small pyramids of dirt and brickdust shot outside. All Saturday night our boys worked, and it was not till 2 a.m. that the finishing touch was put to the building, and Bob Mitchell was able to put the key in his pocket and go to bed with a quiet mind. I shall not readily forget the astonishment of one of the painters, who, I think, must have come to witness our confusion, but who halted thunderstruck at the door of the hall he had left but a few hours previously in such a very different condition. Peering in, he saw it carpeted, furnished, and occupied by 1,300 young fellows, looking as if the hall had belonged to them for all their lives. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'it's a miracle.' And so it was—a miracle wrought by willing hands and loving hearts.

"The first night we began to take in new members over 1,000 new fellows booked—in those days I used personally to see every member who joined—and on the night in question I booked our first new Polytechnic member at 5.15 in the evening, and worked steadily on till 1.15 a.m., when the last fellow left the building. I

had designed the place for 2,000 members, but during our first winter the number reached 6,800."

At the present time there are over 18,000 members and students.

Once settled into the Polytechnic, the great aim of its founder was to make it worthy of its name. A scheme of technical educational classes was drafted by Mr. Mitchell, and gradually adapted to the needs of the class from which the majority of the members was recruited. There were, as I have stated, in all this great city practically no facilities for mechanics and artizans who wished to improve either their knowledge of their trade or their general education. When one reviews the instant success of the venture, one only marvels why so obvious a want had been left so long unfilled.

The fees for the practical trade classes varied from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* for seven months' instruction, non-members being charged about double,[1] the technical and other classes being even cheaper. Within twelve months nearly a hundred classes, attended by 5,000 students were in full swing, and additional accommodation had been arranged for. The London Trades Council had unanimously expressed their approval of the practical workshop instruction, whilst the number of students who passed the examinations of the City and Guilds Institute was largely in excess of those coming from any other institution or technical college in the kingdom. Eleven prize medals, £33 in special prizes, 33 first-class, and 40 second-class certificates had been secured by Polytechnic students; and 86 per cent. of those who tried for the Government Science examination passed, being 60 *per cent.* above the general average!

The following year (1884), for the first time the annual prize-giving instead of being a quiet, homely affair, blossomed out into quite a function, the Lord Chancellor (Lord Selborne) presenting the students with their prizes, a graceful little dutv that occupied over an hour!

[1] Now members are allowed twenty-five per cent. discount off the ordinary fees.

Amongst those who kindly consented to preside over this function at different times were Lord Hartington (now the Duke of Devonshire), Mr. Mundella, Lord Aberdeen, the Lord Mayor, etc. On one occasion Sir Lyon Playfair, whose writings had done much to awaken popular interest in national education, occupied the chair, and made a very interesting and rather humorous speech. In it he referred to a saying of Epictetus which, he remarked, he had always regarded as very pertinent to education. "My friends," said this sage, "observe that when a sheep eats, it is not grass but wool that grows on its back!" and also recounted a story of Faraday, who went round selling newspapers in his boyhood. One day having rung a bell, and put his head through the area railings to see if the servant was coming, he began to speculate whether his head belonged to him because it was on the other side of the railings. Whilst so occupied the servant suddenly pulled open the gate and Faraday's head was nearly wrenched from his body; after which he never forgot that he had a head as well as hands and that it was his duty to use it!

By 1894 the successful students had become so numerous that the Great Hall was unable to accommodate them and their friends, so that it became imperative to arrange for the prizes to be distributed to the various sections on different evenings, which though a very necessary and possibly less tedious arrangement, prevented the prize-giving being treated as a great function any longer.

The number of students attending the Polytechnic classes alone in 1894 exceeded the total of evening students in all London twelve years previously,[1] and by then over 500 evening classes were held every week. The growth of the educational work has indeed ever since its inception been phenomenal. The statement that last year (1903) the sum of £14,417 was received in students' fees alone serves to give an idea of the magnitude of its present dimensions, when one remembers how very small those fees are individually.

[1] See *Great Thoughts*, July, 1894.

Another experiment made in the new building was the formation of a mock Parliament; the suggestion emanated from a member, and met with such enthusiastic support that it was very rapidly organized. It was obviously important that a "Speaker" should be found of sufficient authority and ability to prevent the meeting degenerating into humbug. Mr. J. F. P. Rawlinson (now K.C.) undertook that arduous task, and fulfilled it admirably for many years. A "Liberal Government" came into office in April, 1883, and died a violent death in July, but revenged itself by annihilating the Conservative Cabinet by two votes in October. There was no lack of incident in the Polytechnic Parliament, despite the absence of "Irish members"!

Meanwhile the other "lives" of the Polytechnic had been flourishing exceedingly. When the new premises were opened a prominent member of the Trades Union strongly advised the omission of the adjective "Christian" from its title, advice which it is almost needless to state was not even granted the honour of consideration by the founder. *No* religious test of any kind was ever imposed on candidates; the rankest infidel or most bigoted atheist was made as welcome as the truest Christian to avail himself of the social or educational advantages, but—he enrolled himself a member of an avowedly Christian Institution, and the "religious" life was as virile and prominent as the social, athletic or educational. The average attendance at the Sunday afternoon class was 550, and more significant than any amount of classes was the Christian Workers' Union, composed of about 250 members, who voluntarily gave their time in forwarding good works both amongst their fellow members and amongst the surrounding poor. It was naturally the aspect of the work that lay nearest the President's heart; though he threw himself heart and soul into all his "boys'" pursuits and aims, it was ever with the hope that the football field, the classes, the parliament might prove training fields to develop *all* the talents God has bestowed on man, and to make a Christian who should bring credit and not ridicule, respect and not contempt, on the name.

The athletic club, whose title of the "Hanover Athletic Club" was a relic of Hanover Street, Long Acre, days, was almost rivalling the educational proceedings in its growth. Besides the gymnasium, football and cricket, there were bicycling, swimming, tennis, harrier and skating sections; a special company composed of Polytechnic members had been attached to the 4th Middlesex Volunteer Corps, after prolonged and earnest deliberations as to the respective merits of red, grey and dark green uniforms, and an ambulance corps (which must surely have been mooted by one of the non-believers in muscular Christianity) had also been formed.

In 1884 the demand for the educational classes was so great, that not content with 100 classes every evening, Mr. Mitchell arranged for elementary instruction to be given in certain subjects from 7 to 8 a.m. daily, the charge being 1*d.* a morning, breakfast being provided at the close of the lessons in the building. Four hundred students availed themselves of this innovation, and the classes only ceased in 1886, when the commencement of the day school made it impossible to continue them.

Meanwhile the Hoggs had left Mortlake and were living in Chandos House until 5 Cavendish Square, the lease of which had been included in the purchase of the Polytechnic, was ready for their occupancy. At Chandos House their youngest child, called Malcolm Nicholson in memory of the cousin whom his father had so loved and admired, was born in 1883.

In 1884 Mr. Moody again visited this country, and again Mr. Hogg undertook the organization of his evangelical campaign. The evangelist lived with his friends at Chandos House, having his own brougham and rooms, whilst Mrs. Hogg and a staff of ladies acted as secretaries. He held a series of meetings at the Polytechnic which were of a most impressive nature.

In 1885 Mrs. Hogg lost her father after a long and painful illness, his death being almost as great a grief to her husband as it was to her. He always spoke with the deepest love and veneration of Mr. Graham, whose influence on him had been great, and of a wise and useful nature. "A more loving, saintly spirit I

have never known, and the gap his departure will make in his home circle is greater than I dare think of. For himself, none need mourn."[1]

It was about this time that Quintin Hogg was asked to stand for Parliament in the Liberal interest, and consented somewhat reluctantly, knowing how fully his time was occupied with existing duties in the City and the Polytechnic. The Redistribution Bill (1885) gave him an opportunity of withdrawing his candidature of which he took advantage, his continued bad health making it impossible for him to perform his duties if elected: "for," he said, "of course it is out of the question for me to diminish the demands on my time and strength in connection with the Polytechnic." This was the only time he ever entertained the idea of entering public life, for the Polytechnic absorbed more and more of his attention, and he felt he could do greater good by devoting himself to that, than by trying to serve two masters and finding it impossible to satisfy either. That autumn the family moved into 5 Cavendish Square, which adjoined the Polytechnic at the back. A covered passage led from Mr. Hogg's study to the gymnasium, and eventually a room was built to the right of this passage, in which he mainly lived during the last four or five years of his life.

In 1885 the Polytechnic gained a very valuable recruit in the person of Mr. J. E. K. Studd, one of the six brothers who have made the name famous in the annals of cricketing. He first made Mr. Hogg's acquaintance during Mr. Moody's mission, in which he was also an active worker, and after the close of which he began to interest himself in the Polytechnic. Like its chief, he soon found that the demands it made upon those who laboured for it were insatiable, and ever since he has voluntarily given his entire life to the furtherance of its activity in

[1] After Mr. Graham's death, his wonderful collection of pictures was sold by auction, many of them fetching what were then considered extraordinary prices. His Rossetti, "Ecce Ancilla Domini," was bought for the National Gallery for eight hundred guineas, the "Chant d'Amour" for 3,150 guineas, by Mr. Agnew; thirty-three Burne-Jones and thirty Rossetti pictures were included in the sale; the Old Masters fetching £23,409, the whole collection £69,168.

all directions. Being a man of independent means, he has been able to devote the daytime to the direction of the office work involved, an inestimable advantage very few men are in a position to bestow on any voluntary work, whilst his keen sympathy with the religious motives that inspired Quintin Hogg and his prominent position in the athletic world, enabled him to associate himself with all aspects of the institution. On the death of Mr. Hogg, with whom he had been for eighteen years on terms of the closest friendship, cemented by the bonds of fellowship in their work, Mr. Studd became President of the Polytechnic, which must count itself fortunate in possessing the services of so able and generous a friend.

In 1886 the experimental founding of a Day School was announced.

"Nature abhors a vacuum" (writes "Q.H." in the *Polytechnic Magazine*), "and I confess to having a strong dislike to seeing so many rooms at the Polytechnic lying empty during the day time, when there are so many useful purposes to which they may be put. I have determined, therefore, both with the view of promoting artizan education and for other reasons, to start a day school on the 1st of January 1886. The school will have three sections—(1) Professional, (2) Commercial, (3) Industrial. Division I. will afford preparation for professional life, and will prepare boys for matriculation, preliminary medical, legal, Cambridge local, and similar examinations. The second will prepare boys for the Civil Service examinations and other general office and mercantile requirements. The industrial division will be for the general benefit of those who desire to have the option, at any rate, of pursuing some handicraft. In addition to a thoroughly good English education, including chemistry, experimental physics, geometry, mechanical drawing, and applied art, we shall make use of the workshops for the purpose of teaching the boys carpentry, metal turning, and other trades, our wish being to turn out boys qualified either to take a place as improver in a workshop or as a clerk in an office. We shall take boys between the ages of eight and seventeen, the fees being £1 11*s.* 6*d.* per term for those under ten, £2 2*s.* for those under thirteen, and £2 12*s.* 6*d.* for those over that age. The prices include the use of slates, copybooks, chemical apparatus, tools, etc., also instruction in gymnastics and swimming. I should like to take this opportunity of explaining to our members some of the objects I have in view in connexion with this school. In the first place,

we possess a building altogether unrivalled in its appliances and position for such a purpose, and it seems a pity not to use it. Secondly, I think the time has come for every man to do whatever lies in him to abolish the absurd distinction drawn in this country between those who work at a trade and those who are employed as clerks, salesmen, or similar occupations. In the Colonies and United States scarcely any such distinction is recognized. In old Jewish days we know that even university students were taught trades, so as to fit them for any calling, and a parent not giving his child this advantage was looked upon as gravely failing in his duty. I am now constantly coming across parents whose boys are fairly well educated, but who cannot find good openings for them as clerks and who are bitterly regretting their inability to start them as artizans. On the other hand, many parents shrink from altogether withdrawing their children from school so as to bind them to workshop life. Why should not education combine both and fit a boy for either career? It is well known that a child cannot profitably study the same subject for any prolonged continuous period, while change of occupation is in itself some kind of recreation. I do not believe a boy need necessarily suffer in his general education by devoting a small portion of each day to practical workshop instruction. Of course, everybody will not agree with me in this, but I think a great number of our members will. . . . Religious instruction will be entirely unsectarian, and any parent can withdraw his child from it by giving written notice that he desires to do so. So far as my ability goes, however, I shall endeavour to make an intelligent appreciation of one's duty to God and man as distinctive a feature of the school as it is of our own Institute. . . . We don't want to start a thing and have it fail, so don't forget to lend a hand to this new departure, and if the school succeeds, its incomings will help us in some measure to reduce the deficit, which has not unreasonably been frightening some of you lately."

One hundred was the grand total of scholars hoped for, but 150 had booked within the first fortnight, in eighteen months there were 430 boys attending, and at the present time there are 1,169. From the very first Mr. Hogg took a keen interest in the school, holding a class on Thursday afternoons, and frequently taking morning prayers before work commenced, whilst later on a club was formed under the name of "Old Quintinians" with the object of keeping the day-school boys in touch with the Polytechnic after they had left the school, for Mr. Hogg was very anxious that whenever possible the old

boys of the day school should become the present boys of the Polytechnic, and a supplement was added once a month to the magazine for their benefit. The school quickly wormed itself into the elastic affections of the Polytechnic's founder, the young life attracted him very strongly, and as he had begun his work among boys (in the recognized sense of the word, *not* in the elastic sense he used it, making it applicable to any one in retention of his faculties who had not outlived his allotted three score years and ten !) so gradually he returned to his first love, and the last ten years or so of his life the Day School and "O. Q.'s" monopolized a large share of his time and attention.

Meanwhile the expenses naturally augmented with the abnormal growth of the venture, and the deficit which was owned to be "not unreasonably" worrying the executive committee, gradually assumed proportions that rather dismayed even Quintin Hogg. In 1879 the deficit had only amounted to £80 10*s.* 6*d.*; in 1881 it was £116; whilst by 1885 it had increased to £7,000, and the following year was nearly £9,000, partly owing to capital expenditure on the new premises in Regent Street, but even after deducting this, the deficit on the Institute proper and the educational section amounted to more than £6,000 annually, all of which was borne by the President.

As the existing state of affairs was causing all who had the welfare of the Institute at heart considerable anxiety, and as the opinion that it would be possible to reduce the expenditure by the introduction of certain reforms in the management and organization of the place was being somewhat generally expressed, in 1886 a committee of six was appointed to inquire into the financial affairs of the Institute, with a view to promoting stricter economy, the principal result of which was a complete change of constitution. The existing committee of members was abolished, and a fresh one, consisting of the trustees and a few other gentlemen, was formed; this committee of outsiders appointed a council of members, as representative as possible, whose advice and assistance in carrying on the place were asked, so that their actual functions were rather consultative than

executive.[1] The new arrangement worked well, but the annual deficit continued to average £7,000 to £8,000, and the thought of what would happen to the place were he to be removed, caused Mr. Hogg unceasing mental distress and worry. His ill-health rendered constant absences necessary, and in 1886, sorely against his will, he had to give way and take a prolonged holiday. His condition was then causing very grave anxiety, and on the Sunday before he left England the Great Hall was packed from floor to roof with nearly 1,600 members, hundreds more being unable to gain entrance. His address was entitled, "It is the last time," and ended with an impassioned appeal to his boys.

"I want you to bear me witness this afternoon that I have ever sought not yours, but you. I want your heart, your life, yourself, for God. I want you to come with all that you are, and all that you have, and devote yourself as a living sacrifice to that Father who loved you and gave Himself for you. I want your service not to be represented by giving a few shillings of your money, but by giving all you are, and all that you have, so that my absence may be scarcely felt amongst you this coming twelve months, because the place of one enfeebled worker who is leaving you for a season this afternoon will have been filled by a hundred true-hearted recruits, bearing in their strong arms gifts of love, of sympathy, and of willing service, which shall bear fruit, some thirty, some fifty, and some a hundredfold. If this be so, there can be no last time of meeting for us. We may indeed while I am speaking be looking into each other's faces for the last time on earth, but we shall meet again in that land whence we shall go out no more. Once more, dear fellows, 'good-bye.' I thank God that He ever brought our lives together, I bless Him for the assurance that He loves each of us far, far more dearly than we any of us can care for each other. May He cast round you the Everlasting Arms, and

[1] Since then various occurrences, such for instance as the pecuniary grants made by the Charity Commissioners, etc., have necessitated slight changes in the constitution of the Polytechnic. For many years now the Governing Body has consisted of 19 members, of whom 3 are appointed by the City Parochial Foundation, 4 by the Technical Education Board of the London County Council, besides one consultative member appointed by the same body, 1 by the School Board, the remaining 7 being co-optative members. From this body 9 members are elected to serve as the Finance and General Purposes Committee. The Council of members is composed principally of the secretaries or prominent officials of the various clubs and sections, elected by the members.

bless you more than I can ask or think, for His Name's sake. May the Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent from one another."

The knowledge of all present that he was seriously ill lent additional significance to his words, and none who were present at that service ever forgot the pathos and solemnity that permeated it.

In the *Magazine* he wrote—

"I wish I could give utterance, either with voice or pen, to all that I would like to say in bidding farewell to so many whom I love so dearly, but I can get no farther than 'Thank you; God bless you,' and perhaps the hearts of some of our boys will be able to understand what I mean without any interpreter. . . . Many were unable to obtain entrance into the Great Hall on Sunday. I was very sore about these last, for I hate to think that any should have come to say good-bye, and not have got within speaking distance."

About two hundred of the members went to see the travellers off at Paddington. Every section of the Institute was represented among those present, and the hearty cheering and vigourous hat waving which saluted the departure of the train must have considerably astonished the Great Western officials, who were very anxious to know the cause of such demonstrative proceedings.

The invalid's health improved so greatly that his wife was able to leave him in July and return to her family, the first news to greet her being that Holly Hill had again been completely gutted! The fire broke out in the roof on July 3, 1886, and soon gained so firm a hold that all hopes of subduing the flames were abandoned, and every effort directed towards saving the furniture and valuables with which the house was filled. No one knew how the outbreak originated, and although the inside of the house was absolutely destroyed, the outside walls were scarcely damaged, and on driving up the avenue one thought the fire must have been a dream or a hoax, so little trace of it could be detected from a short distance. A large amount of curios brought home by Mr. and Mrs. Hogg from their travels were destroyed, besides many valuable documents and papers that

could never be replaced. They both felt the loss of the place keenly, but two such serious fires in so short a space of time rather damped Mr. Hogg's ardour for it, and made him desirous of relieving himself of the liabilities and responsibilities incumbent upon a landed proprietor; and the estate was therefore put into the market and sold shortly afterwards to Sir E. Walter.

LETTERS.

To some one who had asked him to assist a boy who had lost his mother to convey her remains back to the place where the other deceased members of the family lay buried.

August, 1879.

I have read your letter about ——, and have taken some little time to consider the matter. On the whole, I do not feel inclined to give the money, not from any lack of sympathy with ——, but because I feel it is hardly wise to spend on the dead while there are so many living who need it. It is, of course, a pleasanter thing for a family to bury their dead near each other, but I do not think sentiment should be considered when there is such urgent need all around us of assisting those who can yet be benefited by expenditure, which the dead cannot. Tell —— this, and let him understand it is from no want of sympathy with him, but from a sincere desire to spend the money better, that I do not help him.

Written to a boy who had just realized the truth Quintin Hogg longed to reveal to them all.

St. Lucia,
January 29, 1879.

My dear Boy,—

I was so glad to get your letter telling me that you had found "Him of whom Moses in the Law and the Prophets did write." No wonder His Presence has brought you rest. You have been coming to the Institute so long that you will have got to know most of the fellows; you will find their companionship a help to you, I am sure. One word of warning, dear boy, will not be amiss. You must not think that temptation will cease because you have taken Jesus as your Saviour. You will be tempted as fiercely as ever, your old nature will be constantly striving for mastery over the new—but Satan cannot conquer, though he may assail you, if you are faithful and pray. Study the Word. How I wish I could have a chat with you just now, but, please God, I will see you when I come back. I hope to find you bright and happy, trying to lead others to their Redeemer. God bless you, my boy.

Written to his wife whilst the Polytechnic was in the builders' hands.

August 19, 1882.

I have been to the Poly. Things have got on fairly well during my absence, but in one or two directions need jogging. The gymnasium is nearly decorated, and the scaffolding will be down by Saturday. On Monday they commence fixing apparatus. . . . The library is more backward than I hoped, and the hall ditto. It needs robust faith to believe that we shall be ready on the 16th, the day on which I want to make my move. I slept capitally on Sunday, but very little last night, and am on milk diet again. I admitted thirty fellows last night, and found that no less than 230 had joined during the previous fortnight. So much for advertising, then going off! I feel like the naughty boy who chalked up "No popery," then ran away.

August 28, 1882.

I am much obliged to your father for sending me the bromide. I slept fairly in the car, capitally last night. Yesterday I stayed in all day, did not even go to the Bible Class! The mail is in. I enclose you a letter from Harry.[1] I can't help being struck by the simple boyish nature of his letters, a good sign in any young man. I find plenty waiting for me to do, and have not yet even had time to visit either Long Acre or the Poly., but hope to do the former this evening, and the latter to-morrow.

Written to a member who had taken a large share in the work involved in moving the Institute to the Polytechnic.

January 16, 1884.

MY DEAR ——

Will you accept the accompanying little memo. to remind you of the part you took, as a member of the Committee, in the final transfer of the Institute to the Poly? May God grant you many more years, my dear boy, for unselfish and useful work, till He takes you to Himself to learn as we never can on earth the real value of a human soul. That many may there call you blessed in the joy unspeakable, and full of glory, is the earnest prayer of

Yours aff.,

Q. H.

December, 1885.

Thank you very much for your letter telling me that —— had been brought to Christ, and that you had been present at his baptism. I do not remember the boy in the Home, but, nevertheless, I am always glad to hear that any one who has been connected with the old home, where I once spent so much of my life, has come out on the right side. You did very rightly in putting him to work; there is nothing like work for others for keeping a fellow's lamp bright. Christian profession without Christian work is an

[1] Harry Garnett, one of his wards.

anomaly, and I believe the day will come when a Christian man will feel it as necessary to exhibit practically something of the Spirit of Christ about him by endeavouring to save others, as to perform any other necessary duty.

Sent round to all those who took part in the Communion Services held at the Polytechnic.

DEAR —— *January*, 1883.

I send you herewith your Communion cards for the present year; and in doing so desire to express an earnest hope that you will endeavour to be regular in your attendance at these gatherings. The work has grown much of late years; for good or evil its influence is being felt in a wider sphere than we ever contemplated a few years ago. I feel sure that you desire God's blessing to rest on the Institute and all that goes on there, but it is only by *personal* consecration and communion with God that we can turn such desires into realities. I would ask you, therefore, not only to be with us regularly, but to come in such a spirit as will make your presence a blessing and help to all of us. That this year may be a time of ever deepening growth and usefulness to you and all who worship our one Lord and Master in sincerity, is the earnest prayer of

Yours sincerely,

QUINTIN HOGG.

To a member resigning from the Polytechnic Council.

November 12, 1892.

Your letter is to hand. I had intended writing to tell you how sorry I am your name is no longer on our Council list. I think, however, in justice to all parties, yourself included, that it was better to fill up the vacancy with one who lived nearer and was more constantly amongst us. I hope the fact of your not being on the Council will not in any way check you from coming up when you can, though your position now is so very different from what it used to be that one cannot expect you to be here often.

What you say about the past is true enough with all of us, yet probably it would not be well if we could go through life again with the experience of age. That very experience which we now cherish is the result of failures and mistakes in the past. I fear a lad of eighteen with the experience of a man of thirty-five would be an insufferable prig. You must remember, too, that ten years hence you would only want to repeat the operation once more, to retouch the picture with the wisdom of accumulating years. It is better for us to remember that each portion of our life has, in God's good providence, its own beauty, and that whatever mistakes a man may make in judging his fellows, the Judge of all the world will do right, and not require of us to give an account of our youth as though we had then the knowledge of ripe manhood.

Sent round to all the members on the removal of the Institute from Long Acre to the Polytechnic.

5, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W., *September* 16, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR,—

In order to facilitate our removal to the Polytechnic, it has been decided to close the Institute altogether from 20th to 23rd inst., inclusive. When, therefore, members leave the Long Acre premises on Tuesday evening next, 19th inst., we shall not be in a position to receive them again till the Polytechnic is formally opened, which it will be at the usual Institute Bible Class to be held on Sunday, 24th September, at 3.15 p.m., in the Great Hall of the new premises.

I am most anxious that as many of our members as possible should unite on that occasion in asking God's blessing on the work in which we are all so deeply interested, and if you are not otherwise engaged, I should be very glad if you would make a special effort to be present with us at our opening service.

The usual tea will be provided after the service, but, inasmuch as we shall probably have an exceptional number of members present, it is proposed only to provide for 500, and I shall therefore be glad if those who live in the immediate neighbourhood of the Polytechnic will on that Sunday arrange to have tea at home, so as to leave room for those who live at a greater distance. On Sunday evening at 7 p.m. Mr. Paton[1] will take the service, to which all members, with their friends, parents, sisters, etc., are cordially invited, and which will on this occasion also partake somewhat of the character of an opening meeting. I feel sure that your sympathies are with us in endeavouring to make the Institute as complete a success as possible, and I therefore specially invite you to these meetings, in the hope that your first association with the new premises may be of a time when, as children of the same Father, we knelt together in His presence and sought a blessing for ourselves and for each other. Just book yourself therefore for Sunday next, 24th inst., at the Polytechnic, 309, Regent Street, at 3.15 sharp, there's a good fellow, and help us to give a house-warming of the best sort to our new home.

Yours sincerely,

QUINTIN HOGG.

To a member who had written to him about his remarks on the Elephanta Caves

January, 1886.

MY DEAR ——

Here are a few of the Trinities of other faiths, and let me remark that a trinity seems to exist almost everywhere—e.g. in man as

[1] Mr. Paton was a great personal friend of Mr. and Mrs. Hogg, and an ardent supporter of the Polytechnic work.

body, soul and spirit—mental, physical and spiritual. In fire, as heat, light and flame, etc. Buddhism is the greatest religion of the East. They speak (in China) of God as "Fo" and say, "The three precious Fo." "Fo is one person, but has three forms." Faber says, "Among the Chinese who worship Buddha under the name of Fo we find this God mysteriously multiplying into three persons."

Brahma, the Indian god, is one in three and three in one, viz. Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, Siva the destroyer. In Indian sacred books these three are represented as speaking thus: "There is no real distinction between us . . . the single being appears under three forms *but he is one.*"

The Druids worshipped a triple god named "Taulac, Fan and Mollac." Missionaries to Siberia found the people worshipping an idol "fabricated to resemble as near as possible a Trinity in Unity."

Written to a boy who was just starting for South Africa.
August, 1889.

DEAR J——,

May God's blessing go with you and guide you with the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, as He will if you look for it. Do you know the lines I have written on the other side?

Yours aff.,

Q. H.

God is not dumb, that He should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
There towers the mountain of the Voice no less
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Beholds it not, nor hears its thundered lore.

VII

LETTERS OF TRAVEL

The course of Nature is the Art of God.

YOUNG.

VII

LETTERS OF TRAVEL

THE following letters to the *Polytechnic Magazine* give a somewhat disconnected account of Mr. Hogg's travels.

He writes from Georgetown early in May telling the members of his stop in Madeira with its litters and bullock carts, its streets paved with cobbles, and bullock boys carrying greasy rags with which to smear the runners of the "carros."

"The streets are graded on an impossible angle, and give you a bewildering sense of having your feet over the chimney-pots of one row of houses, whilst your head is knocking at the cellar door of those opposite. Even 1,500 or 2,000 feet above the sea you cannot go far without crossing valleys and going up and down elevations which are quite scaring to a mere Londoner. . . .

"Our first day at Madeira we finally exchanged our bullock cart for horses, and had a very pleasant ride into the country, across a valley known as the Little Corral, to the country house of a gentleman with whom I had some little acquaintance, and who, although an Englishman and consequently a foreigner, is the largest landowner in the island.[1] It took us some two hours to get to his estate, but our return was managed in a vastly more expeditious fashion. The country house stands at an elevation of about 1,700 feet above the sea, and at the very gates of his park we found waiting for us sledges, this time without any beasts of burden whatever. Two of us got into each sledge, the word 'go' was given, and away we shot, toboggan fashion, down the hills at a pace which at first gave you the same sensation as though you were coming down from a very high swing. We got down in about twenty-five minutes, having enjoyed our 'slip' immensely. The next day we all went off to the Grand Corral. The road was, after leaving Funchal, a mere bridle-path, with, in many places, a frightful precipice on one side and a wall of rock on the other. If you can imagine horses scrambling up a rather steep attic stair and then coming down again,

[1] Mr. Blandy.

you can form a tolerably accurate idea of the gymnastic display that we went through on this ride; every now and then a pony would make a slight slip and dislodge a stone, which would promptly disappear over the precipice and fall through a space that it made one giddy to contemplate. Finally, we arrived at the Grand Corral (the word 'Corral' means 'pen' or 'fold'), which consists of a valley completely shut in by really magnificent hills rising up some 6,000 feet above the surrounding sea, and the tops of which were still covered with patches of snow."

From Madeira they travelled straight to Demerara; and despite his very frequent visits to that colony, the following letter contains the only personal description of it I have been able to find in any of his letters.

"And now, how shall I describe Georgetown? for indeed the town is ill-named, and would be better named as the City of Palms than after one of those rascally old Germans whom Thackeray, you will remember, describes as—

'George the First was always reckoned
Vile; but viler George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When George the Fourth from earth descended,
Heaven be blessed the Georges ended.'

"People have said that Thackeray was a misanthrope; in this sentiment, at any rate, he showed himself a true philanthropist. However, to return to the town which, like many other things in this world, is vastly better than its name. Imagine exactly the opposite of Madeira, and you will get a fairly correct view of Georgetown. If in Madeira the surrounding waters are blue, in Georgetown they are, I am afraid, undeniably muddy; if in the former place the streets afford you a kind of minor experience in Alpine climbing, the latter place, at any rate, is free from any such reproach.

"The highest things in the neighbourhood of the town are the huge shafts of the Sugar Estates, while the land itself is not only absolutely flat, but so low as to require dams to exclude the Atlantic at high water. The streets, however, are broad, smooth and well laid out. Georgetown could give points to New York in its roads, and 'whip it into a circumstance,' as the Yankees say. Many of them have large canals running through them, and nearly all the houses stand in pleasant gardens of their own, which greatly adds to their homeliness and privacy. The whole view is as unlike that of an English town as you can imagine.

With the exception of the important business street, running

parallel with the river, there is nothing quite answering to the English idea of a row of houses. Wherever you look you see more trees than walls, while the whole place is so full of abundant and beautiful vegetable life that you cannot realize that you are actually walking through a city of 60,000 inhabitants. The houses, moreover, have a strange look to English eyes. They are built to keep you cool and not to keep you warm; they consequently have no chimney pots, and are almost invariably raised some ten to fifteen feet from the ground on brick pillars; the framing is of wood, and the number of storeys in most cases does not exceed two.

"A Demerara house is not a good place in which to talk secrets, your walls are nothing more than wood, and are generally jalousied, so that Irishmen are not reported to love the colony, Pat's little domestic altercations with his Kathleen becoming public property in a very short time. Your servants never sleep in the house, and your only accommodation for cooking is an infinitely small box raised on pillars and situated on the leeward side of the house, affording a provision at which a London cook would either be sent into hysterics or aggravated into committing an assault. Nevertheless, these Georgetown homes are wonderfully pleasant places to live in; you are practically in the open-air all day, and you sit writing your letters in the midst of surroundings which utterly beggar description. I am not a botanist, and even were I one I am afraid the long Latin names with which learned folks have disguised familiar objects would not help most of you much; but the general effect is simply gorgeous. The very trees are covered with beautiful blossoms; palms of every kind and of infinite grace overtop every surrounding object; wild flowers, creepers, trees and shrubs of every kind and hue seem, in Whittier's words, to—

> '. . . recall the lost beauty
> Of the garden of the Lord.'

"I never can understand how some people speak of Demerara as an ugly place; I always look upon it as one of the loveliest places I have ever seen; there is a wealth and luxuriance in the natural objects which surround you which more than make up for the absent hills. I am not going to try and give you any idea of a sugar estate, for I do not think it would interest you particularly; sometimes at the back of a sugar estate, however, we have found excursions which have proved very pleasant. On one occasion, in the neighbouring country of Essequibo, we all adjourned to the bush and encamped on the shores of a little lake, partly natural and partly artificial, which forms a much-needed reservoir for the supply of the plantation on the coast; we rode part of the way on mules and finished our excursion in Indian 'dugouts,' round-bottomed, keelless canoes, made, as

their name indicates, from large logs of wood out of which the centre has been more or less completely burned till only a very thin skin remains. We had scarcely unladen our canoes and started breakfast when the dogs, which had been turned loose in the forest, began to give tongue. A deer shot past the 'benab' where we were sitting, and took to the water, pursued by dogs, negroes, and, indeed, every one else. An exciting chase followed, which resulted in the capture of the deer alive, and its being carried in triumph to the camp.

"We spent the night in hammocks, a number of monkeys, attracted perhaps by the development of Darwinian ideas in their midst, going to roost in the neighbouring trees.

"We also spent a week up in Berbice, where we suffered many things from many mosquitoes, which attacked us, vigorous both in stomach and muscle, biting us through all our defences, and putting to rout our most cherished traditions of security. Two pairs of trousers, a mosquito veil and gauntlets were of no avail, and white and black alike seemed to suffer prodigiously. I have never known them so bad since 1868, so I am inclined to believe the Berbicians when they declare that this is quite an abnormal visitation. I could not help thinking what a lucky thing it was for Pharoah that Berbice mosquitoes had never gained a footing in Egypt. Moses would certainly have made them one of the ten plagues; indeed, I am not sure if one week of the mosquitoes would not have softened his heart past all hardening; at any rate, it would have softened all the other parts of his body, which would probably have done just as well.

"Never a day passes but what we remember you and yours at the throne of the Everlasting Father. That He may guide you and us till He brings us, as He sees fit, to meet in our earthly or heavenly home, is the daily prayer of yours affectionately,

"Q. H."

In spite of his ill-health, Quintin Hogg was possessed of extraordinary powers of endurance, and would undertake expeditions entailing physical hardships that men in robust health hesitated to subject themselves to, and that for one in his condition appeared absolute madness. His doings were a fruitful topic of conversation in the West Indies and Demerara, where he frequently provided the astonished and slightly scandalized inhabitants with a "nine days' wonder." Sir James Hogg in his lifetime used to delight in the tales illustrative of his son's enterprise and powers of endurance that sometimes drifted back to him from the Antipodes. Once he had made up his mind to do a thing, nothing could stop him; he would follow out his project, regard-

less of difficulties, dangers and hardship. On one occasion some difficulty having arisen about the irrigation of one of the West Indian estates, he thought it desirable to examine the watershed of the streams in question. It meant hacking a way through the virgin "bush," no light task in a country where the vegetation is as luxuriant and the undergrowth as rank as it is in those lands. Undeterred by a prospect that rather appalled everybody else, he started off, taking with him a stalwart but exceedingly reluctant manager. The natives deserted them the first night, but in spite of his companion's remonstrances, "Q. H." pressed on until he had accomplished his plan. They returned absolutely worn out by the scanty food, hard work, exposure, and physical hardships they had undergone. The last few miles homeward they were able to ride, but just before they reached the house "Q. H.'s" mule evinced a desire to go to his stable direct, not via the front door. The mule was fresh and obstinate (a mule's obstinacy is no trivial matter), the rider utterly exhausted, but that did not prevent his fighting the matter out until the animal owned itself vanquished. The manager died shortly afterwards, and it is no "poetic licence" on my part, but a plain and truthful fact, that his death was attributed by the doctor largely to the ill effects of the privations endured on that little voyage of exploration. Another time Mr. Hogg wished to ascertain the depth of a certain creek. All the niggers refused to venture into the muddy water, which was known to be infested with alligators, and, finding their terror quite unconquerable, "Q. H." suddenly took a header into it. He stayed under the water a few unnecessary seconds merely to alarm his companions, and his first sight of the niggers all bending over the bank with horrified faces, gazing at the spot where he had vanished and giving vent to long o-o-ohs and au-auhs of distress, was a recollection that would always send him into fits of laughter. He pooh-poohed the idea of having run any risk, the alligators were so used to black men, he would explain, that they were paralyzed with amazement at the sight of his complexion, and before they had recovered their appetites, he had disappeared.

Often in Demerara he would take his exercise by walking out to one of the estates near to Georgetown. Nor did he always stick to the road! Once he started off about 10 p.m., and walked straight across country to an estate about five miles away, which involved swimming the canal which gives water to Georgetown, and walking through many cane pieces! The manager, who was sound asleep, was not a little alarmed on being awakened by his employer, dripping with water and plastered with mud! But after a time every one got accustomed to his unexpected movements, and took both sudden appearances and disappearances equally calmly.

From Demerara the travellers went to Trinidad.

"We breakfasted at the club, and then took a drive up a lovely valley to one of the cocoa estates, for which the island is celebrated, followed by a turn around the Savannah, a kind of natural park lying at the foot of a magnificent amphitheatre of hills, in the centre of which is a cricket ground, where eighteen years ago I disported myself as a member of the British Guiana Cricket Eleven *v.* S. Trlnidad in three matches, which occupied a solid week in playing.

"The town itself has little to boast of. It is dreadfully hot, through having a range of hills between it and the north-east, the quarter from which the trade winds blow."

Past Granada and St. Vincent, with its slumbering volcano that did such damage in 1812, to

"Barbadoes, a cheeky, well-cultivated, and blazing hot little island, where the tropical heat beating down on the white limestone roads blinds and dazes the traveller, cooled though he be by a pleasant breeze, and welcomed by kindly and hospitable hosts. Just now things are not going on smoothly in Bimshire. Sugar is at ruinous prices, land is abnormally high, and the closely-packed population (for Barbadoes shares with Malta the reputation of being the most densely peopled island in the world) looking in vain for work. Whereas want of inhabitants, and such an excess of land as to encourage idleness and squatting, are the crying evils of the other West India Colonies, here the exact reverse is the case, and the cause of the general deep poverty bears a much closer resemblance to the state of affairs at home. Here, even more than in England, the people have been wholly divorced from the soil, the land being

MR. HOGG AT FORT COLLINS, COLORADO, IN 1886, WITH SOME INSTITUTE MEMBERS WHO HAD SETTLED THERE.

almost entirely owned by the whites, and the black people having no chance at all of acquiring even an acre of land. All went well so long as sugar paid, and work could be found for most at any rate of the labourers; but things grew serious when a general curtailment of expenses became necessary, and tasks, not highly paid before, grew perilously near to the point where they afforded too little to purchase sufficiency of food and clothing. Well, at any rate, Barbadoes has many places to which she can send her surplus hands, places where there is land and to spare and which can be reached for a few shillings. Of one thing, however, we may be sure, that neither Barbadoes nor England can be really prosperous while the land remains in the hands of the few, and the many must either take the wages offered or starve. This is a point we shall have to settle in England ere long. God grant that we may be wise enough to seek for guidance in that old Book which gives in this as in all other things, principles which point, to those who will be guided, the right way. Patriotism may well die out when the manhood of the nation has no home worth fighting for, so one thanks God that Liberal and Conservative, Lord Salisbury as well as Mr. Gladstone, have made some move in the direction of rendering the acquisition of land easier than it is at present. At Barbadoes, as I have said, emigration seems the only possible remedy, but it is interesting to see, as one travels about, in how many shapes the great Land Question crops up, evils sometimes showing themselves from there being too many acres for the people, and sometimes from there being too many people for the acres!

"In spite of the heat and glare, we spent two very pleasant days at Barbadoes among the kind and hospitable folk there, and on Monday evening, June 28, we steamed out of the roadstead off Bridgetown *en route* for St. Lucia. The next morning at daybreak we were passing under the two grand peaks at the south end of Lucia, known by the name of the 'Pitons,' precipitous, conical rocks, standing up like two huge twin sugar loaves, with their sides in some places too bare even to afford a foothold for the dense foliage which in nearly every other place covers the mountains of the West Indies. Grand rocks these two old Pitons are, rearing their heads some 3,000 feet above the sea, and affording a capital chance for some bold member of the Alpine Club to try his hand at ascending them when he has got weary of his Swiss playground. There is a legend that one of them, at any rate, has been ascended once, the story going that some of Nelson's sailors undertook to scale the natural fortress, and forced their way through brushwood and up the precipitous rocks, till one of them succeeded in planting the Union Jack on the highest summit. There it is said he was seen to reel and fall, he and all his companions having been bitten by the deadly Fer-de-Lance (I believe it rejoices in the beautifully simple classical name of *Craspedocephalus Lanceolatus*), which seems

to swarm in this island more than in any other in the West Indies. I do not vouch that this story is true."

From St. Lucia to Castries, where—

"knowing the beauty of the view from the top of Morne Fortunée, I went on shore and galloped up the steep path. . . . Then I pushed on to the Cul de Sac Valley, where I had business to do with the manager of a large sugar factory. The gentleman in charge was a pleasant and well-read Frenchman, who, though a thorough devotee of King Sugar, has found time to gather such curiosities as can be found in the islands, and has an admirable collection of stone knives, arrow and axe heads, used by the Caribs before the Spanish invader introduced gunpowder and put a final end to the stone age.

"Our next visit was to the island of Martinique, one of the two important French islands which, in the last great division of property at the end of the Napoleonic wars, we restored to the French, our gallant bluejackets having succeeded in making a clean sweep of all the islands into the English pool. It is not a very gratifying reflection for an Englishman that of the four islands lying close together, viz., St. Lucia, Martinique, Dominica and Guadaloupe, the two which belong to the French are fairly prosperous and well-cultivated, while the two which belong to the English are in the last stage of inanition and decay. It is very easy for us to say that the French have the two best islands, but the obvious reply is that the English picked out the two which, at the beginning of this century, appeared to them the best worth having, and gave the French their leavings. Nor was this done without due consideration, for Rodney and Nelson advised the Home Government to stick to Dominica, as it lay between the two French islands, and to retain St. Lucia, as it was farthest to windward, and from it and Barbadoes the English admiral could readily succour any threatened point. The run to Martinique was not a long one, only some five hours, and as we come along we have pointed to us the Diamond Rock, lying off the principal French port of Martinique. And, indeed, this same rock is worthy of more than a passing look, for it was here that Sir Samuel Hood, noticing that the French vessels, when chased by the English cruisers, made their escape by running through the narrow channel lying between the shore and this same Diamond Rock, managed to land upon it Lieut. James Maurice with one hundred and twenty men and boys, five cannon, ammunition, provisions, and water. The landing may sound easy enough, but it was a job that taxed all Hood's patience, and he had to lay his ship, the *Centaur*, close alongside the rock, and then haul the cannon from his masts to the top of the rock by means of hawsers. When all was made snug and tight, the Union Jack was hoisted, and here for eighteen months young Maurice kept his stand, repulsing all the attempts of the

French to dislodge him, until the Admiralty paid him the compliment of entering his rock on the Navy List as H.M. ship *Diamond*. Finally ammunition gave out, and after several days' fight with five French ships, the gallant little company had to surrender, from want of the wherewithal to feed either their cannon or their stomachs.

"A little farther on we come to the town of St. Pierre, where the famous Captain Semmes, of the *Alabama*, managed to outwit the United States man-of-war lying outside for him in a manner which deserves recall, though the tale is a quarter of a century old. Semmes had put into Martinique, and a powerful American gunboat succeeded, as was thought, in bottling the Confederate captain with a vessel which was infinitely superior, both in pace and weight, to the ship which Semmes commanded. As I daresay you all know, the water within three miles of land belongs to the country owning the land, and no hostile attack may be made by one ship upon another within this magic circle of three miles, on pain of the State owning the adjacent land itself entering into the struggle. The American cruiser had, therefore, either to remain at sea outside the three miles belt, or else to come into the roadstead and drop its anchor alongside of its enemy. The Yankee captain was, however, smart enough for the situation. He arranged with the captain of a small mercantile schooner to anchor his vessel close alongside that of Captain Semmes and to inform him (the Yankee commander) of all Semmes' movements by preconcerted signals. Semmes made several feints to go out, until he had pretty well found out the enemy's dodge, and one dark night he slipped away southwards, a fact which was at once communicated to the cruiser outside by his ally in the roadstead. In hot haste the United States frigate started off on a line parallel to that pursued by Captain Semmes; but the latter, as soon as he had gone some distance, put out all his lights, got well under the shadow of the dark hill, and, turning right-about-face, steamed, unseen by all, right away to the north, leaving the two Yankee captains in no small perplexity at his disappearance, and utterly at a loss to know in which direction to seek for him."

After visiting Montserrat, Antigua, "notable for pine apples, droughts and Job's tears," St. Kitts, and Nevis, they went to Santa Cruz—

"'a hodge-podge' of nationalities and governments, for the island belongs to the Danes, the inhabitants all speak English, and the managers are, almost to a man, Irish. The newspaper is published in a Danish province, has a French name, and is written in English. The negroes all talk the mother tongue with a genuine Irish brogue;

indeed, to such an extent is this true, that the story goes that the fortunes of one young Irishman, at any rate, were hopelessly wrecked thereby. It is said that a young emigrant from the South of Ireland coming out with great hopes of growing sugar and making his fortune, but with very happy ideas as to ethnology in general, and the effect of the West Indian sun on the human race in particular, woke up one morning on board ship and found himself at his destination. Putting his head out of his port-hole he beheld a negro, as black as coal, cruising about with a small row-boat seeking for passengers, and the darkey, observing the Irishman's head come out of the window, asked him, in the most polite brogue possible, 'whether his honour wished to go ashore at all, at all.' The emigrant was horror-stricken; was it possible, he thought, that one of his fellow-countrymen had already become so altered by the climate as to have been burnt as black as his boots, and so he asked, in faltering tones, how long the boatman had been in Santa Cruz? The darkey, who had been away on a trip to Montserrat, replied, innocently enough, 'About three weeks, yer honour.' 'What!' shrieked the Irishman, 'and black already?' That morning the purser sold a return ticket for ould Ireland.

"At St. Kitts we had time to make quite an expedition, and ascended the crater, which forms the central point of Mount Misery, as the highest peak of the island is called."

Mr. Hogg then crossed to America, and wrote from New York—

"Well, New York has been so often described that I need not attempt to give you a description of it in this letter. The glory of America lies not in her great cities . . . but in her splendid army of small freeholders, living on their own lands, possessing and using the blessings of cheap and advanced education, and raising up a race of independent yeomen and healthy citizens, who are to-day, and will be for many a year to come, a crown of honour and strength to the Republic."

His next halt was at Northfield, where he was the guest of Mr. D. L. Moody.

"Close by Mr. Moody's house are several large buildings, used as a training school for young women, where he has some hundreds training for the various schools and colleges in the U.S.A. The whole place is fitted up quite like a home; each bedroom has two occupants, and the fittings and furniture are not only comfortable, but quite as good and as handsome as you would meet with in an ordinary English gentleman's house. Everything was scrupulously neat and clean, and the aim is to send out a stream of Christian

women from this college who shall influence for good the minds of the children committed to their care. Four miles off, and on the other side of the Connecticut River, is situated Mount Hermon School, a place where boys are received, and obtain an excellent education on payment of $100 per annum, and in some cases for no payment at all. I was charmed to see the comfortable fittings Mr. Moody had used in fixing up these houses: each room was occupied by two students, who each had a bed and chest of drawers, everything being on a better scale than any similar school or home which I have seen elsewhere. I have long had a strong idea that people, as a rule, in England and in America, make a great mistake in thinking whitewashed walls and plain deal tables a necessary accompaniment of the training of poor boys. I believe that if you provide comfortable and good things, even for the very poorest, they will be appreciated and respected by the great majority of those who use them; and I felt heartily glad to see that Moody had adopted the same idea in fitting up his school. There are quite a large number of English boys here, though at the time of my visit vacation was on, and all those who had homes had been sent away to them. Instead of these boys, however, the place was peopled by some 250 young fellows from the various universities and colleges scattered about the United States, who had come to spend a month of their holiday to be trained in Bible knowledge by Mr. Moody and others. Every day commenced with a devotional meeting, and from ten to twelve all met for exposition and Bible reading. Other meetings were held in the afternoon and evening, while recreation went on for those who preferred physical exercises. I was present almost every day at those meetings, though I did not speak, being bound over under promise to Mrs. Hogg not to transgress my doctor's orders in that respect. I could not help feeling in warm sympathy with the movement, nor should I have found it very difficult to have tried, at any rate, to put into words some of the thoughts that crowded into my mind as I looked at that sea of intelligent young faces who had met together from east and west, and north and south, to learn how best to utilize their young manhood for the glory of God."

He spent one day at Niagara—

"these wonderful and majestic falls, which always seem to grow on me every time I visit them. One is never tired of getting on one of the little islands and watching the tremendous rapids immediately above the Fall, or of standing close to where the vast pale-green sheet of water pours over the Canadian side. An American once said to me that 'God only made one Niagara, and he gave it to England and America,' and, naturally, being an Englishman, I did not think the selection was a bad one. Indeed, the Niagara

ought to be grand when you come to think that about a quarter of the whole fresh water supply of the world is constantly pouring over that mile of precipice.

"On Tuesday night we took train for Chicago, meaning to arrive there at ten in the morning. Unfortunately, however, our sleeping car ran off the track, an accident which might have been fatal to many of the occupants of the car had we been going at full speed at the time of its occurrence. Fortunately, however, we were going very slowly, so that no harm was done. The train was running on to a little loop line, to let the east-bound train pass us, when our carriage, which was the last, missed the points, and began to jolt along over the sleepers. I need not tell you the effect on the sleepers above was quite as disturbing as the effect upon the sleepers below. It gave both a considerable shaking up, but the driver saw the mishap and pulled up at once. It took two and a half hours to uncouple and get us right. The occupants of the sleeping car were then transferred into a drawing-room car, and we got to Chicago without further mishap, about two hours late.

"I am afraid it is a very prosaic remark, but every time I come to this city of the West, I am struck much more with the vast increase of smoke and dirt than with the increase in the place itself. When I first knew it, twenty years ago, it had 300,000 inhabitants. Since then it has been burned down, rebuilt, and the number of its inhabitants has more than doubled. But, alas! the amount of its smoke has increased more than twenty-fold, and London itself could not in the summer show anything approaching the murky atmosphere of this mighty prairie city. One of the largest merchants of Chicago, still in the full vigour of business capacity, pointed out to me the condition of the city, and the site of the few log huts which composed it when he first visited it fifty years ago. A Western trapper is reported to have said that he could have bought the whole tarnation swamp for an old pair of boots in 1836. 'Then why didn't you?' remarked one of his audience, who had grown a little sick of his talk. 'Because, stranger,' replied the trapper, 'I hadn't the boots.'

"The little Chicago River flows through the city, and there is a talk of some day widening and deepening it, so as to make the water run into the Mississippi, and thus secure to Chicago an outlet to New Orleans and Mexico. Where its growth will end it is impossible even to indicate; two generations have seen the city grow from a mud swamp to a population far exceeding any city in England, with the exception of London alone. What its position will be fifty years hence, he would be a bold man to attempt to guess."

Whilst he was in America he heard of the second fire at Holly Hill. This catastrophe brought him home for a few weeks to

transact the necessary business and decide what should become of the property. Discouraged by two such disasters in so brief a time, he decided not to re-build, and the place was shortly afterwards sold.

Health obliged him to leave England again in a month's time, accompanied by his wife, elder daughter, and a nephew, Mr. Colin Campbell. He was in the City during the morning of the day previous to his departure, played football in the afternoon for a team which won by 18 goals to nil! worked the greater part of the night, and left London early on Sunday morning—a most characteristic last twenty-four hours! His first letter is from Suez.

"Here I am, engaged in what you would describe as 'kicking my heels,' whatever that erudite occupation may be, and waiting for my better half. I got to Alexandria on Thursday, 25th, at day-break, and found a vessel there on fire with a cargo of petroleum on board, 'whose end was to be burned,' or, as in this case, to be scuttled, a lasting warning against carrying too much oil in your composition and dealings with your fellow men, of which I took good heed. Well, I landed, saw the agent and drove to the post office, and instantly discovered the wily Egyptian endeavouring to cheat me to the tune of twenty-five per cent. in my change. I remonstrated in excellent English and atrocious French, but with the most meagre results—not even a blush on the cheek of the cheeky one. It suddenly occurred to me to try the terrors of the unknown, and so, mindful of the evil results of too much oil, I flew at him in vehement gibberish, composed of classical quotations in Latin and Greek, anglicised French and meaningless sounds, chiefly guttural. The effect of my first volley was magical; the man jumped as if he were shot, got that pea-green colour patronized by yellow people when they are in a blue funk (yellow and blue make green, you know), and apologized frantically in three languages. I wound up with threatening gestures with my right hand, another volley of gibberish pronounced magniloquently, and left him, I verily believe, the most uncomfortable man in Alexandria. From the P.O. I made a short drive and then went to the railway station, telegraphing ahead to my hotel at Cairo to have a carriage and pair of horses waiting to take me to the Pyramids. Punctually at three I reached (five hours) Cairo, had a cup of tea, and then proceeded to discuss Cheops. I soon found that any fears I might have entertained as to arriving in time were wholly groundless. My Jehu seemed to be in doubt whether he belonged to a battery in action

or a fire brigade; we seldom degenerated into a hand gallop, it was generally a gallop involving all the members of the body. At first the horses kicked, and one got his leg over the trace. Quite in vain; the stray member was seized before the animal had fully realized the position, pushed into its proper place, and then Jehu, penetrated with the idea that undue loitering had afforded the old gentleman an opportunity of interfering with the hind legs of our team, slipped along at a pace which should give no time for mischief with either hind legs or front ones. Across the hills we flew, along an avenue, through Gizeh, along an immense dam with swampy land on each side, up a short incline, and then drew up at the Great Pyramid, having accomplished over ten miles, stoppages and all, in fifty-seven minutes. . . . They are very big, no doubt, but that is about all you can say of them; they are neither useful nor ornamental, nor graceful, and appear to me to afford a lasting example of the most conspicuous misuse of the labour of half a million of men for a quarter of a century on record."

At Suez Mr. Hogg rejoined the rest of the party, and they travelled through India; his letters being naturally, to a considerable extent, repetitions of those written during his first visit in 1879. During the trip he

"had two slight mishaps, one resulting from a fall in Bombay, which laid me up for a week or so with a bad leg, and the other from the cavernous, tomb-like nature of Indian hotels, which so completely succeed in excluding sunshine and warmth that one gets chilled to the very bone, and in consequence, I, being compelled to remain indoors and keep my leg up, succumbed to one of the worst colds I have had for some years past. However, I am getting better now, thank God. I am able to get out into the sunshine, and that is doing more to cure my cold than all the physic, although, truth to confess, I have been largely eating a box of sweetmeats which my nephew has in his portmanteau, and which he has been innocently led to believe are homœopathic medicines.

"As regards India, I never get tired of this wonderful country, and Benares, in which I am now staying, is in many respects one of the most interesting places in all India. It is indeed a city 'wholly given to idolatry;' where the hand of change falls so lightly that its very impurity is considered sacred, and its temples are in some cases inches deep in putrid offal.'

On the journey home, he wrote—

"I am feeling, thank God, fairly well, in spite of persistent attempts on the part of a biped whom the Royal Mail Company aver to be a

cook, a statement which appeared positively grotesque to any one who had suffered from attempting to swallow what he sent out of the galley."

On his return home he was able to take up his work more vigorously than had been the case for a long time, and was greatly occupied with the subject of an Endowment Fund. But in February, 1889, he was again obliged to leave England, much easier in his mind because of the successful progress of this Fund. During his absence, he wrote very regularly to his boys, and from these letters I have made the following excerpts—

"Well, let me take up my parable from the time when I said good-bye to a group of Institute fellows on the Charing Cross platform, and steamed out of that brick-shed, which one hon. member at St. Stephen's spoke of as 'the ghastliest sight in the metropolis,' on my way to Dover. My single fellow-passenger in the compartment turned out to be a wholesale shoe manufacturer from Norwich, who was going over to Paris to examine the method in which they work their steam tramways in that city, he being a director of a steam tramway company in England. His heart, however, was manifestly in his boots. Pray don't imagine I am suggesting that he was of a timorous disposition by this expression. I have no doubt he would have been heroic had the occasion required it, but for all that, he manifestly held to the belief that there was 'nothing like leather,' and, honest man, was not ashamed of his business. He employed 2,000 hands in the Eastern counties. Would I like to see his boots? Why, of course I would! Have we not a boot and shoe class at the Poly.? and am I not, therefore, an authority on the anatomy, diseases, and shoeing of our nether extremities? My friend did not put his feet upon the cushions, but he pulled down a large box from the umbrella rack over his head, and exhibited quite a fine selection of various boots and shoes, mostly of a lighter make than would have suited the needs of our Saturday afternoon ramblers. They were very pretty, I said, but were they not mostly rather foreign in appearance? That, I was told, was exactly what they were meant to be. In fact, one of his chief employments was to manufacture foreign-looking boots and shoes in Norwich, and ship them over to Paris, where they were stamped with a French name, and re-imported to England as genuine French boots and shoes.

"However, while we discussed the relative merits of boots and shoes, of leather, foreign and British, of labour, male and female, and of the public generally, we found ourselves running into Dover, and proceeded on board, clutching what the Yankees would call

my 'grip-sack,' but which a plain Britisher denominates a 'Gladstone'—a name which an irreverent Tory suggested was given to the article in question on account of its extreme compressibility, it being capable of taking almost any shape desired by the owner, if only sufficient pressure be put upon it. Of course I do not endorse the above, but announce it in its naked folly, to excite the derision and mockery which it manifestly deserves."

He spent two days in Paris, and inspected the model of the Bastille, just erected in the Exhibition grounds.

"After passing through the gate and viewing some not very interesting so-called relics on either side of the road, I was accosted by a gentleman dressed up as a jailor of a hundred years ago, and asked whether I would like to go in and see the prisoners. This involved another half-franc, for which I saw some wax models of prisoners in various stages of emaciation and torture, and was allowed to go up the central dungeon keep and look down on the Bastille itself. While I was descending the stairs I heard shouts of excitement and then two or three shots, and on looking up saw a long rope hastily flung out of the window and a prisoner, dressed in respectable tights and a shirt very much cleaner than most Bastille prisoners would have had the opportunity of possessing, make his escape out of his prison, to the great excitement of gendarmes and jailors. Five or six soldiers, all clad in the dress of the pre-revolutionary period, let off guns of an antiquated make and charged with a prudently small quantity of powder. The prisoner, however, escaped unhurt, and, disappearing for a moment, reappeared on the top of a low range of buildings lying at the foot of the Bastille tower. These buildings were somewhat of the form of a lean-to shed, along the roof of which, covered as it was with snow, the prisoner made his way, pursued by a magnificently clad gendarme, whose longer legs enabled him to take fewer steps and consequently to gain rapidly upon the fugitive. While the latter was laying hold of one of the chimney pots, the gendarme succeeded in seizing his ankle, and in another minute prisoner and gendarme rolled about on the top of the roof, with the imminent risk, so far as I could see, of both breaking their necks, pommelling each other in a genuine Gallic fashion. At last the prisoner got the better of his captor, and having given him some final and vigorous punches on the head, pitched him over the back side of the building into the moat. He then pursued his way along the roof, dropped down into the moat, and presently ran out of one of the doors, pursued by a fresh gendarme, or, possibly, the ghost of the murdered one (I am unable to say which was intended), and the jailor who had so obligingly shown me the wax-work figures. Finally, the runaway was captured, the jailor presenting a huge pistol of elephantine dimensions to his head, to the intense amuse-

ment of the crowd, who loudly chaffed and begged him not to let it off lest he might do himself serious damage, a result which I thought only too probable under the circumstances. The capture of the prisoner was celebrated by the entire band of the Bastille, all clad in appropriate dresses, marching up the court of the Bastille, playing a triumphant air in honour of the ghost of the dead gendarme and the horse pistol of the diminutive jailor. I do not know how often the above takes place every day, but I honestly think I would nearly as soon have taken my chance with Professor Baldwin in his parachute as have clambered along that slippery roof covered with ice and snow, in the make-believe attempt to escape from prison. I would suggest that some of our gymnasts might find a congenial opening for their skill in this direction."

Thence to Rome, where he found an old friend established at Tivoli, who had bought some property, and in the course of excavations near his own home had discovered what is supposed to have been Horace's Villa.

His impressions of Suez and the Red Sea having already been given, the next letter of any interest is written from Penang.

"Imagine a somewhat narrow and rather shallow channel lying between a wooded island, with hills running up to about 3,000 feet in height, and on the other side a stretch of low land, covered with forest-swamp on the sea-margin, behind which lie cultivated fields, waste land, and a long range of hills, forming the backbone of the Malay Peninsula. Imagine, I say, the above scene, and you will get a tolerably accurate idea of the place. Our ship was immediately surrounded by a number of sampans, as they are called here—vessels sharp at the bows and very wide and square at the stern, which are managed with a good deal of dexterity by the Malays. We soon found ourselves and our luggage in one of these boats, making for the shore, about a quarter of a mile distant, and Penang being a free port, we had no trouble with Custom House regulations or searching baggage. In fact, these settlements in the Straits of Malacca are the most convenient places you can imagine in this respect. Nothing is taxed, not even tobacco, and almost the entire revenue is raised from two sources, namely, opium and alcohol.

On arriving at our home, out comes an Indian butler with a salaam, and some Hindustani words of welcome. Behind him stands the cook, a Tamil, also from India, but talking an entirely different language, while close by stands a Chinese coolie, who can understand neither of the other two, and rejoices in a language of his own. You will observe that if we have not come to Lilliput, at any rate we have come to Polyglot, and a man needs to have the

versatility of Elihu Burritt to communicate with the various human beings who will attend to his wants.

"The town of Penang itself is fearfully hot, and very glaring. Those who care for sport have a very good chance of satisfying their proclivities, either with gun or with rifle. The Province of Wellesley is, I believe, almost without exception, the best snipe-shooting ground in the world, and from October to February the whole land literally swarms with these toothsome little delicacies, which are so fat and flourishing that they have not yet learned the desirous ways of flight, and the erratic course on the wing, which makes their British cousins so difficult to bring down. Anybody who is at all a reasonably good shot, can, without the smallest difficulty, bag a hundred couple of snipe in a few hours, even if he should miss in the operation a hundred couple more. This sounds like exaggeration, but it is an absolute fact, although its inherent improbability led to rather an amusing scene, somewhat on the lines of the old story of the sailor recounting apocryphal wonders to his mother at home, which were all greedily swallowed till he incidentally mentioned flying-fish, on which the old lady declared she could believe well enough in mountains of sugar and rivers of rum, but that fish with wings were altogether too much for her gullet. Well, as I was saying, a somewhat similar incident took place not many weeks ago. A man—opinions differ as to whether I ought to call him a gentleman—went home from the Province of Wellesley and began to tell some of his friends in the English shires of the wonderful sights he had seen in the little district where I am living. He solemnly declared that out of his bungalow windows you could see the elephants browsing in the cane pieces, rhinoceri wallowing in the punt trenches, while tigers entangled themselvs in the lawn tennis net, and panthers and leopards lost their way in his flower-beds. In fact, he gave a kind of general description of the bungalow in which I have the honour of residing which would recall to most men's minds those pictures of Noah's Ark or the Garden of Eden which we used to be shown as children, where Adam was busily engaged naming the beasts of the field or Noah in marshalling his obedient hordes for their cruise in the ark. His friends listened to this in the gravest possible manner, and began seriously to contemplate taking a trip, with a few big rifles, to the Malay Peninsula, when in an unfortunate moment the narrator slipped into fact, and declared that the snipe were so numerous that one hundred or hundred and fifty couple in one day would be no extraordinary bag. At this his audience burst into incredulous laughter, and began even to doubt his other zoological reminiscences on the strength of this strictly accurate statement which he had given about the snipe."

The next letter is dated from Batavia, the capital of Java.

"I ran down from Penang to Singapore in a British India steamer,

spent a few days in the latter place, and then got on board a French steamer and found my way to Java, an island once in the possession of England, but one of those unconsidered trifles which we gave away in a fit of generosity, and which has been worth from £1,000,000 to £2,000,000 sterling a year to Holland ever since. The Dutch are by no means unaware of their own importance as owners of such considerable islands as Java and Sumatra. One of them, who was on board the steamer with me on my way down to Batavia, gravely informed me that the latter city occupied an area fully as large as that of London, in proof of which he adduced the fact (?) that it took an express train forty-five minutes to run through Batavia! To my own great credit let it be recorded in these pages, that I listened to this astounding assertion with a countenance of absolute gravity, and, in reply, merely informed my friend that he had very much over-estimated the area of London, for that an express train could run through the latter village in fifteen minutes. Indeed, I could not help feeling a considerable amount of respect for the vividness of the imagination which could undertake to father such an assertion; but whether Mynheer quite understood the respective sizes of the two cities, the one of which was three times the diameter of the other, I am not so sure. We took just forty-eight hours running down from Singapore to Batavia, or, rather, I should say, to *Tanjong Priok*, which acts as its port. Although I cannot quite endorse the enthusiastic description of my Dutch friend on board the steamer, Batavia is a very big city if you count only its square miles. It certainly does take a most astonishing time to drive from one end of the city to the other, for the streets are wide and planted with trees, and the houses love to retire into their own compounds and gardens, and to rejoice in little private pieces of land facing on the street behind."

The meals at the Dutch hotel at which he stayed were rather trying to English tastes!

"A kind of moderate breakfast is indulged in about seven or eight o'clock, and at half-past twelve everybody turns out, often (so far as this hotel is concerned, at any rate) in what is practically their night-dress, for a stupendous and outrageously heavy meal. The first dish, with which everybody must begin this all-important mid-day dinner, or breakfast, as the English would call it, is of a variety and solidity more suitable to the Arctic regions than tropical climates, where food should be as little heating and consequently as much vegetable as possible. The first thing handed to you is rice, of which you put a plentiful supply into the soup-plate, then come an array of between twenty to forty dishes and flavours, portions of all, or, at any rate, of most of which, are expected to find their way into your capacious soup plate. Fried fish, stewed

chicken, roast chicken, peppers, potatoes, French beans, vegetable and other curries, Bombay ducks, vermicelli, hashed and minced remnants of the previous day's dinner, prawns, about ten different kinds of hot relishes, sliced cucumbers, red peppers, and, in fact every conceivable and inconceivable form of food goes to make us this first fearful redoubt with which Mynheer fortifies his midday meal. Your soup plate at first, as is common to most soup plate, is of a concave shape, but gradually, as you add to your ever-increasing store of viands, it rises to a level plain, and finally assumes the form of an active volcano, with a giant crater on the top, from which, if the viands were only properly hot (which I regret to say they seldom are) would ascend the smoking savour of various meats, worthy of that dish of salmagundi of which Byron used to sing. The especial terror of this particular dish is, that you never know when you get to the end of it. I am afraid I have used a wrong expression, for as to getting to the end of what finds its way to your plate, that is an achievement I never ventured to hope for in my mildest dreams. My utmost expectation is to succe ed in tunnelling in various directions, without bringing down the crater on to the table-cloth. This form of attack adds an entirely new experience of gambling into your food, as you are quite unaware as to what flavour you may strike, as you sink your shaft through the various strata of your pile, and in the event of its being satisfactory you are quite unable to reproduce it, as it is compounded by the fortuitous congregation of some twenty different dishes. The first day I found this dish excessively amusing; the second day I began to think I should like it; the third day I found it somewhat wearisome; and now I simply loathe the sight of it. Mynheer, however, is affected with no such love of change His digestion is as solid as his own stone defences against the sea, and to a cheerful accompaniment of spoon and fork, instead of pickaxe and spade, he reduces the side of his hill, and finally, not only shakes it to its very foundation, but causes it to disappear, and to be cast into the great sea of his placid digestion. I would not for the world, however, wrong my friend the Dutchman; you must not by any means imagine that his efforts are exhausted by the consumption of this heroic dish. Dutch stomachs are cast in a sterner mould; the mixed strata of fish, flesh, fowl and vegetable may do well enough for a foundation, even as a skilful stevedore arranges the heavy machinery on a bed of wood, hoops, rattans, or other readily handled material. No sooner has the contents of the soup plate disappeared than a dish itself follows suit, and on comes, almost without exception, great masses of leathery beefsteak. What becomes of the other portions of the animals I have been unable to discover; but at present, so far as culinary efforts are concerned, I should judge that Javanese oxen are all steak, which perhaps accounts for the extremely lean and leathery nature of the article in question. Of

course, if the poor animal has to grow such an abnormal quantity of steak, one must not be surprised at its edible qualities suffering somewhat. After the steak comes another dish of meat, and then fritters, either of banana or pineapple, followed with bread and cheese, and various kinds of fruit, the whole being washed down with iced beer, or, in the case of a few delicate stomachs, claret and water. Finally, let me say that the Dutchman wisely does the only thing possible after such a meal—he goes to bed and to sleep, and does not reappear until four o'clock brings with it a cooler atmosphere and a cup of tea. Then follows a bath, change of linen, a drive in the open air, and, finally, another heavy dinner at eight o'clock.

"However, I must now close this up, or you will think that my letter is as long as the Dutchman's lunch, so once more good-bye. I need not say I send my warmest love to all the old faces, whom I think of so often, and I should like to do the same to the new fellows who are coming in while I am away, and whose acquaintance I hope to make, if all is well, next autumn. May God bless you all, dear fellows, and make the Institute all that it should be in His sight.

"Yours affectionately,

"Q. H."

From Batavia he visited Buitenzorg, nearly 1,000 feet above sea level, where there

"is perhaps the most perfectly kept and richly endowed, from a botanist's point of view, botanical gardens in the world. I cannot even guess at the number of acres which they cover; but they occupy a very considerable space, and in the centre of a portion of them, as in a wide park, stands the Governor-General's house, his private grounds being full of various kinds of Javanese deer, which stray about at leisure. Not only are the botanical gardens laid out in beautiful walks and shady avenues, but a large portion of them is set aside for actual experimental work, from a commercial point of view. Here, in a long line, are some scores of different varieties of sugar cane, all carefully cultivated and tested by a chemist, so that their saccharine qualities may be made known to the planters. Close by them, again, are various varieties of coffee, capable of being raised at that particular elevation; cinchona trees, from whose bark is got the well-known febrifuge, quinine, the tree itself having obtained its name from the Countess of Chinchon, who was healed of fever by a Spanish priest some centuries ago, who must have learned the value of the decoction from the Indians of Bolivia or Peru.

"I have not, as you may have gathered, altogether lost my heart to Dutch ways of living. They may be very nice in themselves, but to English ideas they are neither suitable to the climate nor to

that variety of constitution usually found underneath an Englishman's hat.

"The European quarter of Batavia is really in many respects very beautifully laid out. The houses all stand in their own compounds, or little parks, where, if the houses were inhabited by Englishmen, there would be lawns and lawn tennis nets, but being inhabited by Dutchmen, the latter, at any rate, are absent. Then there is a small zoological collection in connexion with the Botanical Gardens, where amongst other curios is, I believe, the only specimen of what is called the long-nosed monkey in captivity. We went one evening to pay a visit to this old gentleman, and found him sitting placidly in his cage, nursing his nose in a most human manner.

"Then there is a museum full of interesting examples of the arts and crafts of the natives of the neighbouring islands. There you can see two specimen heads, shrivelled up and monstrous looking, with which the Borneo Head Hunters used to grace their dwellings before Rajah Brooke took them in hand, and in his portion of Borneo, at any rate, made head hunting a capital offence. Then there were umbrellas, all tawdry, though some costly, of silk and of metal, of wood and of gold. Chairs of various patterns, including one consisting of a number of sharp knife-blades, on which the wretched victims had to sit 'to make a Malay holiday.' I must confess with some shame, however, that all the instruments of torture were not Malay, for in one room there was a huge guillotine, besides a horrid instrument shaped like a St. Andrew's Cross, with triangular pieces of wood nailed on to it at distances of eight or ten inches. Our Dutch conductor gaveus to understand that the Portuguese had used both these instruments of torture at Batavia, the guillotine to behead people, while on the other instrument they stretched their wretched victims with extended arms and legs, and then broke their limbs in every direction by hammering them with a huge wooden mallet, which still hung attached to the cross, a silent witness of the inhuman cruelty which had designed and perpetrated the crime of its use.

"Of monuments, there is only one which interests a Britisher, and that mainly on account of its unblushing mendacity, for certainly it has nothing in the way of beauty to recommend it. It consists of a short, fat, dumpy column, with an altogether disproportionately small lion at the top; indeed, it is nearer the size of a cock than that of a lion, a reference, perhaps, to the amount of crowing it was expected to do. When you draw near to this monument, attracted, as I have said, by its ludicrous want of symmetry and proportion, your curiosity is rewarded by ascertaining that it is put up in honour of the battle of Waterloo. Now, we have been brought up in England under the delusion that the Duke of Wellington won that battle—a delusion which any one who has travelled on the Continent will be able to dispel. The Berlin picture shows

us that the Prussians won it; here are our Dutch friends quietly erecting a monument in Java stating that a certain Dutchman, yclept Ludovicus (Louis), at the head of his gallant Mynheers, was the real Simon Pure. I fully expect that a few hundred years hence the wiseacres of that day will be demonstrating to their own perfect satisfaction that there never was such a battle at all, but that it was a solar myth, Napoleon (Apollyon, the destroyer) representing the night and Waterloo the ocean, which endeavoured to overcome the sun, which, like a great duke (dux—leader) triumphed over them all by rising the next morning and with its rays (bayonets) driving the enemy from the earth and shutting him up at the other side of the world. Those of you who have read some of the ultra-German books will recognize what a pretty little story might be made on these lines. Meanwhile, the 'lion' at the top looks very small compared with the 'lying' at the bottom, as if the poor creature were rather ashamed of its company."

From Java via Singapore to China, visiting the Treaty Ports, Canton, etc. He had not seen Hong Kong for nine years, and thought the

"increase of trade and prosperity in every direction very manifest. Looking at the busy harbour (one of the busiest in the world, the tonnage going in and out of it not fearing comparison with that of New York, or the greatest ports of the Atlantic), it is difficult to realize that less than fifty years ago the island of Hong Kong was a barren, neglected place, serving only to shelter pirates whose depredations gave the China Seas an evil name among European nations, and rendered local traffic almost impossible for small vessels. I suppose there is no place in the world, outside the busiest part of the City of London, where land is so valuable as it is in the City of Victoria, as the capital of Hong Kong is called. It has changed hands at £3, £4, and £5 a foot, and a larger population is crowded together at the west end of the city than exists, I believe, in any equal space in any city in the world. The port, like that of Singapore and Penang, is a free one, which, of course, tends greatly to increase the number of vessels calling there for coals or freight, and has assisted in no small measure to bring about its phenomenal success. The waters of the bay are alive with craft of every description.

He re-visited Canton.

"You may imagine my astonishment when the Chinese guide came on board and instantly saluted me by name, or, that is to say, as 'Mr. Ho,' which was about as near as a Chinaman generally gets to my euphonious patronymic. The guide himself rejoiced in the

name of Ah Cum, and I had made up my mind to look him up if I could find him, as he had taken me round the city when I was previously there with Mrs. Hogg. Think, however, what an extraordinary memory this man must have: he had not seen me for nine years, and then only for two days; during these nine years he had taken Europeans over the city at the rate of several parties a week, and yet he at once recognized me, a mere casual visitor, who, so far as I knew, had done nothing to deserve special notice. On questioning Ah Cum, however, I found that he considered he had special reasons for remembering me. He reminded me when we were visiting the Temple of Horrors, on the occasion of my last trip to Canton, I had insisted on stopping in the middle of the market place and purchasing a barber's, or rather a dentist's, sign (the two occupations are carried on by the same man). Ah Cum informed me that the memory of this raid on the barber's sign-board still lived in Canton, and that he had often been reminded by the barber in question of the 'madman from the western kingdom' who had purchased such an important article of his stock-in-trade."

He then speaks of the competitive examinations, the apparent utter neglect of all religious matters, both amongst rich and poor, and goes on to describe his visit to the prisons, execution ground, judgment hall, etc.

He returned on board the *Irouaddy*, but before starting homewards, he went to stay with his sister-in-law, Miss Graham, who had left England some eighteen months previously to devote herself to missionary work in China. She had settled in Chin-Chu, and thither our traveller turned his steps, Miss Graham going as far as Amoy to meet him. From there to Wohai the journey was made in "sampans," after that in chairs carried by coolies.

"I certainly had not expected any very palatial dwelling, and perhaps it was just as well that I had not done so. Miss Graham's freehold consists of a piece of ground seventy-five feet by thirty-five feet, the shorter side of the parallelogram facing on to the street. The wall separating the ground from the footway was built of broken bricks and sun-dried mud, with a slight mixture of mortar to hold it together, while the door itself was not unlike an ordinary barn door in England. At the far end of this piece of ground Miss Graham has erected, at a cost of £30 to £40, two little rooms, each ten feet by twelve feet, with a small bath-room attached, one of

which rooms serves as a bedroom, and the other as a sitting-room. The prejudices of the people will not allow Miss Graham to build anything but a one-storey house and that of a very modest height, for they believe that by building higher than your neighbours, you can secure for yourself an undue share of good influence of the good spirits of the air, leaving an unfair proportion for those dwelling in lower houses. This absurd superstition prevents her from living at sufficient height from the ground to obtain the fresh breezes which might otherwise be got, though, of course, the fact that everybody else conforms to the same rule very much mitigates the evil. On the one side of Miss Graham's property is a kitchen garden, which would be a pleasant enough neighbour were it not that it is manured with a description of fertilizer I cannot so much as name. Observe, please, that I do not cast any aspersion on the worthy Celestials for using any manure which will improve the producing power of their land; I am looking at it solely from an olfactory point of view, in which respect the cultivation of vegetable gardens on similar principles in London, would undoubtedly speedily bring the cultivator under the Act for the suppression of nuisances. On the other two sides run heathen houses, with their usual dirt, noise and smell—in fact, it is the intolerable and horrible smells that assail you in a Chinese city which constitute one of the gravest troubles to a European.

"On the other hand, John Chinaman, with all his faults and his dirt, has many redeeming qualities. He is industrious, frugal, persevering, in a sense enterprising, most wonderfully obedient to his parents, and, as a rule, upright in business. If a Chinaman takes up a long contract he will carry it through, and not try to shuffle out of it; and a recent Shanghai bank manager, in his report to his directors, stated that he had never lost money through a Chinese firm. They have a very perfect system of letters of credit, and you can travel anywhere in China in most perfect assurance that your money orders will be faithfully paid by the man to whom they are addressed.

"In this little *home*—for home it is, in spite of its surroundings, and, with one exception, the only real home in that city—lives Miss Graham. Her mornings are devoted to the study of the Chinese language, or visits to the female ward of the hospital under the charge of Doctor Lang. Later on she will, perhaps, visit the houses of some of those with whom she has got acquainted in the hospital, while in the evening she will ask some of the cleaner converts in to tea, throwing herself into her work with the same whole-heartedness and personal affection that she evinced while working in London. I was very much struck by the great difference in this respect between those missionaries who live in the Treaty Ports, among European communities, and those who, like Miss Graham and Dr. Lang, settle in purely Chinese cities; the former never admit the

Chinese to anything like equality in their dealings with them. Do they call to see them, they must knock at the back door, and be received in some room downstairs; admission to the table or the drawing-room as an ordinary guest is quite out of the question. Even the native pastors, men who had been chosen out from among the converts on account of their sincerity and capacity, are not allowed to eat on equal terms with their European brethren. With the missionaries labouring inland all this is changed; the Christian converts are received as brethren and sisters; they are welcomed to the simple meals partaken of by the missionaries themselves, and are invited to the drawing-room in the evening to take part in the conversation, singing, or worship, which may be going on. The difference is just that which exists between a man in London, who lives in the West End, and goes perhaps once or twice a week to some East-end mission to take a Bible-class or visit a ward, and he who lives right in the very centre of his work and devotes all his spare time and attention to its progress. It seems to me the result in China must be what it is in England; those who come in close touch with their people will learn to love and be loved in return, while those who insist on the stand-off policy may find their ways to the heads, but scarcely to the hearts of their congregations.

"After looking over Miss Graham's domain—of which, I assure you, she was not a little proud, exhibiting to me her little bookshelf and various contrivances for reminding her of her English home far away in the West—we went back again to Dr. Lang's and had some dinner, followed by a good look round the hospital. This building is situated about five minutes' walk from the doctor's house, and consists of a few small wards, divided according to medical requirements, *e.g.*, some bedrooms where the medical students sleep, a little lecture hall about ten or twelve feet square, an open shed where the ophthalmic cases are treated, a dispensary, etc. In the lecture hall is a mannikin such as they use in English and American hospitals, by means of which the doctor teaches his students the elements of anatomy.

"Medical work over, we once more summoned some chairs, and were carried through the streets of the city to the walls, where we obtained a nice fresh breeze, and got a fine view of the surrounding country. Chin-Chu lies, as I have said, almost at the foot of a really fine hill some 3,000 or 4,000 feet high, and the country on this side is undulating and prettily wooded, forming a very agreeable contrast to the barren hills and paddy fields over which we had passed. The walls themselves were in rather a tumble-down condition; perhaps about thirty to thirty-five feet in height, effectual no doubt against old-time robber attacks, but perfectly useless against modern artillery. In more than one place there was a deep pit reaching from the top of the wall to its very foundation, built I know not for what purpose, except perhaps as a place for throwing down the

dead in case of war, but which was now used as a kind of receptacle for any filth which could not otherwise be very effectually got rid of. Looking down these, one saw the bodies of several female babies tied up in pieces of matting, public opinion in China condoning female infanticide as a very venial offence. This whole subject of the murder of female children is a very terrible one in China.

"I bought a fresh supply of paper money at Chin-Chu. Of course I should have been asked any price for it, so I sent Miss Graham's housemaid—a boy, *ætat* about twenty-five, who rejoiced in the name of Ah-tee—and asked him to invest a dollar for me. Of course he is a Christian, and is known to be so, so the man to whom he went for the goods said, 'What is this? I did not know you used these things.' Ah-tee waited till he had got his selection safely under his arm (there were grand papers of purple and gold for the King of Heaven, dollars for parents, papers but one degree removed from common brown, for the spirits of the air, etc., etc.), and then replied, 'No, we don't use them, but a man from the Western kingdom (my unworthy self—I feel quite smart with such a grand name) sent me to buy them, and he is going to take them to his people to laugh at us, and show what fools you heathen Chinese are.' And I fancy when you see them you will say that Ah-tee was not far wrong.

"After dinner we went into the drawing-room, had a little conversation, sang some English hymns, and wound up with prayers. I was curious to see what hymns our Chinese guests would select, and perhaps it may be taken as a testimony in favour of our friend General Booth, that one of them turned to the Salvation Army hymn book, and selected a hymn to the tune of 'Annie Laurie.' The words were full of meaning, sung in that heathen city, and as the dear old Scotch tune went up from that little room, I could see a tear gleaming in more than one eye.

"There was a rather amusing conversation that Miss Graham overheard at the hospital. Two Chinese women, lying in beds next to each other, were discussing the *pros* and *cons* of the 'new doctrine,' as they call the Christian religion. One, a new-comer, was of a sceptical turn of mind, while the other, who had been in the hospital for some time, was more than half persuaded of the truth of the message. A long argument took place, each of the two women supporting the views they respectively held, until at last the older patient brought forth what she considered a convincing proof. 'I think,' she said, 'it must be all true; and I can prove that a part of it is true. The teacher says that we are all made of earth; and look here, if you rub your hands together, no matter how clean they are, you will find, if you rub long enough, some of the earth comes out through the skin!' It was certainly, I should think, the first time that the merits of shampooing in cleansing the pores of the skin had been adduced in proof of the Christian religion.

"Another visit to the hospital wound up the day, and as we had to leave at five o'clock the next morning, we ordered our chair bearers over night, and also a burden bearer to carry our boxes.

"I have seen missionary life in many lands: in the wigwams of the Red Indians, in Canada, in the almost untrodden forests of British Guiana, among the negroes of the West Indies, in India, in Japan, and in the Treaty Ports of China, and in visiting them one has felt that, however hard the work may be in individual cases, the missionaries had, even from a worldly point of view, some compensations for what they had given up. They had at least some home which they could call their own, some place where they could be alone and where they could get fresh air, wholesome food and untroubled rest. Those, however, who venture into inland China, have a more difficult task before them than any of these.

"The surroundings of a missionary, situated like Miss Graham or Doctor and Mrs. Lang, and I presume the great bulk of the Chinese Inland Mission, are full of what is most repellant to European minds. With all the discomforts of a great city, with the filth, smells, and uncleanness of Chinese life, with a contaminated water supply, small choice of food and unceasing work as their daily portion, you feel they have chosen a path which presents fewer earthly attractions than almost any other which could be selected. Men may prate as they will about philosophy, education, and other means of raising the human race, but they have yet to show us any other power strong enough to make men voluntarily endure such a life as this except that constraining love of Christ, which inspired Paul in his missionary work, and has been the mainspring of the noble stand of most self-denying lives ever since.

"The next day the steamer came in to take me away from Amoy, and I don't know when I have felt so 'mean,' as the Yankees would say, as when I got on board the comfortable steamer on my way back to Hong Kong, while Miss Graham turned her face northwards to resume her brave, patient life of labour for others.

"What was that you asked? Will it do any good? Depend upon it, no life laid down for others is ever lost. Be the scene of self-sacrifice Calvary, or Chin-Chu, or the Polytechnic, the old promise shall still prove true, 'He that keepeth his life shall lose it. He that loseth his life for My sake, the same shall find it."

"With kind regards, yours affectionately,

"Q. H."

LETTERS

Mr. Hogg had had a skeleton sent out, as he thought it would help some medical students in their work.

DEMERARA, *May*, 1886.

The bones came to hand. I suppose the Yankees will imagine that I am going to set up as corner-man in a local Moore and Burgess

when I try to pass them through the Custom House. Some irreverent person might say that I am little better than a bag of bones myself! The skull has been duly taken out of its box, and is now on a shelf, politely grinning at incoming visitors, to the no small disconcertment of some of our negro servants, who think the consignment an eminently uncanny one! . . . You talk of my working hard and having plenty to do; I really am leading a very idle life; indeed, I am spending an idler time than I ever remember venturing upon since I left Eton—not that I wish you to infer that I was idle at that seat of learning! you must go to my tutor for information on that subject. I am living very much in the open air; such work as I do get through is very enjoyable. The mornings are (as they always are in this climate) simply delicious. I get up between five and six, and feel fit for anything and anybody. I am certainly able to eat more and digest better than I did in London, and am also now beginning to put on weight; when I landed here I was only nine stone ten in my clothes, now I am ten stone one, and some of my clothes are really beginning to feel tight! This is a sensation I have not experienced for five or six years, and has all the charm of novelty. Please select at a discount booksellers £20 of books suitable for a Reformatory here—boys' ages from ten to sixteen mainly—interesting and instructive books, illustrated books of travels, school tales and such like with a good moral. Also twenty sets each chess and draughts for same boys, with boards. Send them out here for the Ouderneening Reformatory.

To Mr. Didden, afterwards Secretary of the Woolwich Polytechnic, and a former member of the Institute.

NEW YORK,
July, 1886.

When I opened your letter I quite hoped to hear that the Government had given you the use of the little chapel at the Arsenal as the commencement of the Junior Poly. at Woolwich. I am indeed sorry to hear that no move has been made in the matter. . . . Mrs. Hogg went home in the *El Dorado*. She will have a very cold welcome in the news she will get of the burning down of Holly Hill for the second time. Did anybody ever hear of such bad luck? though I suppose there is an overruling Hand in it all which has some wise purpose, which will some day appear. I am very shortly going to see Moody at Northfield; he has a convention for young men, especially those connected with schools and colleges, going on just now, and he wants me to go down and take some little part in it. As the doctor forbids my speaking on any account whatever, and my personal appearance is not particularly ornamental, I do not myself see that I shall be of any great use, but it will do me good

to see old D. L.'s [1] cheery face again and to feel the warm grasp of his honest hand. . . . I do trust, dear boy, that you will get the institute you seek for, and I will find time to write to —— and wake him up, though it is generally the province of the Irishman to send torpedoes to the Scotch, rather than for an unworthy Scotchman like myself to send explosive missives to Paddy! . . . So you are afraid of being turned off [2] by the Government because Gladstone is defeated? Don't you make any such mistake. You will soon have the Tories in, and they will be sure to be squabbling with somebody within six weeks, and will want another three or four thousand men at work to blow up Russians or Turks or Egyptians, or somebody or other! Just you trust in Providence and the Tories, especially the Tories, and you will be all right.

Written to a boy from India.

CALCUTTA, 1 *January*, 1887.

MY DEAR T.,—

Your letter of the —— reached me yesterday, and this being New Year's Day, let me begin my letter by wishing you many happy returns of it and every blessing during 1887. Your connexion with the Institute has so far, I believe, been helpful to you, and may be much more so in days to come, as you grow older and take part in some of the many branches, no longer as "little T.," but as one able to hold your own in the Institute, and of equal age with the other members. I would willingly send you a card, only I make sure that you have got one from Mr. Studd long ere this letter reaches you, for you will not have been content to be shut out of the Poly. for the three weeks that must elapse before this can reach you. . . . I am, as you will see from the heading of this letter, now in Calcutta, the "City of Palaces," as it is called, though I am not living in a palace, but in a post office; or, rather, in a part of one which happens to be at the disposal of my brother,[3] who is Commander-in-Chief of all the post offices out here. We landed in Bombay on December 13, having been exactly thirty days en route, and between the 13th and the 31st we made a very pleasant trip through the N.W. Provinces, striking directly north (you will have to turn to the atlas, for it's no good pretending you're well up in Asiatic geography, because you're not!) first to Baroda and past Ahmedabad to Jaipur, where we stayed for a day, and then proceeded to Delhi, so full of memories of the great Mutiny, and where a cousin of mine,[4] who commanded the English army at Delhi, and who lost his life in capturing the city, is buried. We spent

[1] D. L. Moody.
[2] Mr. Didden was employed at the Arsenal.
[3] Sir Frederick Hogg, then Director General of the post office in India.
[4] John Nicholson.

several days there and then went up to Agra, where the peerless Taj is situated, and in the fort many other beautiful buildings of white marble are to be seen, the accounts of which you will find in Vol. I. of *Home Tidings*, which you had better take down from the shelves as soon as you have put away the atlas! From Agra we went on Christmas Day to Cawnpore, where we spent the Sunday, and then went to Benares, the Sacred City of the Hindoos, and one full of wonderful memories from its extreme age. In Europe we think a good deal of ruins of Rome and Athens, but Benares was of untold antiquity before Rome was built; and to it, as to what was even then the most ancient and sacred place in India, came Gautama six hundred years before Christ, about the time Nebuchadnezzar captured Jerusalem, and when Rome was only a congregation of mud huts on the hills. From Benares we came on here, to find ourselves no longer in an Eastern, but in an European city, with wide streets, large parks, plenty of white faces, and English habits and customs. We expect to be here some two or three weeks, making it our headquarters whilst I run up to Darjeeling to look after some tea estates and visit the Himalayas. Then we purpose going to Madras, where I have to visit a sugar estate, whilst Mrs. Hogg and the rest of the party will go to the hills, which are the health resorts in that part of India. . . . I have written you a much longer letter than you wrote me, and do you not feel yourself hopelessly in debt? I shall expect you to pay back your debts in the shape of an alarmingly long letter as full of information and jokes as a Christmas pudding is of indigestion, a complaint which, allow me to remark in parenthesis, I hope you have escaped this year! And now, dear boy, before I close, let me again wish you all happiness in the truest sense during 1887. No man can ever look back on a past year without being aware of many opportunities which he has wasted, and many things, to use the Prayer Book words, he has done which he ought not to have done, and *vice versa*. New Year's Day is with most of us, as indeed it ought to be, a time for fresh resolutions and prayer for God's help. You must try, if you are spared through this year, to make it carry away to God's Judgment Seat a record of unselfish, earnest work which shall leave its mark on your character for good through all Eternity, and which shall carry you into 1888 a truer, better, and more useful boy than you are now. God bless you, dear boy.

Yours aff.,
Q. H.

DARJEELING,
January, 1887.

I am sitting in a small room up in Darjeeling, between 7,000 and 8,000 feet high, in the Himalayas, in full sight of the snowy range, and the weather is cold enough to render a good log fire and thick

English clothing necessities. From Darjeeling downwards the hills have been cleared in most places for tea gardens, and you are brought up here in a most curious little steam tramway, running on a two-feet gauge, which twists in and out, round the most impossible curves, describing figures of eight, apparently running after its own tail like a disconsolate terrier, and puffing and snorting like Pancks[1] (isn't that the name of Dickens' hero?). Coming up to-day, a coolie sat in front on the buffers of the engine dropping sand on the metals, the rails being excessively slippery owing to rain and damp. . . . There seems to be a general impression all the world over (whether it is well founded or not I cannot tell) that we have come nearly to the end of the years of bad trade and depression. Whether true or not, I found this impression existing very strongly in the States, and, passing through Italy, Egypt, and India, the same idea seems prevalent, though to an ordinary beholder it would seem that the wars and rumours of wars, and the troubled aspect of political life, render commercial prosperity unlikely.

Written from the Straits Settlements in 1889 *to his wife.*

March 17, 1889.

I am taking advantage of a quiet Sunday to get my home letters done. I say "quiet," but the term only applies to a limited degree, as the thunder is making the house rock and quiver as I write. I arrived at Penang on Monday; next day I came down here (Caledonia Estate) in an awful boat—a small launch, with no provision for Europeans, and crammed full of perspiring and oily natives, Chinese, Malays and coolies. I could not sit down. The only time I did so I got a Chinaman's head on each shoulder—so I had to get through five hours in broiling heat with a galvanised iron awning. It was fearful. At last we arrived. I found the engineer's house had been got ready for me. It is fairly comfortable, but not like a Demerara house—no gallery, no windows, no rocking chairs, no hammocks, and, alas! no breeze. The last want is a serious one, and only partly made up for by a punkah. To-day there is no service because there is no clergyman. I have, I fear, an unpleasant job in store; things are not as they should be on the —— estate; all the staff at sixes and sevens, and the estates suffering. The job will take all the time I allowed and possibly more, and I shall be glad when it is done with and I am *en route* for Java. In health I have been so-so. I felt the hot, uncomfortable journey here somewhat, and followed it by two rides of six hours each—(I did not know the distances when I started, and did not like to show lack of interest)—besides other work. Somehow, I get knocked up easier than I did, and am more ready for bedtime when it comes.

[1] *Little Dorrit.*

"Eheu fugaces labuntur anni," as wise old Horace says. I am getting on. The cultivation and manufacture here interest me, but the pleasure of grappling with a new job and meeting its difficulties is not so strong within me as it used to be. I suppose by the time you get this you will have paid various distracting visits to Gaze, Cook, and such like about your Easter travels. I hope you will all enjoy it, as indeed I am sure you will, you in seeing the children happy, they in the zest of the days which are given by the gods on the threshold of life to prepare for what is to follow. . . .

I have just come up from breakfast at one p.m., having had a long outing with the manager. We went a beautiful road up into the hills, where a reservoir had been formed by the Government to provide drinking water for some of the villages. On our return we visited the company's brick works, not now in operation. Our breakfast consists of fresh fish, stewed meat, curry, vegetables and fruit. Dinner the same, with the addition of soup and pudding. At the moment I am practically on milk, as I am not very fit. I can't think why, unless it is that the climate has a depressing effect on me. (Penang.) I came here yesterday to see the agents on some rather important matters. . . . I treated myself to a pony up the hill to a hotel called the *Crag*, where I expected to have a fine time, and so I did, but in spite of an awful hotel. It consists of several nice little bungalows, one of which with our home party inside would be charming, but one needs to bring one's own food and servants. It wants a very big "D" indeed to spell the dirt; but the view is superb.

SINGAPORE,
March, 1889.

We are staying at Raffles' Hotel, which does not look promising so far, at any rate; our rooms are none of the best—let us hope the table will be better: indeed, I am told it is so, and at least, such as it is, it is undoubtedly the best hotel in Singapore. I should scarcely have known this place again, so changed and increased is it since I was last here; the docks are quite twice the size they appeared to me ten years ago, and you might almost fancy you were going up the Clyde as you come into the harbour and hear the ceaseless ring of hundreds of hammers on the iron vessels in the dry docks.

To a friend.

HONG KONG CLUB,
May 6, 1889.

I have engaged a very decent little bedroom at $1.50 per night at this club, taking my meals here or elsewhere as I require them. I am glad to hear of the increased circulation of the magazine. By the bye, Mr. Curtis rather frightened me by telling me that my first letter was copied into the *Daily News*, with somewhat sensational headings, such as, "An alderman on a billiard table," "Startling revelations of the boot and shoe trade," "A Gladstone

bag," etc. I hope this was not the case, but if it was, why did you not send me a copy? The London papers have generally left me alone, except in the matter of very small paragraphs. I hope to goodness none of the papers will copy my productions, or I shall have to be more careful of what I write; many little bits of chaff would be all right in *Home Tidings* which one would think twice about before inserting in a more public paper. . . . I want to know what you mean by calling the Merton Hall ground a "decent" one. I resent the adjective very much; it reminds me rather of Oscar Wilde cabling home from New York that he was "disappointed with the Atlantic," or the Chicago man who said that the *Windsor Hotel* in New York would be quite a complete thing for the workers in Armstrong's pork business! Somehow, I never feel so well in the East as I do in the West, and, as far as my health goes, though there is nothing to complain of, I feel a constant tendency to fever and sickness I never feel out West. The change to the cool climate up here has been very pleasant, and I quite grudge going back into steamy, punkahless Java, with its horrible food, its hot sun, and its perspiring Dutchmen.

To a friend.

DEMERARA,
June, 1890.

As to myself and my movements, you have been quite wrongly informed. I cannot imagine why it is that people always assume that I am doing foolish things, and rushing about the world in a mad and reckless fashion. As a matter of fact, I am doing the work of an infant and living the life of a dowager. If I don't get fat now I never shall, and, to tell you the truth, the latter alternative is the one I think I shall perforce have to accept. The trouble is that the loss of rotundity in form is generally accompanied by excess of asperity in temper, and I fear that the disappearance of my fat may be the prelude to a diminution of that placidity of disposition which has always made my secretary's berth such a sinecure. At any rate, you cannot expect nine stone nine with dyspepsia, to compare favourably with thirteen stone and a good digestion! As regards health, I don't feel I am making any great progress or getting very much stronger, but I am able to eat, my relapses are of a slight character and few in number, and my health is a great deal better than it was the latter part of last year.

[Other letters belonging to this period, received too late to be inserted here, will be found on pp. 403–410.]

VIII

THE EDUCATIONAL ELEMENT IN QUINTIN HOGG'S PHILANTHROPIC WORK

Ends accomplished turn to means.

BROWNING

VIII

THE EDUCATIONAL ELEMENT IN QUINTIN HOGG'S PHILANTHROPIC WORK

PEOPLE frequently wonder what led Quintin Hogg to transfer his attention from the very poorest and lowest classes to those which on the surface may not appear to have been in such dire need of assistance. Three causes operated to bring about this transference. One was the gradual and irresistible tendency of all good and useful work to raise itself above the level on which it commences; another was Mr. Hogg's desire to grow with his lads, so to speak, and not to lose touch with them as they grew older or improved their circumstances; and the third was the altered educational needs of London after 1870.

Our acknowledged supremacy in the world of commerce until the middle of last century had exercised a somewhat enervating influence on the national education, since our pre-eminence in such matters made it possible for our forefathers to ignore the inseparable connexion between science and industry; and whilst on the Continent this relationship had long been recognized, and improved systematic methods of technical education had in consequence been introduced and developed to an extraordinary degree, England, from being one of the pioneers in technical instruction, had sunk, relatively to her great competitors, into a condition of too self-complacent indifference to the deeper and costlier needs of national education. The late Prince Consort, who appears to have realized

the immeasureable importance of the subject and the grave dangers of England's attitude towards it, succeeded in startling his adopted land out of its complacent inaction by the Exhibition of 1851. The contributions of other nations to the Exhibition showed them able not only to compete with, but to excel us, and startled by the practical demonstration of this fact, the tide of interest in popular education, which had so long remained stagnant, at last began to rise again.

What was the condition of affairs revealed by the flood of inquiries and investigation that ensued?

There was no adequate machinery for the local administration of elementary education; Sunday schools, or voluntary and charitable schools offered the only possibilities the poor had for acquiring even the rudiments of knowledge, and the majority of the poor population was not only uneducated, but absolutely and utterly illiterate; cheap efficient secondary schools were practically non-existant; practical trade instruction classes were unknown; and, most fatal of all, not only was the great majority of employers of labour entirely satisfied with the prevailing stagnation, but a large proportion of the upper classes regarded any attempt to educate "the masses" with suspicion and disfavour.

Such were some of the difficulties bestrewing the path of our educational reformers, who found themselves confronted by the herculean task not only of removing these obstacles, but of creating the machinery necessary to their demolition.

The profits of the Exhibition amounted to over £186,000, and one of the first steps taken was the purchase of the South Kensington estate, for which object Parliament granted the supplementary sum of £150,000. In 1853 a Science and Art Department was founded under the control of the Board of Trade, but three years later it was transferred to the newly formed Board of Education. It is so obviously advantageous that the control of all State education should be centred in one body, that it is difficult to understand why, in 1884, the two departments were again separated, an action which led to

much petty wrangling and overlapping. The writings of Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Huxley, and Lord Playfair were widely read and had great influence with the thoughtful, and by 1870 the reaction which had been so slow to set in had produced a ferment of agitation. The next fifteen years were a period of extraordinary activity in such matters.

In 1870 the Board Schools came into existence, whilst the Act of 1876 at last laid on all parents the responsibility of providing their children with adequate elementary instruction, placed the entire population of England and Wales under school attendance committees, and made employers legally liable if they employed children in any way contrary to the conditions laid down in the Act. It was after the establishment of the Board Schools, which rendered the Ragged Schools to a large extent unnecessary, that Quintin Hogg gradually became aware of a far greater educational need among the wage-earning classes—the need for practical trade instruction. Our leading thinkers had realized the truth (one long since grasped and acted upon by the governments of most Continental countries), that the future welfare of national industry largely depended on systematic and modernized methods of technical instruction; but it had been left to various philanthropically inclined individuals to make any effort to supply this want in England. As early as the end of the eighteenth century indeed, Anderson had started an institution in Glasgow for technical and scientific instruction, the expense of which restricted its use to the foremen and masters of industry. Here, in 1800, Dr. Birkbeck started a series of lectures for the actual workers. These lectures were delivered in the face of great opposition. "If invited, the mechanics would not come; if they came, they would not listen; and if they listened, they would not understand,"[1] was the encouraging verdict of those the doctor consulted! Seventy-five came to the first lecture, and in a month's time 500 mechanics were attending. In 1823, long after this pioneer had left

[1] *Life of Dr. Birkbeck.*

Glasgow, a Mechanics' Institute was formed there, and the following year one was formally opened in London, under Dr. Birkbeck's initiative and guidance. Many of our great provincial towns were early actively employed in trying to cope with the problem, and as a result, Mechanics' Institutes arose all over the country. But these and many other similar beneficial efforts, though they did great good, failed to attain so much of their original purpose as was implied in the establishment of a universal system of technical education in this country.

It was indeed inevitable that these early endeavours should fail to this extent, for their promoters were striving to erect the upper storeys of a building that had as yet no foundations. The absence of any sound basis of primary education rendered a large proportion of the working classes incapable of assimilating any theoretical presentment of science or art, however simply put[1]; the lack of secondary education on the part of the foremen and managers equally prevented their appreciation of the importance of the subject; whilst the lack of University leadership and the prevailing obliviousness to the perils threatening the national prosperity because of the people's refusal to face and grapple with the educational problems, made it impossible to capture the public interest essential for the introduction of the radical changes that were necessary. We have seen that by 1870 this last and most thwarting of all difficulties had been overcome, and both State and country were exercised in endeavouring to improve the existing state of affairs. Their attention was mainly (and rightly) turned to the training of the children of the nation, and the provision made for them in the Elementary Education Act of 1870 was widely discussed and exercised great influence on public opinion. The cause of industrial education received renewed impetus from the pervading activity; in 1874 Mr. Solley founded the Artizan's Institute, which did a very important work, being the only place in London where practical trade instruction was obtain-

[1] All the earlier institutions provided blackboard teaching only.

able.[1] In 1877 a committee of representative members, appointed by the various great City Companies, was convened to inquire into the condition of national education, and to consider specially the subject of technical education, the outcome of its deliberations being the foundation of the City and Guilds of London Institute, under whose auspices examinations were held in subjects ranging from the domestic arts to carriage building, photography, and goldsmith's work, and grants made to successful students and teachers. Later the Finsbury College was opened by the same authorities, and Mr. Millis, himself formerly an artizan, and therefore well able to gauge the necessities and capabilities of the class, and who for years had spent himself in devoted labour at the Artizan's Institute, was induced to become its secretary. Most of the instruction proved to be above the heads of the working classes, and all Mr. Millis' exertions failed to induce the promoters to give what he considered due attention to the trade classes.

It must be remembered that education always played a very prominent part in Quintin Hogg's philanthropy. He realized the comparative uselessness of trying to develop the spiritual side of his poor lads alone, and felt very strongly that for any permanent good to be accomplished, their physique and minds must also be cultivated.[2] It was in the endeavour to assist

[1] The Working Men's Institute was not technical, and the City of London College was avowedly for clerks.

[2] "He (Quintin Hogg) began his philanthropic work on entirely new lines. He studied what the lads wanted, saw that recreation was absent; that the life for which the Christian Churches were catering was a life fragmentary, one sided; providing a prayer meeting, but no gymnasium, giving opportunity for the study of the Bible, but no chance of joining a cycling, a swimming or a rowing club, nothing that related to man's body, as though, forsooth, a man could be lifted out of himself by touching just one part of his nature . . . instead of taking the entire man, body, mind and spirit, and bringing the whole of that man to bear as a magnet upon the individual who is to be lifted out of his degraded condition. Therefore the Polytechnic advanced beyond all the Y.M.C.A.s of the time, and its founder, as I remember very well, was exposed to a good deal of censure and criticism, because, instead of keeping himself to what were understood to be evangelical lines, he ventured to address himself to the whole needs of the life of this city. . . . It was an act of courage in that day."—(From a sermon delivered by Dr. Clifford at Westbourne Park Chapel, January 25, 1903.)

these boys that Mr. Hogg's eyes were opened to one of those great gaps that are among the fundamental flaws of our national educational system. Primary education was being provided for future generations, and higher technical training was available in some degree for those who could afford to pay for it, but in all this great city there was but one place where the working classes could obtain education they were capable of understanding, that at the same time bore special application to their trades, and that was practical, and not only theoretical—the Artizan's Institute.[1]

As many of the boys attending the ragged school in Castle Street were enabled through the training they received there to improve their lot, they brought a number of better-class boys with whom they came into contact in their work into the radius of their benefactor's influence, and he began to realize the awful disadvantages the English mechanics or artizans laboured under in striving to maintain their footing in the face of keen modern competition, whilst bereft of any chance of obtaining the scientific training necessary in almost every craft. The difficulties of providing it were not confined to pecuniary considerations, though these were by no means to be ignored: one of the problems in technical teaching is the enormous cost of practical as compared to blackboard instruction. Roughly speaking, the former costs 5*d.* per hour, the latter 1*d.* an hour; and the Polytechnic finds that whereas in practical classes each student costs 25*s.* over and above his fees per annum, in theoretical classes this surplus can be reduced to 10*s.* per annum; so that unless the fees are such as to place the classes hopelessly beyond the means of those for whom they were intended, they cannot possibly be self supporting. When Mr. Hogg commenced experimental trade classes at Long Acre, technical teaching had no organization and could obtain no financial aid, with the single exception of building construction, for which grants could be obtained from the Science and Art Department. In

[1] The Board Schools were then prevented by the conditions of their code from making any provision for manual training.

addition to this, there were many other obstacles to overcome, many of them peculiar to London itself, where the conditions have always been somewhat unique. The vastness of this great city, its lack of municipal unity, its imperial rather than national character, the gulfs that existed between class and class, were all factors that had to be reckoned with; whilst in the educational world itself the opposition of the trades unions to any scheme involving general instruction in the crafts; the stolid scepticism of the average employer as to the need for such instruction, and still more as to its beneficial results; the almost universal system of payment by results, with its benumbing effect on the majority of teachers, whose ideals were crushed into subservience to the quickest way of obtaining the largest monetary results, and (since such results are by no means an infallible test of sound scholarship) whose students often suffered in consequence; the absence of cheap secondary schools; the intensity of denominational jealousy, a serious difficulty all English educationists have to contend with, were all obstacles that had to be carefully circumvented to prevent their crushing the life out of any budding scheme.

The trade classes arranged at Long Acre must be regarded as a tentative experiment, since the size of the premises and financial limitations would in any case have prevented the organization of an extensive scheme; they served to show, however, how great the need was, and how willing the mechanics were to avail themselves of any opportunities provided for their benefit. In 1882, when Mr. Hogg moved into the Polytechnic, the inception of the City Companies' work had altered the financial aspect of the matter, and practical classes could be arranged with the certainty of obtaining some aid from the City and Guilds of London Institute, whilst the size of the new buildings permitted of their being organized on a scale that attracted attention even in the hubbub of London, a most desirable consummation in the interests of the development of the movement. The difficulties that attached to the material side of the work then were considerably lessened. There remained the more subtle problems

of the ethical side, and with these Quintin Hogg was peculiarly fitted to contend. There were, as has been indicated, all sorts of educational efforts going on in London contemporarily with Mr. Hogg's work, the majority of them catering exclusively for clerks, a class then (principally owing to educational differences) sharply differentiated from that with which Mr. Hogg was beginning to concern himself. The difficulty always attendant on technical instruction in this country, namely, the absence of secondary education, which permits of a gap of some years intervening between the conclusion of a boy's primary education and the commencement of his technical studies, was in the decade after 1876 further enhanced by the presence of a generation of lads who had grown up without the advantages of compulsory primary education, and who could not be expected to display much ardour in the pursuit of knowledge or to appreciate the advantages incumbent on it, but who must be guided and influenced in the desired direction. Quintin Hogg had so identified himself with the boys for whom he laboured that he was able to exert a powerful influence over them, whilst at the same time it was possible for him to assume (albeit unconsciously) the position of a leader in the movement, and to speak and act with the authority and convincing earnestness of one who has given himself heart and soul to a cause, and who pleads out of the fulness of his knowledge and of his heart. The distinguishing feature of Mr. Hogg's work was his unceasing insistence on the necessity of all-round development. The social side of educational, the educational side of social work, the fostering of all influences capable of refining, strengthening, and elevating character, the recognition of man's differing capabilities of soul, mind, and body, the consideration of him in his dual capacity as an individual and as a member of a community, these principles were the foundation of the success that attended his work in all directions.

Such principles serve to develop not only a better class of mechanics, but a better class of men; and it is unfortunate that the social aspect of the question is so frequently ignored and lost

sight of in the constant struggle to improve the educational standards of our country.

Many of the difficulties that hampered the pioneers of technical education have been swept away, and the outlook has been so improved and altered that experts are agreed that so far as the provision of evening technical instruction for working men is concerned, England, if it does not actually occupy a leading position, stands very favourably as compared with America or Germany. This condition of affairs must be largely attributed to the unobtrusive, persistent and self-sacrificing labours of Quintin Hogg. With an instinct for a great need, he sought always to avoid overlapping, and was ever ready to co-operate with existing agencies; his desire was to supply one of the many absent links in England's educational system, to cut a road through one of the uncultivated wastes that might serve to facilitate communication between the different standards of education; and his intimate knowledge of those he was desirous of benefiting led him to do this in the manner most liable to appeal to them, and to ensure their interest and support.

At the same time, it must not be forgotten that education was not the only, or even the primary object of Quintin Hogg's life. His great ideal was to cultivate all that was God-given, noble and enduring in men, to elevate and purify the talents they possess, so as to make of them a worthier and more acceptable sacrifice to offer unto their Creator. Too much stress cannot be laid on this fundamental principle of his work. "Depend upon it," he once warned his Sunday class, "you will be required to give an account of your talent of common sense as well as of any other talent you may possess." Every faculty implanted in humanity, whether intellectual, physical, social or psychological, was in his eyes a "gift of God," and therefore worthy of respect, of care, and of cultivation; and the means to develop these faculties should be placed, he thought, within the reach of all. He provided thousands of young men with the chance of improving their technical knowledge, coupled with

opportunities for literary or artistic studies, for social culture, and for physical development; and spent himself ungrudgingly in striving to influence them to use their advantages in the highest and noblest manner.

IX

THE POLYTECHNIC MOVEMENT

Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.

LOWELL.

IX

THE POLYTECHNIC MOVEMENT

IN 1889 something was at last done to set the Polytechnic on a more satisfactory financial basis. The history of the movement that brought about so desirable a result was briefly this. In 1878 a Royal Commission had been appointed to inquire into the condition of the parochial charities of the City of London, since in process of time many of the objects for which money had been bequeathed had ceased to exist (one man left 6*s.* 8*d.* a year for the burning of heretics); in some cases the very parishes themselves had disappeared. The Bank of England and the Royal Exchange between them had, for instance, practically absorbed three parishes, and could hardly be considered fitting objects of charity! Another contributing cause to the unsatisfactory condition of parochial endowments was that the City had ceased to be a residential quarter, and was chiefly occupied by business premises whose inhabitants flitted away after business hours, leaving it bereft of any resident parishioners save a certain number of caretakers, many of whom accepted nominal wages in order to live there and benefit by the charities. One parish, with a population of 580, had an annual charitable income of over £2,000; another, with 669 people, had £4,686. The enormous increase in the value of City property had in many cases doubled and redoubled the value of bequests, so that one parish whose endowments brought in £8 8*s.* in 1870, received nearly £200 from them six years later. Though in some cases the trustees had obtained permission to divert the monies, and had done their best to employ them usefully (St. Andrew Undershaft founded a girls' school at Camberwell, having only been able to discover one

girl likely to benefit by one within its own boundaries), in others they were wasted and misused, being applied to the reduction of the poor rates, the providing of dinners at Richmond for the rector and his flock which were supposed to "promote goodwill between them," and similar unwarrantable purposes.

After an investigation which occupied two years, the Commissioners presented their report, the outcome being The City of London Parochial Charities Act (largely passed through the exertions of Mr. Bryce) of 1883, which directed the Charity Commissioners to collect the monies, and after setting aside the share due to the church for ecclesiastical purposes, and that belonging to the five largest parishes in the City, where there still existed a considerable poor population, and which therefore retained the management of their endowments, to frame new schemes for the application of the remainder of the fund (amounting to over three millions), which should promote the welfare of the poor of the Metropolis by way of education, of free libraries, of open spaces, or otherwise. The Commissioners were strengthened for this work by the addition to their number of Mr. James Anstey, Q.C., to whose share fell the whole of the detail of the work, besides much of the responsibility in deciding the financial outlay; and of Mr. Henry Hardinge Cunynghame, and Mr. Edward Bond, who were detailed specially to inquire into the general condition of London, the work of her existing charitable institutions, and the needs of her poor.

In the course of his investigations Mr. Cunynghame visited the Polytechnic. No one knew his reason for coming; he was merely a stranger who asked to be shown the place, and Mr. Mitchell took him all over it, unconscious that he was "entertaining an angel unawares." Mr. Cunynghame was immensely struck with all he saw, brought other members of his Commission to investigate it also, and reported very strongly in favour of some of the cash being spent in that direction, since Parliament had indicated technical education as a suitable object for the money at their disposal, and a Royal Commission which had been inquiring into that subject, both here and on

the Continent, reported (in 1884) that it "had nowhere seen an institution where such a thoroughly practical system was followed as at the Polytechnic."

At that time, as now, there were two divergent opinions concerning technical education. One school advocated the necessity of large and expensive institutions for the instruction of the future leaders of industry; the other desired to inform the rank and file. Both these have of course their good points, and both are of national importance. It was, however, clear that the Commissioners could only assist the cause by endowing institutes for the lower class of workers, since the terms of the statute which gave them power to act, specially directed the objects to be for the benefit of the poorer classes.

Naturally there were many other claims persistently pressed by their supporters, but the fact that the Polytechnic aimed at getting hold of the boys, and making them into self-reliant, useful men, instead of patching up lives already ruined and wasted, appealed very strongly to the Commissioners. Public opinion was being directed to the importance of influencing the young life of the nation, and considerable interest had been aroused in the question of educating mechanics and artisans. Mr. Cunynghame therefore advocated the founding of Polytechnics moulded on the Regent Street model in various parts of London, and he was permitted to approach the great City Companies with a view to procuring their co-operation.

Early in the seventies the public had began to mutter questions as to how the large funds of these companies were spent, and whether it would not be advisable to place them in the hands of trustees, to be expended in more useful ways than in the providing of vast dinners for opulent members. However, the companies had been able to prove that their famous dinners were paid for out of the members' fees, and that they were not literally "eating their interest," but that the monies intended to be administered in charity were so applied, and on the whole extremely well expended. Still, the agitation had caused some of the companies to feel rather uneasy, and to show a com-

mendable disposition to further any move for the public weal. Naturally technical education was felt to have the strongest claims on their attention and funds, and after one or two individual efforts by the Clothworkers and other energetic units, the City and Guilds of London Institute was started, which took over the technical subjects from the Society of Arts, established examinations with a system of grants and money prizes, and opened Finsbury College, which, however, failed to provide practical trade instruction for the workman to any large extent and appealed more and more to a richer class of student.

Some of the companies responded generously enough to Mr. Cunynghame's appeal, some were very dour and tough, some refused outright, and others again, possibly as an assertion of independence, were courteous and interested, but preferred to take up plans of their own rather than to assist in the general scheme. The Drapers, for example, began to show a cautious interest in the People's Palace, which had been started in the East End after the publication of Sir Walter Besant's *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, with the idea of attracting the undeveloped dramatic talent supposed to be dormant there, and using it to amuse the general populace, and had long since proved a white elephant to its promoters. Its chairman, Sir E. Currie, an enthusiastic man always ready to try anything new, took up the idea of technical education keenly, whereupon the Drapers promised to give first £40,000, and then another £20,000, subject to certain conditions. Giving money to the People's Palace just then was like pouring water into a sieve, but the Drapers having put their hand to the plough, could not or would not draw back, and after many vicissitudes and hairbreadth escapes it was ultimately got into good working order. The Goldsmiths started a Polytechnic of their own, Lord Cadogan gave the site for another, one arose in Southwark, and an abortive attempt was made to found one in Hampstead, all of which were in direct imitation of the Regent Street Polytechnic. "Quintin Hogg had dared to demonstrate their possibility,"[1] and the success

[1] Mr. Cunynghame.

of the pioneer effort caused it to be copied not only all over this country, but even in America.

But in spite of this, the Commissioners' scheme of endowment met with considerable opposition. It was objected that Polytechnics were new, that therefore the money available ought not to be risked until the success of such places was more fully assured; that, if necessary, pecuniary assistance should be granted to the existing ones, but that any capital expenditure should be avoided; that technical education ought to be provided for out of the rates, or left to the City Guilds; but in spite of much adverse criticism, after several years' work the Commissioners carried their point. A capital grant of £149,500 was made to Polytechnics; Regent Street obtaining £11,750 of this sum, besides a promise of a yearly endowment of £3,500, subject to certain conditions, one being the prolongation of the lease, and another that a supplementary endowment should be obtained from the public.

The Portland trustees readily granted a ninety-nine years' lease, which fulfilled the first stipulation, but in order to meet the second, for the first time in his life Quintin Hogg appealed for public aid. He stated that his personal expenditure on the Polytechnic itself (i.e. to say, not counting Long Acre and its predecessors) had already amounted to £100,000! The following letter appeared in *The Times*, and had a most stimulating effect. The Polytechnic caused quite a sensation, articles and letters about it became a familiar feature of our periodical literature, and never a week passed but one or two reporters dined at Cavendish Square, that being the only time their victim would consent to allot to them. The majority of these interviews appeared in conversational style, but as the account in *The Times* was probably the most concise and useful of them all, it is quoted here as a typical example.[1]

"At a time when the demand for higher education is heard on all sides, when it is being taken up by parliament, and when the London County Council are announcing their intention of devoting

[1] By kind permission of the proprietors of *The Times*.

large sums of money to it, the public will be glad to learn something of one of the most remarkable social experiments that has ever been made with higher education for its principal, though not its exclusive object. This is the Polytechnic Institute in Regent Street; it owes its existence and its maintenance to the energy, devotion, and munificence of one man, Mr. Quintin Hogg. Mr. Hogg, who is the youngest son of the late Sir J. Weir Hogg, once Chairman of the East India Company, and brother to Lord Magheramorne, is the head of a firm of merchants in Rood Lane, and for twenty-four years—in fact ever since he left Eton—he has devoted his days to his business, and almost every one of his evenings to work among the boys and young men of London. At first he started with a ragged school in the Drury Lane district, which after a while was changed into a working boys' home. In 1873 there was added to this an institution founded 'for the purpose of endeavouring to draw elder boys from evil surroundings.' . . . Merton Hall, Wimbledon, with about twenty-seven acres of land attached, is now turned into one of the finest playgrounds in England. Every Saturday afternoon in summer, hundreds of the lads are employed in playing cricket or tennis; during the coming season arrangements will also be made to have games during the long winter evenings. It is perhaps natural that cricket should form a great feature of the Institute programme, since one of Mr. Hogg's principal lieutenants is Mr. J. E. K. Studd of cricket fame. The success of the venture has been astounding. More than 10,000 boys and young men have their names on its books; already the second house has 800 young women upon its list, most of them the sisters or friends of members of the Institute. The cost of maintenance amounts to between £14,000 and £15,000 a year; the receipts for fees to about £9,000; and the deficiency, which thus amounts to between £5,000 and £6,000 a year, has been till now entirely met by Mr. Quintin Hogg. This being a general outline of the position of the Institute, we may proceed to speak in greater detail of its principal departments.

"The visitor who makes his way thither between seven and ten on any week-day evening will find every room occupied by numbers of lads and young men from seventeen years old upwards, either harmlessly amusing themselves or studying in class. There is a refreshment and reading room, where some boys are having tea or supper, some are reading the newspapers, and some are playing chess or draughts, and that they play the last to good purpose is shown by the fact that at the last London and South of England tournament the championship was gained by one Polytechnic boy, the third place by another. Of one great room ingeniously varied use is made: in the summer it is a swimming bath, in other seasons of the year comfortably carpeted and arranged with chairs, pictures, tables, it is made into the chief reading room of the place. In

another on certain days in the month you may see some fifty nicely dressed and rather shy-looking lads seated at long tables at their tea, while some senior friends entertain them with music and talk. These are the 'new fellows,' who are thus allowed to enter the great world of the Polytechnic in a pleasant way which robs them very soon of all feeling of strangeness, and enables them to provide themselves with friends. Indeed, very admirable and special provision is made for the reception of new members; three of the seniors are appointed 'new members' secretaries,' and it is the business of one or other of them to be present every evening in a certain room, there to receive any new member who desires information or who prefers to spend his evening out of the crowd.

"Passing into another room we find a Debating Society in full work, a young man on his legs shambling through a speech on the Irish question, or declaring for or against Church and State! In a large hall close by (the room where those wonderful chemical lectures used to be delivered to suburban children, and where now Mr. Hogg holds his Sunday classes) a certain number of youths, unfortunately not very many, are going through military drill. In the other and still larger hall a much gayer sight is to be seen, for here the gymnastic instructor, a colour-sergeant in the Guards, is taking his numerous energetic class through their exercises. From fifty to 100 lads are there, most of them in flannels, and forgetting the workshop and the counter in the physical delight of exercise. The evening winds up with the performance to the music of the band of a sort of rapid figure dance, as complicated and as pretty to the eye as the famous equestrian dance in which Ascanius led the young Trojans in Virgil. Perhaps after this is over, if the visitor is in high favour with the authorities, he will be allowed to see some of the prize-winners perform on the parallel bars or trapeze; it is no exaggeration to say that nothing that the University gymnasiums can show can at all compete with or approach the skill of these young men, these auctioneers' clerks, tailors, carpenters of London. It adds a new dignity to the draper's counter to reflect that the young man who stands behind it and measures you a yard of ribbon, may, when he is stripped among his fellows in the evening, show a figure almost as fine as Captain Webb's, and go through a performance not unworthy of a Leotard. Gymnasium and recreation rooms, however, are not beyond the scope of many other institutions to be found in London and the country. What differentiates the Polytechnic from all others is the elaborate system of technical instruction which is open to its members. These members, it may here be said, are admitted on payment of a subscription of 3*s.* a quarter, which entitles them to the free use of the library, social rooms, gymnasium, etc., admission to all entertainments, whilst for the technical classes small fees have to be paid. The classes are of two kinds, science and art classes, which

are held in connexion with the Department at South Kensington; and industrial classes, which are independent, but which are more or less informally related to the City and Guilds of London Institute of Technical Instruction, and also to the London Trades' Council. The industrial classes are again subdivided into classes of mechanics and into 'practical trade classes' for apprentices and young workmen, and it is these last which are the special feature of the Institute. Among them we find classes for the various branches of engineering, for cabinet-making, carpentering, and such subordinate departments as the making of staircases and handrailings; we find classes in wood and stone carving, in tailor's cutting, sign-writing, practical watch and clock making; classes in carriage building, printing, land surveying, levelling, in plumbing, tool-making, and many other trades. In all these cases it is a condition that no one is to be admitted who is not already engaged, say as an apprentice, in the trade, for the managers of the Institute see how important it is that they should not incur the hostility of the London artizan organizations by turning out imperfectly trained amateurish workmen to compete with those in the market. The wonder is that young men can be found who care to spend the evenings in doing much the same work as that they have been employed upon all day; but such unquestionably is the case; the class-rooms are well filled with lads making engines, carving wood, shaping bricks, or learning the best method of cutting out cloth. These are led partly by the genuine desire of learning, and partly by the wish to better themselves; for example, a young plasterer, who as yet knows only the plainer elements of his craft, comes to the Polytechnic to learn modelling and cornice moulding, and when he has learnt his lesson, he perhaps emigrates to America, and finds himself able to earn something like four times the wages that he had been earning as single plasterer in London. In the engineering room, where there is a certain amount of machinery worked by a central gas-engine, a dozen young men may be seen profoundly interesting themselves in the joining of a screw, or in adapting some rough-cast bolt to the required purpose; the room is full of iron lathes and other small machines, every detail of which has been made and finished on the spot by the boys.

"The variety of the classes is very great indeed. Here are a few of the announcements made at the beginning of the last term; it should be premised that the fees for the classes vary from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* 6*d.* per quarter to members of the Institute, non-members being allowed to attend on payment of an increased fee."

(Here followed a long list of classes: see page 412.)

"The results are eminently satisfactory, if we can judge from the success of the Polytechnic pupils in the different technical examinations, for they always stand at the head.

"The work of the Polytechnic Institute has been very favourably judged by those most competent to form an opinion on it. It has obtained the approval of the London Technical Council and of two Royal Commissions, and, as we shall presently show, it has been commended in the most encouraging way by the Commissioners of City Charities. The London Trade Council on April 10, 1883, passed the following resolution: 'That the system of trade teaching adopted at the Polytechnic Institute be recommended to the London trades.' Three months later the Council resolved that 'In the opinion of this delegate meeting of trades, any system of technical science or theoretical instruction for our industrial population should be accomplished by practical teaching by competent trade teachers, based upon workshop practice, in harmony with the requirements of ordinary business pursuits, similar to the trade instruction given at the Polytechnic Institute.' More recently Mr. Woodall, M.P., a member of the Royal Commission on Technical Education, stated that 'he had, in connexion with the Royal Commission, visited nearly all the Technical Training Schools on the Continent, and he could safely say he had not seen one in which such a thoroughly practical system was followed as at the Polytechnic Institute.'

"But it is neither possible nor desirable that a work of this magnitude should remain dependent upon the unaided efforts of one man. Mr. Quintin Hogg has, roughly speaking, spent £100,000 on his scheme, and he naturally feels that he cannot continue much longer to meet the large necessary deficit in the same unstinting way. His desire, then, is to find help elsewhere which shall enable the Institute to be placed upon a permanent footing, and shall put it beyond those risks which must inevitably attach to any scheme that in this world of chances and changes leans exclusively upon a single individual for support. So he has, in the first instance, approached the Commissioners of City Charities, who, as it is well known, have lately been empowered to apply very large sums of money, which will ultimately amount to something like £100,000 a year, to purposes connected with the education of the people. The Commissioners have dealt with Mr. Hogg very much on the principle on which they replied to those who lately asked their help in connexion with the proposed People's Palaces in South London, that is to say, they have promised to meet him half-way. They have undertaken to give the Polytechnic an endowment of £2,500 a year on two conditions—

"(1) That he should obtain a long lease of his premises.

"(2) That he should raise a sum of £35,000 by private subscriptions.

"The first of these conditions has been already satisfied, for the trustees of the Portland estate have given Mr. Hogg a formal promise of a ninety-nine years' lease. The second condition is

right enough in principle, though it might perhaps have been urged that the money already spent upon the Institute was sufficient to give it a claim to the endowment without more ado; but the Commissioners insist, and perhaps after all they are right, for £2,500 per annum is not of itself enough. Mr. Hogg has already appealed to various friends of his own, and has succeeded in raising about £18,000. We may be permitted to mention the principal contributors: Mr. W. M. Campbell (Mr. Hogg's partner, a Governor of the Bank of England) has given £10,000; Messrs. J. A. and E. M. Denny, £1,000 each; Mr. Gurney Shepherd, £1,000; an Anonymous Friend, £2,000; Lord Magheramorne and Mr. Spencer Chadwick also give £500 each.

"There still remains, however, about £17,000 to be raised. Mr. Hogg's own friends are exhausted; he feels constrained to appeal to the public to save this flourishing and most useful Institute from the collapse which would inevitably come upon it were outside assistance to be withdrawn. We trust he will have little difficulty in raising the amount. As we said at the outset, the need for higher education is one which is every day becoming more present to the public mind. Our commercial prosperity is being threatened by competition all over the world; assuredly it will be impossible for us to keep our markets unless our workmen succeed in putting themselves on a level with the best workmen in Paris, Berlin or Philadelphia. The way to this result is through technical education, though it, like every other education, whether for high or low, cannot be self-supporting. If Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, and Winchester flourish by means of endowment, if every elementary school in England is kept at work by means of subsidies from the Government, from the ratepayers, or from private subscribers, it is not surprising that technical schools should require help of the same kind. We trust, therefore, that Mr. Hogg's necessities will be supplied by the public in a liberal spirit. No doubt £17,000 is a large sum from some points of view, but relatively to the work it is a very small sum, and those who hesitate to contribute to it should reflect that upon it depends a scheme which is doing incalculable good to 10,000 of the young working men and women of London. We feel sure that even in these days of contracted incomes and multiplied claims there are large numbers of men in London, in the City or elsewhere, who only require to be told of so good a work that they may at once come forward and help it.

"Men like Lord Hartington, Lord Selborne, Lord Aberdeen, Sir Lyon Playfair, Mr. Mundella and Mr. Woodall have expressed to Mr. Hogg their warm interest in his noble work, and their hopes for its permanent success. We trust that at no very distant date it may be our good fortune to record that the advice of these eminent men has been followed, that the money demanded by the Com-

THE POLYTECHNIC, 309 REGENT STREET, AT THE PRESENT TIME.

missioners has been received, and that Mr. Quintin Hogg has the satisfaction of knowing that so far as anything can be permanent in this world, his Polytechnic Institute has attained to permanence."

The result of this and the many other press notices, which were, I believe, unanimous in praising Quintin Hogg and his work, was most satisfactory. The public responded generously to the appeal, the fund mounted steadily, some of the City Companies lent a helping hand, the Grocers' giving £200, the Scriveners' £100. But it was not only the public who contributed to the success of the scheme. The members themselves worked hard, and it is pleasant to note that the suggestion that they should do so emanated from one of themselves. The day following the appearance of the above article, Mr. Hogg received this letter—

DEAR MR. HOGG,—

An excellent article upon the Polytechnic appears in to-day's *Times*, from which I gather that in order to ensure a grant of £2,500 a year from the Charity Commissioners for the purposes of the Institute, it is requisite to raise a fund of £35,000. The article states that of that sum £18,000 have already been subscribed or promised by your friends, that an appeal to the public is being, or is about to be, made for the balance of £17,000. It occurs to me that our fellows might lend a helping hand in procuring the sum required, and if a way was pointed out in which, by a little effort, they could benefit the grand old place, I feel confident that you would find your "boys" willing to exert themselves, specially so the elder ones, who, now they have reached the age of discretion, can perhaps better appreciate the immense good, morally, intellectually, and physically, that the Institute is conferring on its members. One really cannot overestimate the usefulness or measure the influence of such a place as the Poly.

Personally, the older I get the more thankful I feel that my steps were directed to the Institute. I have come across many of our members of Long Acre and Endell Street days, and even those who have long left us would recall with pleasure some incident of the old days, and speak with real affection of you and former friends. I have never yet met an Institute fellow who would not become enthusiastic when discussing reminiscences of "Auld Lang Syne." May it ever be so!

Pray pardon this digression; for the life of me I couldn't come sooner to the subject of this letter, viz.: How can the fellows aid you? We have 10,000 members and students who come from

all parts of London, and are employed in all sorts of occupations. Doubtless many of these are on good terms with their employers, to whom their connexion with the Poly., either as members or students, is known. My impression is that many employers would willingly contribute to the support of an Institute, the advantage of belonging to which is exemplified in their own employés, and that it only requires the employé to bring the wants of the Polytechnic to the notice of his employer to obtain for it pecuniary aid. Briefly, my suggestion is that each member of the Institute should bring its claims to the notice of his employer. Of course I don't suppose that every fellow could approach his guv'nor on such a subject, but there must be, specially among clerks and technical students, many who either come frequently in direct contact with their employers, or who attend the Poly. at the express wish or with the cognizance of their employers. From these, at all events, some substantial result might be expected from an appeal to their firms. I am satisfied the suggestion is practicable, because to-day I broached the subject to one of my guv'nors, who immediately promised £5. I have not solicited either of our other two partners yet, because I want some kind of sanction from you before doing so. I should be very pleased to hear your opinion on the suggestion, if you approve of it. I have no objection to your making use of this letter (suppressing my name) in the magazine. It strikes me its publication might produce a response from some of the members; anyhow it would serve as a feeler. Another idea suggests itself: that *The Times* article be reproduced in the magazine, and attention drawn to it; that members be asked to solicit contributions from their families and friends, and that an appeal be posted to each member, asking him to guarantee 2*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, or any sum he can conveniently spare, such sums to be paid by instalments as low as 6*d.* a week. If this were done at once the result, I think, would be encouraging.

Yours very sincerely,

AN OLD MEMBER.

This letter was printed in the *Polytechnic Magazine*, with a footnote by Mr. Hogg—

"I am very grateful to the writer for a very practical suggestion. It would be nice to be able to advertise a substantial sum as having been raised by our own boys."

In the same number an explanation and appeal was printed—

"You will not be asking for yourself, but for a great institute, which will, I hope, exist to help many a young fellow after you and I have played our part in this world, and if you feel that you

owe anything to any of the classes, clubs, or social advantages you have enjoyed at the Polytechnic, you might do your quota to try and obtain a sufficient endowment to ensure the permanent prosperity of the Institute in years to come. Finally, let me say I have no wish in any way to withdraw from such personal or pecuniary assistance as I am able to give the place. I shall still continue to make up any deficiency which may occur in its working, and hope to give, as I have always done, all my leisure to its conduct and welfare. It is the future about which I am anxious, and it would be a thousand pities were the handsome endowment offered by the Charity Commissioners not to be secured for want of a little effort on our part. You will see the writer of the letter was successful in getting £5 from the first gentleman to whom he showed *The Times* article. Perhaps some of our members may meet with a still more liberal response. At any rate will you try? It would strengthen our hands enormously in asking for contributions from the public if we could point to a substantial sum raised by those who have had the best means of knowing the internal workings of the place. If the Polytechnic has been worth using for yourself, it may be well worth preserving for others, and He who said of the poor widow that she 'cast in more than they all,' will not let a man be poorer in money or in character for sparing something out of a not too well-lined pocket to preserve for others advantages by which he himself has benefited."

His appeal met with such hearty response as gladdened his heart; he saw many of his boys giving as he himself had given—all they could. Sometimes he felt almost inclined to check their generosity, but he knew the joy of giving, and that "'twas never giving that emptied the purse," and he thanked God for this visible sign of the growth of the seed he had planted. Two letters acknowledging subscriptions run thus—

MY DEAR ——

I was very much touched by your kind letter and generous gift to-night. Knowing as I do how much £1 means to you, and how it can only be spared at the expense of self-denial and personal privation, I at first felt inclined to ask you to withdraw it. To do so, however, would be ungracious, and would be to ignore the blessed effects of such efforts on one's own soul, for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. So I will gladly take it, dear boy, as the last of the many tokens of affection for the Institute and its members which you have shown. Had we more S—— in the Poly. the place would be homely and blessed indeed.

MY DEAR W——

I found your letter awaiting my return home last night after dining with the Harriers at their annual meeting, and I must not let another post go out without a few lines from me in acknowledgment of it. It is very kind both of you and George to send such substantial help to the fund, and I am sure it will be some satisfaction to you in days to come to know that you have had some hand in enabling the Pioneer Institute to attain permanence. We have much to do yet in such matters ere our English boys can have a fair level start against the foreigners. We want continuation schools (evening) for the 500,000 children annually leaving our board schools, and compulsory education up to fifteen at least; we want Polys. all over the land, with day high schools attached as links between the Board School and the 'Varsity; we want drawing taught everywhere, and much else. Meanwhile, thank God our slow-moving Briton has taken one step at any rate in the right direction. Alas! how much more important all this is than the Afghan frontier or the Soudan, and how much less our people are taught to think about it. May God stir up English hearts to care for English boys.

Met by such a spirit, it was not likely the effort would be in vain. The sum was collected, and when in 1891, after eight years' labour, the Commissioners handed over the fund to the trustees[1] for administration, an annual grant of £3,500 to the Regent Street Polytechnic was compulsory, being, moreover, ante-dated to take effect from Lady Day, 1890. There was some demur about the religious classes at the Polytechnic when the grant was first mooted, but its President refused to enter into any discussion on the subject, saying that he would far rather forego the money than neglect what he considered so infinitely the most important branch of Polytechnic activity, and on condition that no public money was used in connexion with such work, the grant was not disallowed on its account, though religious work is not permitted in most of the other London Polytechnics.

[1] The trustees were appointed thus: Five by the Crown, of whom Mr. Hogg was one; four by the Corporation of the City of London; four by the London County Council; two by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; and one each by the Senate of the University of London, the Council of University College, London, the Council of King's College, London, the Council of the City and Guilds of London Institute, the Governing Body of the Bishopsgate Foundation, and the Governing Body of the Cripplegate Foundation.

How strongly Mr. Hogg felt on this subject, how greatly he regretted the tendency to separate spiritual work from other charitable enterprises, I think the following letter suggests—

"There are several Polytechnics being formed, as you know," he wrote in the magazine, "and one thanks God for it, but I would say of all such work that to the extent God is honoured in them mainly will depend their success. If, while they care for the brain and muscle, they forget the soul, they need never hope to reproduce what we have here. Don't think I am speaking disparagingly of educational effort. I am glad to see technical schools, gymnasiums, cricket clubs, swimming baths, with or without religious work; but I say that if you cut out all recognition of the spiritual life of those who belong to such societies you will lose much of the blessing and mar much of the good which would otherwise result. The main object must ever be to turn a bad man into a good one, and I would ask those who speak so lightly of religious work how they, without Christ, intend to begin? Will you offer a bad man a technical class to turn him into a good one? Is it not a fact within your personal knowledge that some of the best mechanics in this city have failed to find in their trade proficiency an antidote to an evil heart? Let us keep our classes and athletic clubs and thank God for their wholesome influence, but in taking these things let us not forget that the influence which in the world's history has succeeded in turning men from darkness to light, is the personal knowledge of God and of His character as revealed to us through Christ Jesus.

"You may, I think, divide Christian workers into two sections, each of them more or less intolerant of the other; one will tell you that they teach the Gospel and nothing but the Gospel, and so earnest are they in their task that they cannot stay to listen to the needs of education, or recreation, or social wants; the soul, they say, must be saved at all hazards; they seem to forget that besides a soul God gave each of us a body and a mind. On the other hand and quite as prejudiced in their way, are the philanthropists who ignore the spiritual side of man altogether; they believe, they say, in education and healing and other matters requisite for the body or the mind, but the secret spring of all human action, the heart and its affection, they leave more or less untouched. If Christ were here on earth now, He would be in full sympathy with both and antagonistic to neither. We read He 'taught the people many things,' so He would not have neglected education; He had 'compassion on the leper,' so He would have approved of our hospitals; He would, in fact, show that nothing that concerned His human brethren was a matter of unconcern to Him; open spaces for the people, football pitches for the young men, proper housing, free education, spiritual truth, one and all would find in Him a strenuous advocate."

The Polytechnic finances now stood upon a very different footing, the annual deficit being well under £2,000, most of which could be raised without great difficulty in the Institute itself, by means of the school, holiday tours, etc. Twelve other similar institutions received annual grants varying from £3,000 down to £400, and the Polytechnic movement was fairly started. Since then, every year special grants have been made by the trustees of the secular fund to assist temporary pressing needs of one or other of the institutes, amounting altogether to over half a million. In spite of this, there was serious danger of the movement, in a broad sense, collapsing. Isolated institutes might be running on a firm financial basis, but the expense of the scheme far exceeded all calculations (a not unusual incident), and the trustees found themselves quite unable to cope with it. Fortunately, the County Council was able to come to their aid. In 1890, Mr. (now Lord) Goschen had put an extra 6*d.* a gallon on spirits, with the intention of compensating public-house owners for the withdrawal of licences with the money so raised. This scheme had for various reasons to be abandoned; the tax was not remitted, and the question arose, what was to be done with the money, since it was not to be used for the purpose for which it had been raised? Eventually it was decided, on the motion of Mr. Acland, that the proceeds of the tax should be handed over to the County Councils unconditionally, but with a recommendation that some of the money, at least, should be applied to technical education, which the Councils were enabled to assist in three ways: (1) by founding schools; (2) by assisting bodies that supplied technical education; (3) by establishing scholarships and exhibitions. By that time there were eight Polytechnics proper in London, though only three were in full swing: Regent Street, People's Palace, and the Borough; two were partially in operation, one was building, and two were still in the embryo stage of collecting funds. The Drapers' Company had assumed the entire financial responsibility of the People's Palace, which had cost them £60,000 capital, and a grant of £7,000 a year. As Polytechnics fulfilled all the requisite

stipulations, the County Councils were able to devote a considerable portion of their cash to consolidating an avowedly useful scheme which showed ominous signs of collapsing from lack of funds, rather than to founding new ones. It was on Quintin Hogg's motion that the London County Council decided to adhere to the recommendation of Parliament as regards this money, and £30,000 of the "whisky money" was set aside for purposes of technical education, for until then the money was devoted in part to the reduction of rates, etc. A considerable portion of this sum was immediately applied to the relief of the struggling Polytechnics, and rendered their continued existence and development possible. At the present time there exist in London a group of twelve Polytechnics on the model of the Regent Street one—

"which accommodate over 30,000 boys, and stand like forts in the sea of London temptations to youthful dissipation, ignorance and idleness. But for Mr. Quintin Hogg all these had never been, and it is sincerely to be hoped that London will not forget his memory. Many men have been buried in Westminster Abbey who have done less for the country than this great and good man, whose untimely death so many London boys must deplore."[1]

The benefits conferred by the social and educational advantages offered by Polytechnics are not their only claim to the nation's gratitude. The means provided for the physical welfare of the members deserve their full share of recognition, and at the Regent Street Institute their successful development is scarcely less remarkable or less worthy of attention than the aspects more generally referred to. The Cycling Club is considered the first in the country, and last year (1903), in addition to winning numerous championships and records, succeeded in beating all England in one contest, and France in another. The Harriers were the first to revive the London to Brighton walking contests, and since that date have held all amateur records up to 21 miles. The football and cricket clubs place from 10 to 12 teams in the field every Saturday, and have to distinguish the

[1] From Mr. Henry Cunynghame's letter to *The Times*, January 20, 1903.

elevens by letters, since their opponents were apt to resent being asked to play "the Polytechnic XIIth"! The gymnasium, in addition to training the Institute members, supplies instructors to numbers of gymnasiums all over London. Many other instances of the success of this side of Polytechnic work might be given did space permit. A list of the athletic clubs existing in the Regent Street Polytechnic will be found later (page 411).

A List of London Polytechnics, with the Numbers of their Members and Students.[1]

	Members.	Students.
Goldsmiths' Institute, New Cross, S.E.	1344	5000
Birkbeck Institute, Chancery Lane, E.C.	1300	3046
Borough Polytechnic, Borough Road, S.E.	1777	2092
East London Technical College, People's Palace, E.	None	3000
South Western Polytechnic, Chelsea, S.W.	No separate membership	1758
City of London College, Moorfields, E.C.	846	2135
Battersea Polytechnic, Battersea Road, S.W.	No separate membership	3377
Northampton Institute, Clerkenwell, E.C.	993	1748
Sir John Cass Institute, Jewry Street, E.C.	83	485
Northern Polytechnic, Holloway Road, N. (Social side in process of formation)	—	2780
Woolwich Polytechnic, Woolwich, S.E.	250	1200
The Polytechnic, Regent Street, W.	4200	14397
	10793	39818

It must be borne in mind that the majority of the members are also students, so that to arrive at a just estimate of the numbers benefiting by these institutions in London, not more than half the members should be added to the total of students. This gives a result of 45,214.

[1] In several cases the secretaries of these newer Polytechnics are former members of the original institution.

X

POLYTECHNIC HOLIDAY TOURS AND OTHER VENTURES

Men are born to be serviceable to one another.
—Marcus Aurelius.

X

POLYTECHNIC HOLIDAY TOURS AND OTHER VENTURES

AS the numbers of the Polytechnic advanced from hundreds to thousands it became impossible for its founder to provide anything approaching sufficient holiday accommodation for the members. When Mr. Hogg rebuilt Holly Hill, he arranged for their exclusive use a special wing capable of accommodating seventy, and during the summer and autumn months parties used to come every fortnight. But even that could not provide for the rapidly increasing number of members. As early as 1886 two trips to Switzerland were arranged at an inclusive charge of £10 10*s*. for a fortnight, and week-end trips to Boulogne for 22*s*. In 1889 arrangements were made for weekly parties to visit the Paris Exhibition for £2 10*s*., including travelling, board and lodging, of which about 3,500 availed themselves.

It was in this year also that the Continental holidays may be said to have commenced. They were tried as an experiment to supplement the school teaching in physical geography, history, etc. The first party in 1889 consisted of sixty boys, three masters, and a doctor. The route followed was Brussels (with special regard to Waterloo), the battle fields of the Franco-German war, Lucerne, Gothard Pass, Andermatt, over the Furka Pass to Zermatt. A week was spent in that neighbourhood studying glaciers, etc. Home *via* the Rhone Valley, Berne and Lausanne. The tour lasted twenty-seven days, and cost £5 19*s*. per head.[1] The enthusiasm with which these trips were taken up,

[1] Some of the papers having expressed their incredulity about these figures, declaring that it was an absolute impossibility that they should be correct, the balance-sheet was published.

and the satisfaction the arrangements gave the participants, encouraged Mr. Mitchell to arrange a more varied and extensive programme. In 1890 the Swiss trips occupied sixteen days at a cost of £6, as against £10 10*s*. three years previously. A week in Ireland at Dunloe Castle, which was kindly let to the Polytechnic by Dr. George Stoker, could be obtained for £3 3*s*., and a fortnight in Edinburgh, with special regard to the exhibition being held there, for only £3, whilst all the trips were personally conducted. Often special students' parties were arranged and accompanied by the masters. This year (1890) also a house was taken at Hastings for the members of the Girls' Institute, 15*s*. covering a week's expenses there, railway tickets being obtained for less than half price.

In 1892 the Polytechnic ventured on a really courageous experiment, and cruises to Norway were announced. Until this time Norway had been inaccessible to all but the more moneyed classes, since no tourist arrangements had ever been attempted by any of the existing agencies, and a visit to the Land of the Fiords involved a heavy outlay. A thirteen days' cruise was arranged at a cost of eight guineas. There were also trips lasting three weeks to Madeira for £12 (hitherto such an outing had only been within the reach of those able to pay about £30); others to Killarney (a fortnight) for £4 5*s*.; a week in the Ardennes for £2 17*s*. 6*d*.; besides the usual holiday seaside homes which were restricted to members only, who could take their wives and families and spend a week in clean and comfortable houses for 13*s*. per each adult and 6*s*. per child under fifteen. It must be remembered that the terms for the Continental tours were inclusive of *everything* except excursions involving additional expense which might be made from the various stopping places. Though in their inception these trips were really intended for the members, outsiders could join them on payment of a few extra shillings, and thus they rapidly grew into what must be regarded as a national benefit, bringing foreign travel within the reach of thousands who were formerly debarred from it by the cost.

The following year the World's Fair was held in Chicago. In order to make the necessary arrangements for the Polytechnic parties, early in 1892 Mr. Douglas Hogg and Mr. Mitchell crossed to America. They found the work of the Polytechnic creating considerable interest, and they, as its representatives, underwent the usual ordeals of irrepressible interviewers, sensational paragraphs and libellous portraits, which are the fate of the smallest celebrity once his foot is set on American soil. One paper published a picture of the Polytechnic's founder, entitled "Portrait of Mr. Douglas Hogg's Father." They were specially introduced to the President, who expressed his cordial approval of the proposed trips and wished them every success, and returned to England after an absence of some three months thoroughly well satisfied with what they had accomplished. About 1,900 people were taken over during the Exhibition in the following year, the Hamburg-American line conveying them across the Atlantic, whilst in Chicago they were accommodated by Mr. Moody, who built for their use two floors over his "Bible Institute." After a week there, they returned *via* Niagara and the Hudson, the entire trip occupying a month and costing twenty-five guineas. That the members of the excursions were satisfied I think the following letter to Mr. Hogg may be allowed to prove—

DEAR SIR,—

As members of the first Polytechnic party to Chicago, we beg to express to you our heartiest appreciation of your efforts to make our holiday a success. This could never have been attained had it not been for the unvarying courtesy and zeal of each and every member of the Polytechnic staff, whose one object was to minister to our enjoyment. We cannot forget that a large amount of labour must have been involved in making these perfect arrangements for our benefit, which labour, in face of the inadequate sum charged, must necessarily have been one of love. The party throughout has been a united one, and individually we have seldom, if ever, spent a more enjoyable holiday.

We beg you to accept the enclosed sum (£8) towards your Children's Holiday Fund, in the hope that those less fortunate than ourselves may know something of the pleasures of which we have had so full a share.

In spite of the great success of this venture, the other trips to Norway, Switzerland, etc., etc., not only did not suffer, but had to be extended to meet the demand. The next important development of the Polytechnic holiday arrangements, and perhaps the one that more than anything else established its reputation for co-operative educational travel, was the renting of the châlets at Lucerne. Mr. Mitchell, on a return journey from Rome in 1893, spent a Sunday at Lucerne. In the course of a walk he stopped at a restaurant for tea, and whilst resting there was struck by the thought of what an ideal place it would be to spend a summer holiday in. He asked the proprietor whether he would consider any terms, and was told that the real owner was in Paris, and desirous of getting rid of the place. He went back to Lucerne, telegraphed an offer, which was accepted also by wire, and on the journey home worked out the expenses, details of arrangements, and advertisements for a week in "Lovely Lucerne" (a phrase which originated in the Polytechnic advertisements, and is now universally used). The châlet was full from the very first, 1,800 visitors of both sexes being received there during the first autumn, and its popularity necessitated almost yearly additional accommodation. After two years the châlets were bought for £10,000 (in 1896), a dependance for 180 persons was added in 1897 at a cost of £3,500; the surrounding woods, a lake, and a farm were purchased for £11,500 in 1901, and this year a new châlet is in course of erection. During last season (1903) 7,000 persons were accommodated on this property, an increase of 1,200 on the previous year's total! Mrs. Mitchell spends the summer at the châlets, personally managing and supervising them, and much of the success of the venture is due to her popularity and wonderful management. The total number of persons taking part in the Continental tours in 1894 exceeded 3,000. Since then this department of Polytechnic work has grown steadily. Last year (1903) 7,000 went to the Swiss châlets, 3,000 to Scotland, 500 to the Rhine Valley, 500 to the Italian Lakes, whilst the yacht *Ceylon*, purchased in 1896, and capable of accommodating

200 passengers, was full every trip. Roughly speaking, more than 12,000 people last year took advantage of these arrangements, exclusive of those availing themselves of the seaside homes, which are restricted to members.

Apart from the extraordinary and entirely unforeseen development of the modest holiday arrangements of some fifteen to eighteen years ago, due in their inception to Quintin Hogg's solicitude for the boys under his care (a development which in itself is a remarkable testimony to the enterprise and genius of Mr. Mitchell, who is primarily responsible for their organization), these trips are noteworthy as a most useful agency in the education of the middle classes. Foreign travel cannot but enlighten the mind and broaden the intellect. To many of the participants these personally conducted tours must have proved an absolute mental revelation! Once, when Mr. Douglas Hogg, who had accompanied a party to Rome, suggested a visit to the Forum, one of the members replied, "Oh, thank you, Mr. Hogg, I think I don't want to see any more churches to-day!" Again, during a railway journey in Switzerland, in the course of which the church of Wasen was visible seven times from seven different points of vantage, one of the tourists, evidently anxious to show what an intelligent interest he was taking in his surroundings, remarked upon the "extraordinary similarity of church architecture!"

Considering the fees charged for these tours, it is little short of miraculous that they should even pay their way. Not only, however, have they never caused a loss, but, on the contrary, each year there is a most welcome balance, which is transferred to the general funds and devoted to the educational and social work of the Institute.

It is characteristic of the spirit animating the Institute, and which its founder was always striving to encourage, that no sooner were the trips for the members themselves organized, than a fund was started amongst them to send away those who could not afford a holiday. In 1890, 370 of the very poorest in the district (Marylebone) were sent to Brighton for a week.

The fund is known as the "Holiday by Proxy" fund, and every branch of the Institute takes an interest in it. In 1902, 600 were sent away at a total cost of about £500. This fund is collected entirely by the members of the Institute and of the trips and their friends. For example, in 1902 the girls of the Day School sent in about £15, whilst those taking part in the Norway cruises contributed nearly £155, those in Switzerland £98. In the winter a "Christmas Dinner" fund provides for over 3,000 poor. Both these charities are organized, managed, and worked by members of the two Institutes. Such efforts were after their President's heart, for he was never tired of urging that very little good could be accomplished without personal work.

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;" [1]

was one of his most frequent quotations, and he felt very strongly about the harm done by indiscriminate almsgiving. When he first started Christian work, he determined to investigate the stories of the first hundred men who begged from him in the street. About fifty per cent. gave him wrong addresses, most of the remainder were entirely fraudulent and undeserving, and only about two per cent. proved to be deserving cases in genuine need. "Many people," he said, "seem to think that some mysterious benefit is got by merely passing a shilling from the custody of one person into the custody of another. If, however, the person who parts with the shilling is a good citizen and a thrifty man, whilst the one who gets it is a drunkard or dissolute man, the result, far from being good, is altogether bad. Ten shillings given in the streets is ten shillings worse than wasted, whereas the same money spent in taking a mechanic's tools out of pawn or in assisting to give a fellow a suit of clothes to enable him to get work, might permanently take a man out of the ranks

[1] Lowell. Another similar quotation of which he was very fond and which is certainly very applicable to his own career, was

"I am blest
Only in what they share with me
In what I share with all the rest,"

but I am sorry to say I have failed to discover the origin of these lines.

of the needy and place him again in the comfort of home life. Almsgiving may be, and often is, an unmitigated curse. It sounds a very good thing to allow widows or poor struggling needlewomen so much a week to pay their rent, but it would be well to inquire who really got the benefit of this allowance, and whether the woman who gets her rent paid is not thus enabled to work cheaper than those who have no such fund to fall back upon, and thus the person really benefited is the owner of the slop shops, who gets his work done cheaper than would otherwise be possible. Real charity is for a man to give himself and all his time. Then his money and all else is sure to follow."

Another development which deserves brief mention is the "Sister Institute." In his early days Mr. Hogg's mission work lay almost as much amongst girls as amongst men, but as the Institute grew, he was obliged to concentrate his attention on that. Various clubs and homes, relics of his early work, survived for many years, but gradually disappeared. Mrs. Hogg had, however, continued her Sunday afternoon class for women, and such numerous petitions were received from the members of it, many of whom were related to the members of the "boys' Poly.," begging that something might be done for them, that in 1888, 15 Langham Place was secured and opened as an Institute for Girls, run on the same lines as the boys' Institute. The subscription was 5*s*. a year. During the daytime the premises are now utilized for a day school,[1] where the instruction is made as practical as possible, cookery, dressmaking, domestic economy, and domestic kindergarten finding a place in a prospectus which also includes chemistry, bookkeeping, mathematics and electricity. The need for such an Institute was clearly demonstrated by the fact that within the first six weeks one thousand members joined. Many of the Regent Street classes were thrown open to female students, in spite of a considerable and not unnatural reluctance on the part of the authorities to sanction an experiment fraught with possible disadvantages, but no difficulty has ever arisen in

[1] Now numbers 200.

connexion with these mixed classes, and their number increased rapidly. In spite of the Regent Street experience pointing to the fact that all the girls who came were bona fide, earnest students, these mixed classes were viewed with much disfavour and misgiving a few years later, when the subject was mooted in regard to the new Polytechnics that were springing up under the County Council's scheme. Many of the wiseacres quoted the case of a frivolous damsel at the People's Palace, who could not be induced to attend any improving classes or lectures. Suddenly she evinced amazing zeal for the study of Spanish. Being asked why she had chosen such a comparatively useless subject, she replied that "there was only one other student, and he was such a nice young man!" At the Girls' Polytechnic in Langham Place special domestic classes are held, and they also have separate instruction in elocution, owing to the extraordinary popularity of this subject in both Institutes.

They have their own gymnasium, athletic and social clubs, their own "holiday homes" during the autumn; and on Saturday afternoons during the summer country rambles are organized, which invariably prove most popular. Great trouble is taken to try and make the place as homelike as possible, for many of these girls have only their forlorn lodgings, often consisting of one small room in a dingy back street, to go to after business hours. Many of the older members now voluntarily spend their evenings in getting to know the new members, trying to make them feel happy and at home, and introducing them to the clubs or classes they wish to join.

For the past eleven years the members have, by their own desire, kept a child in one of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. A baby called "Polly" was adopted as being peculiarly suitable, and at Christmas time one or other of the married members would usually have the child up for a few days. She has now gone to Canada, and another baby is the recipient of their generosity.

Over 12,000 names have passed through the books since 1888, the majority of whom are shop girls and clerks, but no one within the age limit able to pay the subscription is refused.

Mrs. Hogg, Mrs. Hoare, Mrs. Studd and Mrs. Mitchell take a deep interest in the place and do all that lies in their power to further the welfare and happiness of the members.

In 1893 the Great Hall of the Regent Street Polytechnic had to be rebuilt, in order to fulfil the requirements the London County Council had decreed every public building must comply with, which chiefly dealt with precautions against or in case of fire. Quintin Hogg, remembering the wonderful consecration of the original hall, sent the following letter, in which an invitation card was enclosed, to every member—

"On Sunday, September 25, 1882, we moved from Long Acre into the Polytechnic, and some 1,500 members crowded into our first gathering in what was then our Great Hall, and the influence of that meeting has never quite died out. On Sunday next, 19th inst., at 3.30 precisely, we propose opening the new Great Hall we have been compelled to build at great cost, to satisfy the not wholly unreasonable requirements of the London County Council. I should much like to see its opening celebrated by a meeting similar in character to that to which I have referred. In no kindred institute the world over is there a heavier responsibility than that which rests on those who endeavour to make the Polytechnic all that it ought to be and may be. Nowhere else surely is there a greater need for the Divine blessing. I believe that you know that I hold a one hour's service for young men only every Sunday afternoon at 3.30, as I have done for the last thirty years, but I desire to make our service next Sunday a special one, to which we can all look back in years to come as having struck a higher note of brotherhood and unselfishness in our midst. If, therefore, you are not engaged in any definite Christian work on that day, and live within reach of the Polytechnic, will you come and take part in our dedication service, consecrating afresh not only the building in which we shall meet, but our own lives and hearts to nobler and worthier purposes. In any case, whether present or absent, give us a brother's prayer and a brother's remembrance on the 19th, and a brother's sympathy always and at all times."

This hall was provided with a sliding roof, for Mr. Hogg was very particular about ventilation and what he called "fresh air," which some were apt to dub "draughts." He would have the roof opened whenever possible, and often a sudden shower of rain would send up all the umbrellas amongst the audience

in mute protest, until the machinery was hurriedly started and the roof resumed its accustomed functions.

Here the Saturday evening concerts, which had existed on a small scale for many years, were held until 1894, when the Queen's Hall was hired for ten Saturday evenings between October and Christmas. The prices of admission to the members had always been 3*d.* and 6*d.*, and the accommodation being limited, it was extremely difficult to give good concerts without incurring financial loss. The Queen's Hall holds[1] 2,800 as against 1,200 in the Polytechnic Hall, and as the governing body did not feel justified in sanctioning the scheme, the President again accepted all financial responsibility. The members can now obtain unreserved seats for the series of concerts for 1*s.*, or reserved seats for 1*s.* 6*d.* Their friends can obtain through a member these course tickets at double price, whilst a certain number of seats are retained for the general public and sold at the door. Financially the concerts have proved self-supporting, whilst their usefulness as a medium for introducing good music to those usually deterred by the price of concert tickets, specially in these days, can scarcely be overestimated. Ella Russell, Belle Cole, Marian Mackenzie, Ada Crossley, Santley, and Ffrangcon Davies frequently sing at them, and to an audience to whom the Opera, Philharmonic concerts, etc., are inaccessible, these Saturday evenings must be a liberal education.

Concerts are frequently held by the various "sections" in the Great Hall, when smoking is usually permitted, for though as a general rule smoking is not allowed in the Polytechnic, exceptions are occasionally made to this regulation in favour of concerts or similar festive gatherings.

Quintin Hogg personally had an absolute hatred of smoking, both because he disliked the smell and because he considered it a bad habit likely to have injurious effects on the health. A friend who asked if he might go to the smoking-room at 5 Cavendish Square, was conducted by his host up and ever up

[1] Usually. The *Polytechnic* makes it contain 3,300.

till they emerged upon the roof; and it was not until his sons grew up that he would consent to smoking being allowed anywhere in the house. As he was travelling down to Holly Hill once, a young fellow jumped into the compartment just as the train was starting, and in a few moments took out a cigarette and proceeded to smoke. Mr. Hogg turned to him and said, "Excuse me, sir, but it is against the company's regulations for you to smoke in a non-smoking carriage." "I beg your pardon," replied the offender, and threw his cigarette away. Some time afterwards Mr. Hogg was making himself comfortable by putting his feet upon the opposite seat; the young man saw his chance, and said in the suavest of tones, "Excuse me, sir, but it is against the company's regulations for you to put your feet on the cushions." Mr. Hogg thoroughly enjoyed this neat retort, and I think the smoker might have risked trying another cigarette without fear of reproof if he had but known his fellow passenger. At Holly Hill he used to confiscate any pipes or smoking materials he found lying about, and preserve them in what he termed his "museum," whence the disconsolate owner knew it was useless to try and rescue his ravished property.

When the Borough Polytechnic was opened in 1892, Lord Rosebery, who was one of the speakers at that function, remarked—"I do not know much about instruction, but I can claim to be an authority on recreation," and went on to assert that any place desirous of keeping young men out of the public-houses almost hopelessly handicapped itself by prohibiting smoking. The *Pall Mall Gazette* thereupon published this paragraph—[1]

"It seems it is all owing to the County Council! Lord Rosebery grumbled a bit the other day at the South London Polytechnic because smoking, intoxicating liquors, dramatic entertainments, and dancing were prohibited. He thought the scope of amusements unduly limited, and could think of nothing more disastrous in the competition of the Polytechnics with public-houses than such prohibition. A representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* saw Mr. Evan Spicer yesterday, and asked him, as a leading Polytechnic man, his opinion on the matter. "Well, you see, we don't compete with public-houses on the same level. We take higher

[1] By kind permission of the proprietors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

ground. A Polytechnic is really an educational institution, with recreation thrown in as a sort of physical and moral lever. If smoking were allowed all the best seats and cosiest corners would be occupied every afternoon and evening by people who went there to smoke and nothing else." "Have you ever tried the experiment?" "It has been tried, and always with the same result. At Regent Street there is a smoking-room, but Mr. Hogg has taken care that it shall be the most uncomfortable room in the place."

In reply to these two statements, Quintin Hogg wrote the following letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*—

SIR,—

Although I feel as little inclined as any of your readers to complain of a little light fiction being introduced into the pages of the *Pall Mall*, may I suggest that the example of Sir Walter Scott should be sufficiently followed to ensure the period of the romance being laid at some time anterior to that in which it is written? No one who has been subjected to the captivating influences of the somewhat imaginative young ladies to whom you wisely entrust the duty of representing your journal will wonder at Mr. Alderman Spicer's sentiments having got somewhat mixed. I have been surrounded this evening by a number of inquiring members who wish to know where the "uncomfortable room" referred to by the worthy alderman is located, in order that they may at once renovate or suppress it. I do not suppose the fact of the existence or non-existence of a smoking-room at the Polytechnic is of very startling public interest, but as a matter of fact we never have had one in Regent Street, and have got on very well without it. In view, however, of the prominence to which a certain nobleman, recently certified by himself to be an excellent judge of self-indulgence, has given to the matter, perhaps I may be allowed to say a few words on the subject. Lord Rosebery stated that any institution desiring to compete with a public-house would be almost hopelessly handicapped without the attraction of tobacco. I do not know why in doing this he has ignored the very patent fact of the Polytechnic. Can Lord Rosebery point to any three institutes for young men in the world where smoking is allowed, the united membership of which comes up to this heavily handicapped anti-narcotic institution? Lord Rosebery asked who had shut up the smoking-room. Well, some fifteen years ago we did have, in a small institute out of which the Polytechnic grew, a smoking-room, with the following result: A certain number of very undesirable members, who took no interest either in the mental or physical development of the Institute, used to come in as soon as the day's work was over and sit in all the comfortable chairs of the smoking-room till it was time to close. This clique became

at last such an annoyance that when I was away in the West Indies the members called a general meeting, and closed the smoking-room as a public nuisance. In discussing this matter I think it should be remembered that the Polytechnic is not a working men's club, or even an adult mechanics' institution. It is composed entirely of the young; many are still in their teens, and have not done growing, and, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to smoking in the abstract, an undue and excessive indulgence in it by young boys would, I imagine, find favour with no one. Personally I should have no great objection to a smoking-room, if the room were large and well-ventilated and measures were taken to guard against the evils I have pointed out. At the Woolwich Polytechnic, with which I am also concerned, we have tried to overcome the difficulty by allowing smoking in our largest refreshment room between the hours of eight and ten p.m. It should, I think, be borne in mind that the Polytechnic is not designed to offer inducements to loafing and idleness. Most of the young men who attend at Regent Street are vigorous and active, and busily engaged through the evening in boxing, gymnastics, the various debating societies or clubs, or in some one of the many educational classes. It is not part of our business to offer inducements to young fellows to neglect these legitimate occupations or amusements for the sake of lazying in comfortable chairs with pipes in their mouths. If a member wishes to smoke he has abundant opportunity of doing so on his way to the Polytechnic, or after leaving the Polytechnic, going home. The only difficulty, so far as I know, which has arisen in the matter, is in the case of the concerts and social meetings of the various clubs, where in some cases smoking would be desired by many of the members, and would be legitimate enough. Smoking is allowed in the boat-house, the athletic club, and harriers' dressing-rooms, and other similar places connected with the Institute, but at the present moment every room in our Regent Street building is fully occupied by one or other of the 500 weekly classes, or for athletic or reading purposes, and we have no large room to spare for smoking. I sometimes lend a large room at the back of my own house for smoking-concerts, but I trust it is the reverse of uncomfortable, and the last thing in the world I should seek to do—your imaginative interviewer notwithstanding—would be to open a room for our smokers, and then deliberately to make it uncomfortable and incommodious. If ever we do have a smoking-room at the Poly., it is probable enough, I think, that we may restrict the hours during which its use shall be permitted, but we shall wish it to be like everything else at the Poly., as bright and cheery as thought and goodwill can make it. Finally, if Lord Rosebery is really solicitous about the unfortunates who are denied the use of their pipes, I will make him a fair offer. Our cry at the Polytechnic has always

been for more room. If the noble earl will provide us with a nice large refreshment-room, divided into two parts, I have little doubt that our governing body would allow one half of it—and the bigger half so far as I am concerned—to be free for the noxious weed; but a small smoking-room, kept for that purpose alone, I should look upon as a hindrance rather than a help to our institute.

I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

QUINTIN HOGG.

5, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.
October 4, 1892.

As regards drink, Mr. Hogg was not an advocate of total abstinence, except, of course, in cases where immoderate drinking was, or was likely to become, an irresistible temptation. He believed some form of alcoholic stimulant to be beneficial to many constitutions, having proved that he himself was quite unable to dispense with it for reasons of health. He was a total abstainer for some years in deference to the very strong views held by a section of the Polytechnic members, whose feelings he did not wish to wound by refusing their request that he would join them in taking the pledge. At the time he consented to do so his doctor warned him that it would probably prove injurious to his health, enfeebled as it already was by long illness and habitual overstrain, but, having pledged his word, he insisted on giving the experiment a fair trial, and it was not until he had done so, and undeniably proved how well founded had been the apprehensions of his medical adviser that he would consent to obey his repeated injunctions and resume the use of necessary stimulants.

Such developments as those recorded in this chapter, in particular the arrangements for foreign travel, naturally served to advertise the Polytechnic widely, though perhaps not amongst the class that the Institute itself most wished to reach. One of the problems that promoters of philanthropic effort invariably have to face is the difficulty of making their work known amongst those whom they desire to benefit.

Amongst the large number of young men with whom Quintin Hogg came into contact, he was surprised to find how few of those who came from the country had been advised to join or

had even been aware of the existence of any London clubs and institutes to which they could apply; the majority appeared to have discovered them quite accidentally. It is precisely these youths, drifting aimlessly about the great city, often homeless and friendless, who are most liable to succumb to the temptations that assail them on all sides, most dangerously prone to drift into pernicious company and undesirable surroundings. Mr. Hogg felt convinced that could they but find some place where they were welcomed and helped when they first arrived, where opportunities for healthy occupations presented themselves, their lives might be directed into healthy channels, and thus many of these country lads might be protected from the specious attractions of London dissipations, which so terribly often lead them eventually into lives of vice and shame.

In 1891 an attempt was made to cope with this need by the establishment of a "Reception Bureau" for the benefit of those young men and women (estimated at about 10,000) who annually migrate from the provinces to the capital. The principal difficulty was to establish adequate communication between this influx and the bureau. The heads of all religious denominations were approached and their cordial co-operation secured; a letter was sent to *every* clergyman and minister throughout England; framed notices were hung in the Y.M.C.A.'s waiting rooms at railway stations; a list of all institutions in London was compiled and given to every one who passed through the office; postmasters, school teachers, in fact, any one likely to come into touch with those leaving their homes to seek their fortunes in London was communicated with and asked to recommend the wanderers to go to the bureau, but at the same time, every notice issued pointed out the undesirability of adding to the overcrowded labour market of London, unless a situation had already been secured, a warning which always has been, and probably always will be, disregarded by youthful dreamers of dreams. A comprehensive list of respectable lodgings was also prepared, for Mr. Hogg was deeply interested in the housing of young men, and had he lived, there is little

doubt he would have established a residential home for young men where some of the evils of London life might be mitigated. As, after two years' experience, it was found as had been expected, that the bulk of those coming to London were seeking work, it was deemed a natural and useful development for the bureau to assist them in finding it. A Labour Bureau had already been established for the use of the members of the Institute,[1] but to extend its sphere to non-members was a momentous development, which has, however, proved so successful that the Polytechnic Labour Bureau is now recognized as the most important office of the kind in London. About 3,000 employers consult the office yearly, offering situations covering every grade of commercial experience, whilst important colonial appointments have also been secured. The applicants number 10,000 annually, of whom about 3,000 register their names, the percentage of those obtaining employment being one in every three. The office also issues handbooks[2] giving valuable information concerning the selection of a trade, the best means of training, etc.

In its inception the bureau was entirely free, Quintin Hogg, who regarded it as a most practical and valuable branch of Polytechnic work, supporting it out of his private purse until it was taken over by the Governors of the Institute, when, in order to avoid a large class of those undesirables ever ready to prey on philanthropic effort of any kind, a booking fee of 1*s.* was imposed. This proved too low to be effective, and since 1900 2*s.* 6*d.* has been charged.

During the severe winter of 1893 the Bureau, which had assisted Mr. Arnold White to organize the Clearing House for the Unemployed, was thus enabled to supervise the expenditure of several thousand pounds amongst the poor of London. It was also the first to recognize and insist on the importance of municipal bodies being legally enabled to establish Labour

[1] Mr. Hogg had founded it as a thankoffering after his recovery of health. See p. 341.

[2] See p. 389.

Bureaux chargeable on the rates, and after a conference held at the Polytechnic in 1901, an Act[1] was passed in Parliament empowering the Metropolitan Borough Councils to do so.

[1] The Labour Bureaux of London Act (2 Edward vii., c 13), July 22, 1902.

XI

GLIMPSES INTO A BUSY LIFE—I

The best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. WORDSWORTH.

XI

GLIMPSES INTO A BUSY LIFE—I

IT has been mentioned that Sir James Hogg's eldest son, who had been created Baron Magheramorne, was Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works. In 1888 this body was dissolved and reconstructed as the London County Council. The first poll for the new body was held in January, 1889. Quintin Hogg had taken the deepest interest in Mr. Ritchie's Bill,[1] which he thought was cast "in a really liberal spirit." He urged the members very strongly not to neglect their privilege of voting. "No Bill," he said, "though it come straight from the New Jerusalem, will be of any service whatever unless the citizens take the trouble to make use of the privileges bestowed upon them." He urged them not to lose sight of the fact that the work of the London County Council was not legislative but administrative, and therefore not to consider the politics of the candidates, but solely their qualifications for the post, such as experience in dealing with large sums of money, technical or local knowledge of the needs of the poor, or proved powers of administration. He himself was elected Alderman[2] in February of that year, and served on the Council until March, 1895, when feeling that he was not able to perform his duties in a satisfactory manner owing to the stress of other matters,

[1] Local Government Act 1888. (51 and 52 Vict. cap. 91.)

[2] "Mr. Quintin Hogg was elected an Alderman at an adjournment of the First Meeting of the Provisional Council, held on 5th February, 1889. He was placed third on the list of the 19 Aldermen elected, receiving 104 votes. At a later stage of the same meeting, in the ballot to decide the 10 Aldermen who should retire at the end of three years, Mr. Hogg's name did not appear. The period for which he was elected Alderman was accordingly six years, his term of office ending in 1895. (Council Minutes, 5th February, 1889.)

he retired. During that period he was a member of the Housing Committee from 1890 until 1892, when the Public Health and Housing Committee was formed, and he ceased to serve. The subject which chiefly engrossed his attention, and to which he devoted most of the time he was able to spare to his aldermanic duties, was, naturally, technical education. He sat on a special committee from 1892 to 1894. No record of speeches delivered at the meetings is kept, and the only occasion on which Mr. Hogg took a prominent part in the proceedings was, I fancy, in 1892, when he moved that £30,000 of the "whisky money" [1] should be set aside for purposes of technical education, a resolution which was seconded by Mr. Sidney Webb. This "whisky money" (the proceeds of Lord Goschen's Act of 1890) had been handed over to the County Councils by Parliament unconditionally, though with a recommendation that it should be used for educational purposes; it had, however, been applied in lowering the rates and for other similar purposes until this amendment of Mr. Hogg's was adopted. I have referred in a previous chapter to the methods of assistance open to the London County Council.[1] As the movement developed, more and more of the available money was set aside for educational purposes, until at the present time, out of the £200,000 available, £192,000 is expended in this manner, between £40,000 and £50,000 being spent in scholarships alone.

Another scheme in which Quintin Hogg was much interested during 1889 was the founding of a Polytechnic at Woolwich. He had long cherished a desire to start an Institute there. "There is no place in England," he said to Mr. T. A. Denny, "where you have a more certain *clientèle*." There were a number of former Polytechnic members employed at the Arsenal, who were always begging him to found one, and he would gladly have done so, were it not that neither health, pocket, nor time could have stood the strain! One room was indeed secured where little social gatherings were held, but this was of course hopelessly inadequate compared to the requirements of 13,000

[1] See page 226.

mechanics! Eventually his enthusiasm inspired others, and through the generosity of Messrs. T. A. and E. M. Denny, Lord Kinnaird and Mr. Corry, the lease of a house standing in its own garden was procured, a gymnasium built, and educational classes started. The secretary of it, Mr. Didden, was one of the original members of the modest little Institute started in Castle Street.

At the commencement of its career the "Woolwich infant," as it was called, followed in the footsteps of its parent institute and throve amazingly, so much so that in 1892 a nephew of Mr. Hogg's, Mr. Charles Campbell, took up his residence there in order to devote all his free time to the work. There were then nearly 1,000 members and students, and the consequent rapid increase of classes, etc., involved very heavy outlay on the part of the trustees, who personally provided all the requisite funds.[1] Grants were indeed obtained from the Charity Commissioners and the Science and Art Department, and it was arranged that grants would be made by the Technical Education Board of the London County Council as soon as the governing body was so constituted as to admit of the representation of the Board, but these grants were not sufficient to cover the deficit, which continued to grow heavier and heavier. On June 30, 1894, the Polytechnic was closed by order of the trustees, who did not feel themselves able to bear any longer the increasing financial burden. This decisive step aroused great consternation in Woolwich, and a public meeting was convened to consider what steps could be taken to resuscitate the educational and social work. Early in July the closure was officially reported to the Technical Education Board, when it was stated that besides an initial outlay of £11,000, a considerable liability had been incurred by the trustees on current account, and that an annual sum of £3,550 would be necessary if the Institution was to be carried on, though the fees and grants might be relied upon to cover £1,400 of this sum. At

[1] They were: Lord Kinnaird, Sir Spencer Maryon Wilson, Messrs. T. A. and E. M. Denny, Quintin Hogg, J. Corry, W. Anderson, C. A. Campbell, A. N. Denny.

the same time Mr. Hogg (with the consent of the other trustees) advanced the suggestion that the Woolwich Polytechnic should be taken over by the Technical Education Board under the following conditions:

1. That the entire interest of the existing trustees be made over to a governing body of, say, fifteen members, of whom twelve shall consist partly of the nominees of the Technical Education Board, and partly of the nominees of the City Parochial Foundation, the remaining three to be nominees of the existing trustees.

2. That the Institute be carried on under a scheme to be approved by the Charity Commissioners, and which shall be, *mutatis mutandis*, exactly similar to that under which the Polytechnic (Regent Street) is worked.

3. In consideration of the large expense which has been incurred by the trustees in building and maintenance, they desire to be given the free use of the hall and such adjoining rooms as may be necessary on Sundays for the purpose of holding such unsectarian religious services as come within the scope of the scheme, with liberty to put up notices in certain agreed places informing the members of the existence of such services. Furthermore, that the general lines of the Polytechnic (Regent Street) as to the admission of religious and social work, are to be followed as closely as possible.

4. As to finances, the trustees are prepared to pay up all outgoings to June 30 last, on condition that they receive from the Technical Education Board the sum of £706 5*s.* 1*d.*, which, as it appears from the Board's agenda, the Woolwich Polytechnic will be entitled to when a satisfactory governing body has been established.

5. The above arrangement will involve the necessity of the trustees finding a further sum of £6,000 with interest to defray the advance of their bankers. They ask, therefore, that the fittings and furniture of the Institute be taken over by the Board at a valuation to be made by some independent person to be mutually agreed upon, but at an amount not exceeding £300.

The Board, after having discussed these proposals, adopted the following resolutions:

(*a*) That, in consideration of the urgency of the case, the Board's standing orders be suspended, and that the deputation appointed by the public meeting [1] on Saturday last be received on July 16 at five o'clock.

(*b*) That the best thanks of the Board be given to the trustees for the offer contained in Mr. Quintin Hogg's letter of July 12.

[1] Already referred to as having been held at Woolwich.

That these proposals be accepted, provided a scheme satisfactory to the Board be approved by the Charity Commissioners not later than July 31, and that the Charity Commissioners be requested to prepare a scheme for the regulation of the Polytechnic, and the appointment of a governing body in accordance with the proposals contained in Mr. Hogg's letter, but with such modifications as may be agreed upon.

(*c*) That provided that the Woolwich Local Board do contribute £500, and that the present grant of £400 per annum from the Central Governing Body of the London Parochial Charities be increased to £1,500 per annum, or that an equivalent amount be obtained from the War Office or some other source within six months, the Board will be prepared to make a grant of £1,500 per annum for two years towards the maintenance of the Institute.

(*d*) That, on condition that at least £2,500 be provided by the Central Governing Body, the War Office, or some other source, within the next two years for building purposes, the Board be prepared to recommend a grant of £2,500 towards equipment, such grant to include the item of £750 already promised under certain conditions.

Both parties having agreed to the stipulations suggested, temporary arrangements were made for the continuation of the classes during the ensuing session until the various public bodies concerned should have had time to co-operate and to draw up a permanent scheme of management. The Central Governing Body and the War Office had agreed to provide the contributions asked for; it was not indeed unreasonable to expect the latter to do so, since the large majority of those who benefited by the Polytechnic were in its employ, and the technical education work there might very well relieve it of the necessity of providing corresponding classes within the precincts of the arsenal.

The first meeting of the new governing body, composed of fifteen members,[1] was held on January 30, 1895. Quintin Hogg was unanimously requested to assume the office of Chairman, a position he filled until his death. He often found it no easy task to induce the very divers elements of which the committee was composed to work together harmoniously; occasional

[1] Appointed thus—five by the Technical Education Board; four by the Central Governing Body; three by the Woolwich Local Board of Health; and three by the former trustees.

friction was almost inevitable in a body of men drawn from such widely divergent sources, and the attitude assumed by some of the members was disheartening and distressing, not only to him, but to those of his colleagues who were keenly desirous of developing the Polytechnic on the lines which had been found so successful in Regent Street. The Polytechnic could be, and was, considered merely as an educational instrument by the Technical Education Board, which was strictly confined to the powers conferred by the Technical Instruction Acts,[1] and under the experienced and able guidance of that body it maintained and enhanced its reputation in that direction. With the social and religious aspects of Polytechnic activity the Board could not concern itself. Mr. Campbell had been obliged through ill-health to relinquish his post, and after the constitutional changes just recorded these branches of the work displayed symptoms of rapidly sinking into insignificance. To one who considered them of equal importance with the educational side, this could not fail to be deeply disappointing. Social and religious work in any institution must ever be largely dependent upon some dominating personality, which by the unconscious exercise of its own supremacy permeates the entire community with its personal intensity of purpose, thus supplying the invigorating spark of vitality to what must otherwise inevitably degenerate into an enervated observance of certain formalities. At Woolwich such inspiration was now lacking, and therefore, in spite of the excellence of its educational provisions, the Institute fell far short of Quintin Hogg's ideal of what such a place should be, and its history in consequence must reluctantly be admitted to have proved one of the least satisfactory chapters in his life. The unique possibilities open to an Institute situated at the very gates of the arsenal, with its teeming army of thousands of picked young men, attracted him very strongly, and at one time he seriously contemplated taking up his residence there in order to try by personal super-

[1] There were two Acts passed respectively in 1889 and 1891. (52 and 53 Vict. cap. 76, and 54 Vict. cap. 4.)

vision to foster and reinvigorate the social and religious work, but he decided that the claims of his own Polytechnic must come first, and that it would be neither wise nor right to neglect them.

How heavy those claims were it is almost impossible for any one to realize. I scarcely dare hope to convey any true impression of the personal element in Quintin Hogg's work, because, although it was the most characteristic feature, and the one to which he attached most importance, it was always done in such a private and personal manner that it was a closed book to all save the countless numbers who benefited by it.

The national work he built up was of a kind that concealed rather than revealed the personality of its originator. He had an intense dislike to publicity or display of any kind, and was inclined to be almost hypersensitive in such matters. Such feelings as these, intensified by the desire to make his work as independent as possible of any temporary human agency, inclined him always to try and obliterate the individual element, and to insist upon the generic self-sufficiency of the enterprise as much as possible. He so far succeeded in that the movement, like an ever-increasing ocean wave, gathered during his lifetime sufficient momentum to prevent the removal of any one factor perceptibly retarding its progress. But this very evolution of his work from a personal religious effort into a philanthropic achievement affecting the trend of national education and thus of national life, was entirely unforeseen, and even undesired. The founder of the Polytechnic only possessed to a very limited degree that power of influencing the thoughts and directing the actions of masses of people which is usually the attribute of the pioneer in national movements; it was in individual intercourse that his personality made itself so strongly felt, and it was his personal friendship with such vast numbers of the young men whose lives were brought into temporary contact with his own that gave him his influence over them, primarily as individuals, and then as a class. The very modesty of his work in its inception was largely the secret of its rapid development. He sought not so much to alleviate the sufferings of "the poor"

as those of the individuals with whom he came into touch; his quickness of sympathy soon led him to a rightful divination of their personal needs, which he strove to supply. But the needs of those he gathered round him, rightly-interpreted, were of necessity representative of the needs of their class, and the largeness of his generosity impelled him to strive to satisfy the demands of an *increasing number of individuals* as his opportunities allowed, until he awoke to find that his example had aroused a national recognition of those needs, and a national desire to provide for them more adequately. But long before this widespread interest had been kindled, as soon, in fact, as the universality of the demand for the physical and educational advantages he was offering to the Institute members was borne in upon him, he began to endeavour to place that side at least of his work on a more permanent basis than was possible so long as it depended on him alone even for financial support. He strove to eliminate the personal element and to substitute a business-like foundation which should enable the work to continue whatever happened to him. This he effected so successfully that the material prosperity of the Polytechnic has in no degree been damaged by the loss of its founder. It is in the inner, hidden life of the Institute that one must look for more potent evidences of the personality of Quintin Hogg, "the boy's friend," who created the work that must now be accounted so far greater than he; in the numberless hearts that ached with a sense of irremediable loss when they heard that he was gone, in the countless homes and lives where his departure has left a gap none can ever fill. This gradual emergence of the Polytechnic into an independent, self-supporting activity (towards which he was ever urging it) has made it almost impossible to prevent the life of Quintin Hogg presenting itself rather as the History of the Polytechnic; yet even in considering that somewhat impersonal aspect of his work which I fear I have not succeeded in avoiding, it is important to remember the complexities of the man who was the *deus ex machina*; the richness of poetic imagination and virile

strength of intellect; the sensitive, highly strung personality, vibrating with sympathy and tenderness and the unflinching sternness with which he would mete out justice or punish wrong-doing; the boisterous vitality, delighting in activity of mind and body, revelling in sport and adventure, fretting against the limitations of ill-health and mental exhaustion, and the strength of reticence, of silent endurance; the delightful whimsical humour and intense enjoyment of the ludicrous element in all things, and the yearning over the pain and sorrow and sin in the world; they made of his life endless inner lives, each contributing towards the success of the whole, and evidences of each can be traced in the manysidedness of his enterprise, and in the unfailing sympathy with and ready championship of every tentative commencement of fresh activity within the Polytechnic, whether spiritual, mental, or physical.

Some one once likened him to a mountain which one must view from a distance and from all sides in order to realize the grand beauty of its entirety. It would be useless to examine a handful of it, misleading to judge it by one rock or green slope, beautiful as they might be. One must remember the firm base, and the towering summit oft veiled by mist and clouds; the hidden treasures that remain even though the external portions may change and modify their outlines with time; the sheltering rocks, the well-worn paths, and the fastnesses that are inaccessible to men, or revealed only to a favoured few.

Quintin Hogg was peculiarly fitted to undertake a great pioneer work. His enormous capacity for work, phenomenal memory for faces and names, and magnetic influence were invaluable weapons to him. He used to describe his power over others as a "sort of instinct or capacity." He certainly had that foundation to build on, but instinct alone would not have sufficed. It was his ungrudging giving of *himself*, his example of unfailing kindness and goodness, and his constant desire and effort to obliterate all distinctions of social standing, breeding, or habit that gave him his hold over a class admittedly difficult to influence. His was one of those rare natures to

whom all in trouble or distress naturally turned; he seemed to radiate sympathy and understanding, and his insight into human nature, his tact and wonderful breadth of mind enabled him to see the difficulty or worry from the standpoint of the person he was speaking to, and to say or do the thing that would prove of greatest assistance to that individual nature.

His great desire was to make the Institute a "home" to the boys, and since a home requires a pivot, or at least some central interest to bind the members of it together, he wished to be always there. He was constantly begging the members to "turn up in their working dress," whilst he himself would never go into the Polytechnic in dress clothes, for fear the difference in apparel might tend to make a gulf between him and them, except he were going to attend some function, when his consideration for their feelings made him equally punctilious about being in evening dress. For the same reason he could never bring himself to address the members by any formal title. In 1886 he published the following explanation—

"For nearly a quarter of a century I have almost always addressed my boys in the manner in which I began my letter on this occasion —(My dear Boy). Writing, however, to so many, some of whom have attained manhood, while others are, I am sorry to say, almost total strangers to me—not from any desire on either of our parts that this should be the case, but from the impossibility of our getting to know each other in a place where there are so many members. Writing, I say, under circumstances such as these, the term 'boys' is liable to be misunderstood, and might possibly, in some cases, give offence. I hope none of those who received my letter will take it in this spirit. 'Dear friend' has a twang of cant about it, while I hate getting into 'Dear Sir' with those towards whom I do not feel like a stranger.

"There is an old saying that 'he is the best man who has most of the boy in him,' and that all our members may keep a boy's heart, a boy's purity, and a boy's brightness, through their manhood, shall not be the least amongst my good wishes for them. So 'boys' let us remain, in whatever it is good to be a boy, and our experience shall then never be that so plaintively expressed by Hood, who thought it—

'— but little joy,
To know he was farther off from heaven,
Than he was when a boy.'

"Once more then, 'A Happy New Year,' and years upon years, till that one shall come which shall usher us into the presence of Him Whom, though we have not seen, we love, there to find the reason why of all God's dealings with us, in our own characters made like unto His. Meanwhile—

'Fill up the year with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go,
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.'"

The "boy's heart and boy's brightness" he himself retained till his last day. Neither ill-health nor worry nor disappointment had any power to crush the exuberance of his vitality where his work was concerned. No matter how black the clouds that overhung his spirits, he would always rouse himself when he went amongst his "boys." One would have thought the Polytechnic was his sole care, to see him there, walking amongst the crowds of members, apparently knowing each one by name, remembering each one's difficulty, or interest, or ambition.

"It is better to trouble yourself needlessly with half a dozen impostors than to turn away and crush one really worthy fellow," he wrote to a fellow-worker.

It is not an easy theory to carry into practice, for it is bound to lead through such mazes of disillusionment, of wasted effort, and of misplaced confidence, that even the stoutest hearts are apt to be discouraged, and losing faith in human nature, to reject such a line of conduct as impracticable. But though such experiences must have been very common in a life so full of charitable effort, they seemed to pass by leaving the sweetness of his nature and the largeness of his charity untouched by any tinge of bitterness or cynicism. He would never judge the most suspicious of "cases" without investigating it thoroughly, and I never heard of his refusing at least to listen to any supplicant for his aid.

This was indeed the case to a very remarkable degree, for he remained to the end of his career if anything, too unsuspicious. "Such as every one is inwardly, so he judges outwardly," [1] and incapable of any sort of trickery or deceit himself,

[1] Thomas à Kempis.

he was slow to suspect it in others, and though he made a point of carefully investigating every case to which he contemplated giving any material assistance, and his experience and natural acuteness prevented his falling a victim to mere fabricated stories of fictitious distress, if the fraud was in the *man* rather than in the case, he was very apt to pass it by undetected, and having given his confidence he would champion the cause of his protégé loyally, and was most difficult to convince that his trust was misplaced. His optimism led him to believe the best possible of everybody and everything, whilst his enthusiasm was prone to carry him into too implicit confidence in any cause that had aroused his interest or sympathy.

Of course his simple expectation of the eventual emergence of the good in every nature often influenced the boys around him more powerfully than anything else could have done. It appealed to their honour, and spurred them into efforts to merit his good opinion of them. He himself once told his Sunday class a story illustrative of this. He had promised to give one of his old "Poly. boys" who was passing through London, a bed in his house. When he went into his library during the evening intending to have a talk with the boy, he was surprised to find him preparing to go out, nor did he return till nearly eleven o'clock. Then he confessed that he had felt so sure Mr. Hogg would ask him whether he had been doing anything to brighten other lives, that very shame at feeling he could give no satisfactory answer to the query had prompted him to go and sit with a sick lad whom he knew in London and cheer him in his loneliness, before facing his kindly monitor.

A man of medium height, sturdily built, with well shaped, small feet and hands; broad shoulders supporting a massive head with a kindly, open face; closely trimmed beard and moustache somewhat softening the vigorous outline of chin and jaw and hiding the firm, straight line of his lips, which gave an impression of strength and determination amounting almost to sternness, had it not been for the kindliness of his blue eyes, set deeply in his head under a broad brow, whose quick, roving

glances were full of humour and geniality. His hair, which had been very abundant when he was a boy, was woefully thinned by ill-health whilst he was still a comparatively young man, and had turned almost white before his death. It was an interesting, expressive face, strongly indicative of the personality of its owner, but in repose it bore also the traces of constant labour, of great responsibilities and their incumbent worries borne patiently through the heat and stress of a long day. Such was the figure that might constantly be found among the members of the Polytechnic, mixing with the crowds that assembled in the hall, lingered on the gymnasium gallery, or streamed to and from class rooms and entertainments; he moved among them, cheerily greeting the familiar faces, yet ever quick to note some "new member" standing a little apart from the bustle and life, feeling perhaps rather strange and lonely in a place where everybody apparently had some friend, and he alone knew no one. Think what it meant to such a one to receive an unlooked-for welcome of friendly words. Listen to what one of them says it meant for him—

"I attended the engineering classes at the Poly. for some years, and during that time received many, many kindnesses at his hands. I shall never forget his warm greeting on the first night I went to the Poly. It was raining, and I felt strange and miserable and not sure if I should stay, when he put his hand on my wet shoulder, and looking into my face said some kind words of welcome; and ended by saying, 'God bless you, my lad.' I felt no doubt then as to whether I should stay or not. I can never say half that he did for me, but he helped me to lead a truer and better life."

Nothing escaped those deep-set, penetrating eyes. Did one boy pass by quietly laughing, "Q. H." must be admitted into the joke. Another perhaps with ill-health or suffering marked on his face, "Q. H." must know the cause, what was being done, and what the doctor advised. Another with a frown of anxiety or worry on his brow, "Q. H." must try to charm it away with sympathy or his own sheer irresistible buoyancy of spirit. Here is one little incident illustrating his vigilance and great-hearted kindness to them in the member's own words—

"I am manager at a large place of business, and have over a hundred people under me. I was sitting on the balcony at the Poly. writing a very unpleasant business letter once, and my face must have been longer than I was aware of. Q. H. passed, noticed my grave face, and at once stopped to speak to me. Clapping me on the back he inquired what was wrong, giving me an opening to relate my worry if I wished. With exquisite tact he saw at once that I would not tell him, and naturally and easily he commenced to tell me funny stories one after the other until my grave face relaxed, business cares flew away, and I thawed to a smile. After a final broadside of irresistible humour that melted me into a hearty laugh, he suddenly said, 'That's better, a laugh is better than a long face,' and passed on. He gave me ten minutes of his valuable time just to cheer me up, and a memory that I shall never forget. It was an object-lesson of tact and sympathy combined that was invaluable to a young man. I write to you to voice the sorrow of one who only knew Q. H. for five years, but felt at the news of his sudden death, that I had lost a friend who had made my life richer by knowing him."

No wonder they came to him about everything, for he made each individual lad feel that he was a personal friend, an object of solicitude, a being whose welfare was of supreme importance to "Q. H." In London the greater part of his evenings were given up to personal talks with them. Any boy who needed advice, or help, or comfort, had only to write and say so, and a time was immediately appointed when he might come and unburden himself of his trouble. These talks used to be known as his "Nicodemi interviews," because the petitioners came by night! From eight o'clock onwards, often till after midnight, he would have a constant succession of them, not one or two evenings a week, but every evening, unless he were occupied in some other work for the "boys'" benefit, and he reckoned that every month over 100 people had private conversations with him in the little room between his house and the Polytechnic. He would never consent to take a chair, or preside at a meeting or dinner if he could avoid it, as he considered these individual talks so infinitely more useful. Any night he was not detained too late in his room, closing time would see him at the top of the steps in the entrance hall saying good-night to each member as he passed, with a slap

on the back and a kindly word of inquiry about some matter to one, a joking reference to some past fun to another, never allowing his greeting to degenerate into a formality, but introducing the personal element into the briefest remark.

Those evenings were the true source of his power, and in them lies hidden the real life of Quintin Hogg; but he seldom spoke of these matters, and could rarely be induced to disclose aught of the human tragedies and comedies that were unfolded to him in those brief talks; still less the part he himself had played in them. His time was so fully occupied that his intercourse with his family was limited to the meals he attended, and his appearance even at these was so uncertain that no one thought of exhibiting surprise or curiosity if he was absent, though it was but seldom that the cause of his defection was known to them, why he had been called away, or where he had gone. An almost impenetrable reserve shrouded those portions of his life with which one was not individually concerned, specially as regards their more intimate detail; and outside it one stood as might a stranger beneath a great city wall, hearing the tumult, and dimly aware of the stress of life so near him, yet unable to discern the cause thereof, untouched by the thronging human action within.

The influencing of the souls of those with whom he came into contact was his chief desire, but no one ever knew him try to "cram religion down their throats." Quintin Hogg's great ideal was to develop *men*, not only their souls,[1] but every faculty and possibility with which God had endowed them. A stunted mind, a puny, neglected body, is not likely to harbour a beautiful soul. "Q. H." began by encouraging the development of the body and mind by giving them opportunities of expansion, of growing healthy and virile and strong, before he attempted to cultivate the even more sensitive growth of soul. All that it was in his power to do to influence the spiritual side of their natures he did, by example and influence, but he never tried to force their confidence on the subject, or

[1] See letter on p. 357.

frightened any one away by premature probing; but if he felt a stone wall raised round the inmost nature of a boy, he was content at first to do what he could to make a healthy, athletic man, a useful, honourable citizen, and having by such means won their confidence he was eventually able to attain the higher results.

"He first interested himself in an individual and gradually drew him out, then with his natural keen perception soon got to know him thoroughly, his strong and weak points. Ever cheery and remembering their names, boys soon got to know and be fond of one who was always inquiring about their welfare and encouraging their attempts to lead better lives and join in manly sport; so that eventually they naturally confided in him and consulted him on any important matters, and listened attentively to the advice given. It was never in vain that a boy asked for an audience with Mr. Hogg; sometimes when in a hurry, the watch might come out, but it was generally accompanied by the kind and oft-mentioned words, 'What is it, my boy?' then, if there was not sufficient time to go into the subject, an appointment would be made," wrote one who had many opportunities for observing him in his work. They came to him whatever the trouble; it was not only the seekers after spiritual consolation who found their way to that open room. Once a man came because he had fallen desperately in love with one of our most charming actresses, and wished to be helped to approach his divinity. that baffled even Mr. Hogg, who hurriedly handed over the love-sick swain to his wife! Another time a small, decidedly dusky-looking boy arrived from Demerara, and presented himself confidingly before "Q. H." in order to be adopted! he was an orphan, he explained, and of course he knew that Mr. Hogg would help him if he knew of his trouble, and so he had come! His trust was not misplaced, and the boy was cared for in Mr. Hogg's house until work had been found for him.

After his death others wrote of what he had done for them. "I used to be a porter at the Poly.," said one. "'Q. H.' took

me aside one day and asked if I wanted to get on. I told him I did, and he paid my fees for the electrical classes. I stuck to it, and now I'm in charge of one of the largest electrical generating stations in London."

Another wrote—

"I know a Poly. boy who is never satisfied with ordinary praise of 'Q. H.' Nothing short of adoration is good enough for him. Why? Well, you see, back in the early eighties, when the lad was twelve years old, his people fell upon evil times and were reduced from comparative prosperity to almost destitution. His father, as a last resource, ran a fruit stall in the streets, and the boy left school and turned out as an errand boy to earn 5*s*. 6*d*. a week for thirteen hours a day, while his odd time (dinner hours and Saturday nights) were filled in with attendance at the stall selling oranges at three and four a penny, and afterwards helping to shove the barrow homewards. It was a horrible time, and the memory of it is a nightmare still. The boy got a better place in the West End which enabled him to attend the Poly., and limited his fruit-selling to Saturday nights. At the Poly. he learned shorthand at a penny a lesson, and several other subjects. Year by year he came into closer contact with his beloved 'Q. H.,' and to-day he has a business of his own with nearly a dozen assistants. Such progress as he has made is due directly and indirectly to 'Q. H.'"

Another old member, a metal worker, relates how that when he was out of work, "right down hard up," and his wife lying ill at home, he was hawking a piece of his handiwork all over London, vainly trying to get work by its merits or to sell it for a few shillings. Utterly disheartened by his failure, he was wandering sadly about the streets, when he met Mr. Hogg. "Hullo! my boy! why aren't you at work?" "I haven't got any, sir, and I've been trying to sell this piece of my work." "How much?" "50*s*., sir." "Come with me, my boy." By the time Chandos House was reached, Mr. Hogg had learnt the whole story of the man's necessity and of his fruitless endeavours to obtain a job. He bought the work for £5, arranged for the

poor sick wife to go to Holly Hill for some weeks, until the husband had succeeded in getting a situation. He became foreman, and has for many years been working with another Polytechnic member, a very skilful metal worker.

A boy whose duty it was to be at the gymnasium very early in the morning, to assist in the clearing up and cleaning, tells how "Q. H." one day asked him who called him in the mornings, and on hearing that the lad's mother performed the service herself, bought him an alarum clock, in order to save the old woman the daily strain of such early rising.

Sometimes a boy with literary ambition wanted his first production criticized[1]; sometimes an anxious mother, or sister, or wife came to ask him to exert his influence over an erring dear one. Sunday evenings he was never in to dinner, but always went home with one or other of his boys, thus getting an insight into their home life and surroundings which was no doubt of great help to him in his work.

Until he hurt his knee, he was very fond of gaining his exercise by bicycling early in the morning. He would go and ring up some member, usually at hours which did not altogether commend themselves to less energetic beings, carry them off for a spin, and be back demanding breakfast before the rest of the household was fairly awake. Often these expeditions were made on some errand of kindness. The mother of one of his boys who had fallen upon evil days was started afresh in a small home near London, her benefactor appearing on his bicycle early in the morning and assisting to carry in and arrange the furniture he had bought for her. Another time he heard that the drunken father of a poor lad had pawned his tools; off he went to redeem them in time for the boy to go to his work.

In early days, when the members were less multitudinous, whatever holiday arrangements he made they shared with him. After Holly Hill was burnt down for the second time, and he had no longer a country home to offer them, when also

[1] See letters on p. 277, 279. [2] p. 339.

their increasing numbers necessitated the arranging of homes and tours and sea trips, he shared with them, spending his autumn in going from home to home, or occasionally accompanying a "Swiss" or "Rome" party.

After the Day School was started a considerable portion of his time was given up to the boys attending it. Every morning he would hurry off to stand in the entrance hall to greet them as they arrived, and he seldom went anywhere, to sports or Polytechnic entertainments of any kind, or even to Brighton (his favourite resort when he was not very well, or suffering from insomnia) without being accompanied by two or three of them.

In later years he made a practice of sending a birthday card to every boy who had passed through the school. The boys' birthdays were all entered in a book, and each day his secretary prepared the cards and leaflets and brought them to him. The labour entailed by this one little detail of his work alone was by no means insignificant, for although the secretary looked out the names and addresses of the boys to whom the cards had to be sent each day and prepared the missives, Mr. Hogg signed each one of them personally, and usually added a few words—"I hope my bad boy is quite well"; "Where has Tom been these last two years? Let me have a line," or some such little sentence that transformed the printed card into a personal remembrance. Over 3,000 cards were sent out yearly, which meant that he had eight of these birthday letters to attend to daily! Boys who had recently joined the school, and whom perhaps he scarcely knew, he sent a correspondence card to, on which his secretary wrote the message previously concocted for such cases, which however, Mr. Hogg always signed, generally with the characteristic "Q. H."

"Only a short time ago," wrote some one just after his death, "a young man was telling me about some friends of his from the Polytechnic who had been killed in South Africa. I asked him if he knew Mr. Hogg; his face quite lit up as he replied, 'Indeed I do; I was educated at the Polytechnic school, and

when I first went there, Mr. Hogg asked all the new boys to tea with him, as was his custom. He made a great impression on us, he spoke so kindly, and gave us such good advice, and at the same time he was so manly, talked to us about cricket and football, and that always appeals to boys. He is a wonderful man; there are few, very few like him. Why, look at all the good he has done, all his influence and power, and yet you wouldn't believe it, with us boys he was so humble; with all his wealth and his great name, he made himself just one of us."

On Saturdays he would frequently appear at lunch at 5 Cavendish Square with several deeply embarrassed boys in tow, whom he was taking down to Merton Hall to play football or cricket, according to the season of the year. He contrived to fit more people into a brougham than one would have thought it possible for the vehicle to hold; his family used jokingly to threaten him with the S.P.C.A., and he would describe with much amusement the surprised expressions of the passers-by when he turned the boys out, as he usually did, to walk up Putney Hill, and the amazed interest displayed by the inhabitants of that peaceful suburb when the modest-looking vehicle proceeded to disgorge a whole team of boys, to say nothing of the bats, bags, and various impedimenta presumably put in to fill up the crevices! He played regularly himself until he hurt his knee, and would indignantly deny the impeachment of football, at least, as being a dangerous pastime, nor would any amount of damaged limbs ever have induced him to own that the accusation was justified.

His day was so full that it was the most difficult thing in the world to get an audience with him concerning his own business. Once his representative had gone to the Continent for a holiday, and it became necessary for him to be recalled to London immediately on Demerara business. As soon as he arrived in obedience to the cable, he went to the office. "I cannot possibly see you to-day," said "Q. H." "When are you returning to Brussels?" "As soon as possible,"

replied the man. "Very well, the only time I can possibly give you is midnight to-night at my house!" The appointment was duly kept, and the conference lasted well on to three a.m.

He suffered terribly from insomnia, and much of his work was done in the silent hours of the early morning. He would write and read until two or three a.m., but the moment he felt drowsy would leave his desk and lie down to snatch what sleep he could obtain. Yet he was often out walking or bicyling whilst the streets were still deserted, save for the heavily laden wagons slowly rumbling towards Covent Garden, or the carts of rattling milk cans. It is marvellous how his brain stood the strain of work and worry with so little chance of rest and recuperation.

"I had hoped to come down last Wednesday," he once wrote to the secretary of Woolwich Polytechnic, "but had such frightfully bad nights on Monday and Tuesday that I hardly felt fit to move, and I was obliged to telegraph. The crisis, however, brought its own cure, for I had a splendid night on Wednesday, getting six hours' sleep right on end, a thing I had not achieved I may say for months! I tried to repeat the operation last night, but made a dismal failure of it, not closing my eyes all night."

I do not suppose he often slept more than four or five hours, and frequently far less, yet he never shirked his business through the day, or lessened his hours of self-imposed labour during the evenings.

"No human being can measure either the amount of self-sacrifice concentrated in such a life as that of which we have been speaking, or the extent of its contribution, direct and indirect, alike to the higher and the more material welfare of the nation. To contemplate it is impossible without the conviction that in the multiplication of such lives, combining a fervent piety with a wide human outlook, would be found the solution of almost all the problems which most grievously oppress us. Quintin Hogg was not a man of genius . . . but he had an intense and consecrated purpose and a genuine and sympathetic comprehension of the many-sided nature of man. It is the business of our Churches and our now reconstituted national

system of education to provide the England of the twentieth century with larger numbers of citizens of such spirit and with such ideals. By their success or failure in doing so they will be judged by future generations." [1]

LETTERS.

Written to the Secretary of the Woolwich Polytechnic, September, 1890.

It seems to me that twenty-five is quite the extreme age at which you ought to accept follows for the Institute in the first instance. I should prefer twenty-three. We should not aim at enormous numbers. Get together a nucleus, leavened with a spiritual feeling first, and then you can add on. It is infinitely more difficult to influence fellows of twenty-three to twenty-five, and of course, *a fortiori*, of thirty than it is in the case of those who are not yet out of their teens. Sixteen to twenty-two is, in my opinion, quite old enough, and you will require a good man at that to act as boss. Twenty-five I think an altogether extreme age, but I do not see why you should not have an arrangement of hon. membership, by which you could let in outsiders over twenty-five to your athletic club. That is my feeling, but I should like to hear any local pros and cons which there may be on the subject.

GEORGETOWN, *January*, 1891.

I was very glad to hear from you how the Woolwich infant was getting on. I have, I think, often told you that were I not so deeply engaged at Regent Street, there is nothing I should like better than settling at Woolwich, and working that Institute as I used to work at Long Acre. They are the very class of fellows that I think I should get on with, and I have never felt so drawn to any place as I have to Woolwich. I am sure that if it does not succeed it will be want of management and not want of membership! They are a bright, cheery set of fellows, with lots of go in them, and if only rightly directed they will boom the place into a very decided success. The great point is not to check them (things always progress on the lines where they meet least resistance, and a wise manager of an Institute looks for such indications of pressure, and is careful, instead of meeting them with resistance, to find a channel where the effort can most usefully find scope). As regards myself, I am, thank God, much better than I have been for a long while. I have not had a relapse for three and a half months, and my clothes which in a fit of desperation I had at last taken in, are getting too tight for me. When I left England I was only 129 lbs., more than a stone less than when I left Eton at eighteen, when I scaled about 150 lbs. I am seven or eight lbs. better than that now, so you see I have a small balance to the good as the result of my twenty-seven years'

[1] From the *Spectator* of January 24, 1903, by kind permission of the proprietors.

life since I left Eton. . . . Give my love to all the Woolwich boys I know, tell them one of my first visits on my return shall be to the Institute, and that I am running into muscle to such an extent that I shall be able to bowl most of them over at 'half-back' when they have induced Sir S— W— to give them the ground we have so often talked about.

December, 1891.

I received a deputation of fellows from Woolwich, and I now send you some notes of what passed. . . . They asked that either the *Sportsman* or *Sporting Life* might be taken in. This, of course, is perfectly reasonable and right, and one or other ought certainly to be on the table. *Reading-room.*—Some of the artizans work in shifts, and those who are on the night shift would find it a great convenience if the reading-room were open between two and five p.m. My feeling is that this ought certainly to be done, even if it involves paying a little extra to the man at the barrier. It is a reasonable and right concession to the wants of the members. I think the Institute itself ought to open at 5 or 5.30 at latest, and the reading- and games rooms should be open at two. *Council.*—The members asked exactly the duties of a council, which I defined; they asked if I could meet the first council some day, and I suggested the 26th. If this is decided on you must get me a statement made out showing the number of members who have joined, the numbers on the books attending the classes, the fees received, and any other little matter that would interest them. The more the members of the council are taken into the confidence of the trustees within reason, the better it will be for the place. *Smoking.*—The members put before me the suggestion of a smoking-room, pleading that the fellows at Woolwich were a superior lot and would not abuse it in the way of staying in the room all the evening and doing nothing but smoke. I explained to them my view of the matter, and pointed out that we in no way forced our members to be non-smokers any more than we forced them to be total abstainers. They could get a drink close by, so it was not necessary for us to sell it to them on the premises. As to smoking, excessive smoking was undoubtedly injurious; the members got lots of opportunities to smoke to and from their work, and to and from the Institute, and if they wanted a little extra whiff there was no objection to their going out into the garden and smoking there; my objection being to providing them with a place where they could be comfortably lazy, and where they would be tempted to spend hours which might be much better employed than in smoking and in gossip which probably amongst such fellows would be not only idle but worse. I told them I should have no objection at all to there being erected a little summer house in the garden where there could be a few rustic seats and a table or two, where those who wished to smoke could

do so. The members seemed to think that this would quite meet the exigencies of the case, and they seemed to appreciate very fully the points I put before them. I promised to write to you and ask you to look out for the most suitable place for the summer house. Some place which would give shelter if it were raining, and be sufficiently large to prevent the rain splashing in and wetting any one within would meet the requirements of the case. If the conservatory were not so completely attached to the reading-room that would be the very place, but its close proximity to the reading-room puts it out of court. There can be no possible objection to the fellows going out into the garden or sitting in a shelter to have their pipe, and the deputation seemed to think that the plan I suggested would satisfy all the reasonable wishes of the members. Let me know where you think this might be arranged.

July, 1892.

I only returned from Switzerland to-day, and found your letter awaiting me. . . . I think there should be discrimination between an occasional dance on the lawn, or in a well-lighted building with lots of people about, as a kind of *fete*, and dances given continually in holes and corners, and liable to lead to wrong. For instance, to give you an example, we have always allowed dancing at our Poly. athletic sports on Bank Holiday, and on that evening you will always find scores of couples dancing at Merton Hall to the music of the Poly. Band; and why not? It is a perfectly harmless and proper amusement for those who like it, and I think you should discriminate between such dances as these at Merton Hall and Woolwich, and those which went on for a short time at the People's Palace, where a certain number of Whitechapel girls were allowed to ask a certain number of their male friends to dances in a kind of hole-and-corner arrangement. There is a wide difference; the one is innocent, the other is harmful; the one is subject to the strong light of publicity, the other is subject to a clique which may or may not be good. Do not make the Christian life sadder than the Great Founder ordained. There is little enough enjoyment and happiness in the lives of working people already, and Christian work should be to put fresh amusement into their lives and not to take away such pleasures as they have. Stop dancing by all means when it becomes the main employment of life, or when bad characters are allowed to come in and turn such amusement into doors of prostitution; but where a certain number of respectable young fellows ask their friends in, I should say "dance, and God be with you," and I am not sure they are not as well employed having an occasional dance as they are in any other occasional amusement. There should be, and there is, the same difference between such a dance as that and an ordinary dancing saloon, as there is between the Poly. concerts and those of an inferior music hall. Mind you, I think it very probable others will not agree with me; I can only

say that it would not be in accordance with my religious feelings to stop such dancing recreations as I have seen at Merton Hall, and as I believe would take place in the Woolwich private garden, any more than I should feel inclined to stop a Tea Meeting, a Social Gathering, or a Concert.

July, 1894.

This morning I received your letter from Interlaken, and as I understand that you are being telegraphed for to come home I am sending this to Woolwich. I hear some foolish rumour has arisen amongst some busybodies that you have absconded, and that the Institute has been closed in consequence. As no contradiction would be so potent as your own reappearance on the scene, it was thought better to cable to you to return. I am told I am hopelessly optimistic, but for all that I do not see any reason in the present case to be too pessimistic. No sooner had I heard of the resolution to close up the place than I put myself in communication with the Technical Education Board of the London County Council, who have practically authorized me to enter into negotiations for the acquisition of the place in order that it may be carried on upon the same lines as the Regent Street Poly. The terms offered are generous, and so far as I know need interfere very little with the old life of the place. It was certainly better that the Institute should be placed in vigorous hands and worked in a more business-like manner.

WESTGATE, *September*, 1902.

As to the bad boys who are with me, we have, I think, more than you know, for in addition to the original six we have managed to pick up two others, who were unearthed by my bairns on the seaside, and brought up proudly as Woolwich specimens discovered on the beach. I hope they are having a decently good time. However, they will speak for themselves when they get back. One of my Regent Street bairns sleeps in the same room with five of the Woolwich ones, and they have the most frightful arguments as to which is the better school. Your boys, finding argument by itself somewhat insufficient, draw largely on their imaginations, and have already added a Hebrew professorship; a normal school for the study of Arabic; a Chinese Lecturer's chair, and other little trifles of that kind on to the school curriculum, whilst as to the degrees which Mr. Bowers possesses, no ordinary compositor would be able to find sufficient capitals to indicate them.

Written to his eldest son from Demerara.

I am not at all surprised at that reformatory boy that you got hold of, or rather, who got hold of you, proving a little troublesome. I have had a pretty wide experience of these boys, and I was not in

the least attracted by him, as I told you at the time, However, it is better to trouble oneself needlessly with half-a-dozen impostors than to turn away and crush one really worthy fellow. But a great many of the reformatory boys turn out very well, and I do not think that there is the slightest doubt that reformatory and industrial schools are a success as they are conducted now; those worked under private management have done a great deal to diminish the number of juvenile criminals in our midst. On the other hand, when the reformatory boys do turn out bad, especially those from a Roman Catholic Reformatory, they are the worst characters you can have to deal with! Accustomed to meet and understand the ways of people better educated than themselves, they possess a power of brazen impudence and of lying which might make Beelzebub himself sit up; and if, as is stated, that gentleman is the father of liars, he must be proud of some of those boys. Their fertility in falsehood, their absolute recklessness in statement, and the suave innocence of looks when they set themselves to the work of deception are models of artistic perfection in their way.

LONDON, *Monday, October*, 1893.

Last Wednesday I had to go to bed with my temperature at 102°, my head really beyond work; there I stayed from Wednesday evening till practically the following Sunday morning, finding considerable difficulty in getting the temperature down. Finally, off my own bat I took a dose of mercury, and that succeeded in enabling the sudorifics to act. Then came an ulcerated sore throat, which I was up and down all Saturday night doctoring, so that I could fulfil my engagement at Woolwich on Sunday afternoon. I managed to get fairly well, but still had three large ulcers on the right side and a little one on the left when I turned out of bed for the train on Sunday. Providence has treated me more kindly than I deserved, and I think my throat is better for the change of air! Evidently my throat declines to be treated as one of the οἱ πολλοί, and like the McNab clan, demands a regimen of its own!

To one of the members.

July, 1893.

I am thinking of going to Mauritius, but as the time draws near and it becomes necessary, if one is going, to think of taking one's ticket, getting out one's tin canisters, and washing up one's white clothes, my heart commences to fail me, especially in face of the heavy building job we have at the Poly.,[1] and the numberless queries as to when I am coming down to see this or the other home from our Poly. boys. . . . Tell your wife, who, I believe, is a member of

[1] Rebuilding of the Hall.

our Sisters' Institute, that the little Day School girls beat the Institute at lawn tennis to their intense dismay and chagrin, but to the huge delight of the small girls, who promptly sent for a photographer and photographed the winning teams. They are talking of entering for the All England Championship, playing the boys, and polishing off the Institute dedicated to the meaner sex. . . . Are you suggesting a practical joke in asking me why I don't *run* down for a day or two? The fact is, I *am* running down all round a great deal too fast! . . . All our trips are going off well, and I hope we shall clear a substantial sum out of our Chicago trips towards the Building Account. We are not much behind now in point of numbers, while Norway and Jersey are full to overflowing; indeed we have taken Jersey on through September, and might have booked forty instead of twenty a week could we have the accommodation. I had a long letter from Mr. Studd recently, who evidently has his hands quite full between railway companies and railway travellers. Bob[1] rushed in at eleven last Friday night from Harwich, and started off next morning with a fresh lot of 180 people for a three weeks' trip to the North Cape.

Written to a boy on his birthday.

31-7-93.

May God grant my boy a happy and useful new year. I have been very pleased to see Will always standing high in his conduct marks, for to be a true gentleman is to be a true Christian. Pray to-day, dear boy, for strength to make this the best year you have yet spent, and one in which each day shall see at least one kindly act done to lighten the burden and cheer the hearts of others.

Your affec.,

Q. H.

The following letter was written to a boy of seventeen, who had sent Mr. Hogg a poem with the request that he would criticize it. The central idea of the poem was God's knowledge of the differences of character in the various races of mankind, and how He therefore inspired for each a prophet to give them the religion most suited to their needs.

December 16, 1902.

I duly received your letter of yesterday with the enclosed verses. Most certainly you did not err on the side of insignificance when you chose your subject. You ask me to criticize the verses, and I presume you refer rather to the wording than to the ideas. I do not think many boys of your age at the Poly. could write as well, certainly very few would write better.

In reading over the verses what strikes one first is that the rhythm is often faulty, and sometimes the scansion is wrong.

[1] Mr. Mitchell.

Take for instance the last line of the third verse. This is too long. Compare it with the last line of the second verse, which is a pentameter, whereas it is difficult to make the last line of the third verse anything but a hexameter. Then again, I think for the sake of rhyme you have been carried into a false expression in the fifth verse. The word "mirth" is hardly applicable to the accepted idea of heaven. There is a wide difference between joy and mirth. The one would have been perfectly accurate, whereas the other strikes me as a somewhat inaccurate word whereby to describe the heavenly place.

I think if you put the poem by for some little time and then read it aloud to yourself, and mark the lines which seem to be a little halting and wanting in rhythm, you would be able to polish them up and greatly improve their melody. You must remember that melody, though something of a trick of diction, is still a very valuable quality in poetry. It can never make up for lack of poetic thought, but it certainly is of wonderful assistance in giving voice to that thought. One of your best verses in this respect is the ninth. The expression in that verse, "As arrows swift in chase," is very much what you should aim to arrive at in some of the other stanzas. Walter Scott and Macaulay both knew the value of this, and if you will turn to the "Lays of Ancient Rome," and read in the battle of Lake Regillus how Black Auster bowed his head over his dead master, while the grey of the Prince of Tusculan galloped back to his home, you would get a good illustration of how to use language so as to make the words and rhythm fit in with your subject. I do not know a better exemplification in English poetry of the beat of a horse's hoofs than the description that Macaulay gives of the gallops of the horse over the battlefield and through the passes of the hills that led to his home. To some small extent you have just hit the same thing in "As arrows swift in chase." The words flow evenly, and indicate and suggest speed. If you want to satisfy yourself on that point compare the particular expression to which I am referring with, say, "Fast as a dart in chase." The words jar, just as the other words go smoothly. Remember I am only fixing on this particular line as an illustration of many more. You should try to polish the words so that there may be no halting in their flow.

Remember, too, there is a wide difference between poetry and rhyme. For an exemplification of one of the most poetic things I know in our language, read Shelley's "Skylark," where every line almost suggests a fresh idea. The ode is a gem; one of the most beautiful things in its way ever written.

Well, sonny, I have sent you a long stave, haven't I? I think you have got some little gift in that direction, but, like everything else in this world, it needs cultivation and work to bring it to perfection.

Another letter to an aspiring young poet runs—

"*Poeta nascitur non fit*," was the dictum of wise old Horace, who thought himself worthy to write on the "art of poetry," which dictum being interpreted means that poetry must be bred in the bone to develop in ink. Poetry and rhyme are two very different things, and if I may say so without offence, your production comes under the second heading. The thoughts must be poetical as well as the words, and you only fulfil the latter requisition. An essay would, I think, be more in your line. Now don't pitch this poor letter into the fire, and abuse the editor, but rather sue old Dame Nature for having been in a prosaic humour when she introduced you into what is after all, a very, very prosaic world!

To a mother who had written thanking "Q. H." for his kindness to her son in the day school.

13—12—1901.

DEAR MADAM,—I am in receipt of your letter of yesterday. I really have not done much for little Tom, and am pleased to have the bairn with me when he cares to look in. He and S—— are just the boys I like seeing about the Poly.; though Tom is a little young, yet he is well grown, and youth is a fault which, alas, only too soon cures itself! I hope we shall have him with us for many years, and see him helping others and brightening the lives of those around him. Will you kindly tell him that if he likes to come to the Poly. any time before four to-morrow (Saturday), he will find me in my room, and I will either put him in to see the cinematograph again, or arrange to amuse him somehow till the Queen's Hall concert, at which I shall not be present, as I am booked for my Cycling Club that evening!

The following letters were written to Mr. Montgomery, one of Mr. Hogg's wards, concerning a boy he wanted him to look after.

March, '99.

MY DEAR WILL,—I arrived home safely. We had a very fine passage as far as Madeira, but the day after we left that island we got into the gale that damaged the *Bulgaria* and all those Atlantic liners. We ourselves got a little bit hit, having two of our lifeboats stove in and the bulwarks carried away: nothing to signify however. Personally, I never feel anxious in a storm if only the steering gear and machinery hold out. What does scare me is a fog in the Channel or off the coast of Newfoundland, when the ship is trying to make up time. I have had some very close shaves in fogs. Well, here I am settled down at the North British[1] just as if I had never been away, with all my Eastern experience behind me as a dream, though withal a pleasant one, as I am now able to

[1] North British Mercantile Insurance Co.

talk of Mauritius estates in a very different way from that which I did before.

There is a little matter in which you might help me if you are disposed to do so. I have at the Poly. a young fellow named T—— D——, the son of an officer in the army. The mother and sisters receive pensions, and the boy up to the age of eighteen also had a pension as an officer's orphan. The mother, I am sorry to say, drinks, and thereby what might be a very fairly happy home is rendered just the reverse. One of the sisters was engaged to a fairly wealthy man, who however died before the marriage came off, thereby ruining T——'s prospects, as the prospective brother-in-law intended to put the boy into the army. He has been through our Technical School, and is a fair electrician and electrical engineer, capable, if young, as an improver in either capacity. At the present moment he has charge of one section of the day wires in the Telephone Co. He longs however for Colonial life, and any thing that will take him into soldiering of any kind would be agreeable to him. Do you think you could get him into the Natal police? He is quite steady, about your own height, twenty years old, and I can give him a personal character for the past five years. He is fond of football, and intelligent without being brilliant. He would make a good public servant, and has both the education and manners to rise into an officer should he get the chance. He appears to me very much the class of man that the C.O. aims at enlisting in his ranks. What say you? Write me as soon as you can about him.

July, 1899.

My dear Will,—Many thanks for having taken such care of T——. You will find him a really good fellow, as straight as a die, and desirous to get on. I had found the foolish boy had done one thing which will make you respect him, though it partook more of love than wisdom. A friend of his had got together a little subscription for him to the extent of a couple of pounds, so that he might not land in Natal quite empty-handed. T—— gave 35*s*. of it to his mother, and prepared to start off with only 5*s*. in his pocket. Of course I gave him something, but he kept quite close and never let me know what he had done till I found it out the other day quite by accident.

I do hope no trouble will come in the Transvaal. Personally I feel neither country desires war. A Transvaal war would be most unpopular in England, especially in the City. Lord Wolseley told me the other day that if there were a war Redvers Buller would take the command, and that the whole thing would be over by November. I believe we shall obtain all we really need by maintaining a firm point. If not, there can be only one end to it, for this time we cannot make the mistake of underestimating

our antagonists. Not less than 30,000 men will undertake the job. I think Kruger must know something of this, although he is being misled by his Cape sympathisers and by a few Radical journals in England.

XI

GLIMPSES INTO A BUSY LIFE—II

No life
Can be pure in its purpose, strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

KINGSLEY.

XI

GLIMPSES INTO A BUSY LIFE—II

QUINTIN HOGG was what the world terms a successful man, in that in his own particular sphere of action and by his own exertions he achieved more, far more, than he had ever dared hope to see accomplished. But the fulfilment of all aspirations entails self-sacrifice. No man has ever achieved real success without paying some price, often one he has regarded lightly during the years of youthful battling towards his goal, and that reveals itself in its true proportions only when the zest of battle is over, when the excitement of the fight has vanished, and the daily routine of struggle alone remains. Then, looking back down the uphill track his feet have worn, he sees all the possessions he threw aside for fear they should hinder his progress, many of them abandoned with scarce a regret, offered on the altar of his ideal with almost an apology for the insignificance of the sacrifice, and whose real value he perceives only now that they are lying unattainable, and that perchance he vainly longs to replace in his treasury. It matters not if the ambitions be of an altruistic nature; the striver after such is not exempted from the universal toll, on the contrary, he is often required to pay even a heavier price than his more worldly rival; only if his desires be indeed worthy, then is their fulfilment sufficient reward, and even whilst acknowledging the magnitude of the sacrifices demanded of him he cannot regret them, for the knowledge that he has but relinquished minor prizes for a greater and more enduring crown upholds and consoles him.

The principal element of Quintin Hogg's success was identical with the essence of his sacrifice. He was constantly labouring

to demolish the class barriers which nature has decreed to be inevitable. He could not minister satisfactorily to those he desired to help across the wall of class distinctions: it is beyond the power of man in reality to raze it, and there are but few who have succeeded even in effecting a breach in it. Quintin Hogg made his breach, and through it passed into comprehension of and true friendship with those on the other side, but—the wall remained, and in demanding the freedom of the kingdom to which he does not naturally belong, the invader must largely relinquish his birthright in that to which he does. "With a great price obtained I this freedom." The price in such a case as this is almost complete detachment from one's own people, one's own friends, one's own class, often from one's own instincts and habits. The payment is made gradually, probably almost unconsciously at first, but nevertheless it is inevitable for the accomplishment of any enduring work. Quintin Hogg paid it to the uttermost farthing without a murmur, but he was fully aware, in later years at any rate, that he had done so. "It isn't so much that I run the Poly., as that the Poly. runs me," he once laughingly parried the remonstrances of a friend who was complaining that no one ever saw him. That was indeed the truth. As his work grew it demanded that he should pay the price of its continuous success, and what his work required of him, he gave unstintingly. His lines might have lain in very pleasant places. Brought up in the midst of the most interesting and exclusive society of his time, endowed with striking intellectual abilities and unusual personal charm, and whilst still a young man possessed of considerable wealth, there were but few worldly ambitions which Quintin Hogg might not have pursued with every prospect of success. But he chose to devote himself to unobtrusive labour for others. He had, of course, no idea of anything so far-reaching, so immense as the Polytechnic when he first took up philanthropic work. He merely gave freely, his time, his money, and, most important of all—himself—all the wealth of his wonderful nature, and having dedicated himself to such service he could not brook the intrusion of any outside

interests which might hinder or retard it. The pleasures of social intercourse, the cherishing of friendships, the intimacy of home life, his adherence to these would have entailed a less whole-hearted singleness of purpose, a certain reservation in his dedication of himself to the service he conceived it his privilege to perform, that might have hindered the progress of his work or stultified the growth of his influence. Therefore he renounced them all. He made the sacrifice uncomplainingly and ungrudgingly, but as the years went by with a full realization that it was a heavy one, and that the burden of it did not fall on him alone, for such a complete severance of his interests from the interests of those around him was bound to affect all his friends and relations strongly, and many of them, unable to realize the compelling force of the motives by which he was actuated might easily, and *did*, misunderstand his neglect of natural ties. He never forgot his friends, never lost his affection for or interest in them, but "his time was not his own," and he would seldom consent to snatch even one evening from his work. If they were in trouble or distress of any kind then at once they had a claim on him—the claim that all sadness or pain in his eyes exerted as a right on more fortunate beings; the claim of the weak on the strong, of the unhappy on those at peace; the claim that his Master never neglected, and that it was therefore his glad privilege to endeavour to satisfy to the best of his ability. The month before he died he took a party of boys down to Hastings, and there in the hotel he found an old friend, whom he had not seen for thirty years, dying of cancer.[1] His loneliness and suffering at once called forth all the tenderness in Quintin Hogg's nature; the boys had to look after themselves for once, for here was one in more urgent need of human sympathy and friendship.

But in the ordinary course of events, it was the most difficult thing to get him to give up even a few hours to his family or friends, or to allow himself the relaxation of any kind of social intercourse. This was due solely to his complete absorption in his work, and not to any dislike to being

[1] See letter on p. 360.

with other people; he had on the contrary, a very considerable appreciation of the pleasure to be derived from the society, not only of his friends, but of any interesting men and women. He was one of those to whom the majority of people gave naturally of their best and truest selves; the barriers of conventions and time broke down before the magnetism of his personality, enabling him to make friends very quickly with any one whose nature was at all in sympathy with his own. He was, at the same time, very sensitive to his surroundings, and if he were not interested or found himself in an uncongenial social atmosphere, would retreat into his shell and sit silently brooding in an obvious misery of bored endurance from which it was by no means easy to arouse him. But once he could be induced to talk, he was, like his father, most excellent company. His extraordinarily accurate and varied information on almost any subject that was mooted, the zest with which he would take up an argument, his tenacity in holding and lucidity in stating his views, and his keen sense of humour, were very striking, and made him the most delightful of companions. He was a matchless *raconteur*, the obvious enjoyment with which he would tell story after story, altering his voice and manner to imitate the characters in each one, and the whimsical touches with which he would transform some perfectly commonplace incident into a very funny story were inimitable, bubbling over with amusement all the time himself, and giving vent to peals of the most infectious laughter. He was wont to give his imagination a very free rein on such occasions, it must be owned, so that his friends used to declare that "what really happened and what he said happened together made a very good story!" His anecdotes were absolutely endless, though many of them owed their humour entirely to his recital of them. One, I remember, was of a ship that was caught in a storm and so disabled that the captain felt it his duty to inform the passengers of their peril. Amongst them was a bishop, who found it hard to accept the captain's communication. "Surely you can do something to save us," he cried out. "I have done all that lies in my power, we must now trust in Providence, my

lord," was the grave answer. "Good gracious!" exclaimed the bishop, "has it really come to that?" Another was of an Irishman who complained that he had served on three juries, each time with eleven of the most obstinate men he ever came across, as none of them would agree with him. He was equally ready to join in a laugh against himself. Once he was saying that he had sent in some anonymous verses to the *Polytechnic Magazine* but that the editor had rejected them, when his wife with a voice full of scorn for the editor and sympathy for the poet exclaimed, "Oh dear, what a shame! and they print such a lot of rubbish too!" to her husband's intense delight.

One day in his club he overheard two men discussing the will of a gentleman who proved to have been worth far less than the world in general had expected; he had in fact left "only £300,000!" "Poor fellow," said one of them quite seriously, "but you must remember the fall in Spanish bonds. If he'd only had the luck to die twelve months sooner he'd have been worth nearly half a million." He used also to tell a story of Bishop Magee being asked to meet a well-known millionaire at dinner. The rich man was boasting that he gave away £5,000 a year in charities as a salve for his conscience; the bishop quietly remarked that it was one of the biggest fire insurances he had ever heard of. On one occasion, when travelling in the tropics on the top of a train, he noticed amongst the other passengers a lawyer with whom he had formerly had dealings, but who had almost ruined himself by too great indulgence in the pleasures of the bottle. This man on observing Mr. Hogg, stood up, imperilling his life by his lurches and general inability to keep steady on his legs, and proceeded to deliver a speech aimed at, or rather against him, to the rest of the passengers. As the train approached a bridge, the object of his eloquence suggested that someone should tell the man to sit down, as he would otherwise be killed, but since no one seemed inclined to interfere, he at last rather unwillingly addressed the orator himself, warning him of his danger. "Who are you to give me advice?" was the dignified reply. "I do not want your advice.

I am a lawyer. I was brought up at the bar." "Yes," retorted his victim, "you've been at the bar a great deal too much, that's a fact," with which Parthian dart he fled into the interior of the carriage.

He had a great liking for hot things, such as cayenne pepper, pepper pods and curries that no one else could eat. His food was usually tinged quite pink with the spoonfuls of cayenne pepper he showered on it, and once in a restaurant as he was about to put a piece of meat into his mouth, a man opposite him cried out, "Stop, sir, stop!" Mr. Hogg dropped his morsel in alarm, and the stranger apologized for having startled him so. "But, sir," he said, "I knew you could not be aware what you were about to put into your mouth," pointing to the meat, which was absolutely smothered in mustard. He could scarcely be brought to credit that his neighbour had done it on purpose and preferred his food so, but watched the progress of his meal with unflagging interest, as though convinced he had lighted upon a fire-eater out of employment, and did not wish to lose any of the show!

His home life naturally suffered even more than merely social ties from the unremitting attention his work demanded. In London he usually took prayers in the Polytechnic Day School at nine o'clock, then he went straight to the City, to return to the Polytechnic as early as possible, where he remained until dinner-time. He dined at 7.15, and made a point of being back in the Institute by 8. After it had closed at 10 he frequently had interviews in his room till past midnight, to say nothing of the mass of correspondence, preparation for his various classes, and similar matters that awaited his personal attention. In such a day—and his life was composed of such days—there was little time for personal relaxation or the enjoyment of family intercourse. It was one of the deepest satisfactions of his life that both his eldest son and daughter, and the gentleman who afterwards became his son-in-law, Mr. V. R. Hoare, sympathized with his position and appreciated the necessity of the line of conduct which he had felt compelled to adopt in regard to such

matters (and for which he was often criticized and somewhat harshly judged) so entirely as to follow in his footsteps and dedicate their lives to the service of the Polytechnic in the same unselfish, ungrudging manner as he had done himself. Their co-operation in the work to which he had devoted his life was not only a real inward satisfaction to him, but was also of the greatest assistance to him in a more material way, since their participation in the administrative and social duties connected with the Institute that until then had devolved almost entirely upon his shoulders, set him more free to cope with the private and personal side of the work for which he was peculiarly fitted. As the radius of his influence widened, so the claims on him increased unceasingly and encroached more and more on the small amount of leisure or repose he had ever allowed himself. After Holly Hill was sold and the holiday homes started in different parts of the country, he never took any holiday at all, but spent the autumn months going from home to home, staying a few days here, a few days there, as he thought his presence was required. Nearly all these homes were within easy reach of London, which enabled him to be a regular attendant at his various Board meetings during the autumn months, so that he did not even obtain the relief afforded by a brief cessation of City work, and for the last seven or eight years of his life the only holidays he got were his infrequent trips abroad, all of which, with the solitary exception of his visit to the Holy Land in 1900, were undertaken for business purposes. The Polytechnic had indeed become his sole purpose in life, his very reason for existence; his business never suffered, but outside that, his philanthropic work claimed his faculties and absorbed his thoughts until there was no room for any private considerations apart from it, any personal desires or ambitions that were not concerned with the perfecting and supporting of it. He grudged a day that took him away from his "boys," a holiday apart from them would scarcely have been a holiday to him, and he would only have been impatient for its end unless they were sharing in or in some way benefiting by it. The Polytechnic was his work and

his recreation, a burden that was his delight, an ideal that ousted all other ambitions, pursuits, personal tastes or hobbies. The only personal hobby he indulged in was an intense appreciation of literature. When he was going on a sea voyage he would take large wooden boxes of books, and sit reading by the hour, often devouring several volumes a day, and throwing them overboard as he finished with them. Nor was his choice of literature confined to the subjects that most really interested him; he roamed promiscuously over the fields of science, history, theology, and fiction. One could hardly imagine him reading a novel unless it were of the very highest order of imaginative work, yet occasionally he would refer, to everybody's amazement, to books of the most pronounced sensational order as having tickled his sense of humour, or in some way arrested his attention, and would suddenly launch forth into vivid descriptions of scenes of horror or into blood-curdling ghost stories, culled from some strange work of fiction he had picked up at a railway station or found lying about in some house where he had been!

His opinions indeed in all artistic matters were a curious conglomeration of contradictions, almost suggestive of some subtle analogy between them and his character, with its baffling combination of antagonistic attributes. With a peculiarly sensitive ear for rhythm and the possibilities of language, he was yet totally devoid of any appreciation of music, which he candidly admitted wearied him; nature appealed to him in her vastness and in broad effects of contour and colour; when travelling he appeared to derive considerable enjoyment from the scenery, or even from the mere lavish luxuriance of life and colouring with which he found himself surrounded (though one rather wonders whether it was not in reality the possibilities they presented for poetic verbal portrayal that he was conscious of rather than their actual natural beauty), yet he could not comprehend that any one should prefer country life to existence in a town, disliked flowers about the house, and was utterly unobservant of the little incidental beauties the true lover of nature discovers around him daily. He was so little conscious of the absence or presence of

harmony in his surroundings that when left to himself he allowed a furnisher to wreak his own will in the decoration of the house unchecked, and was quite unmoved by the appalling results; yet his taste was excellent, the curios and furniture he collected on his travels were exquisite specimens of art, and his selection of jewellery or plate was unerringly judicious. When he found the time to read so largely in his life of compressed activity it is difficult to imagine, yet not only was he extremely well versed in English classical literature, but even succeeded in keeping himself well informed of the work of contemporary writers, both English and American.

In spite of the enormous number of books he read and the rapidity with which he assimilated their contents, he seldom forgot anything that struck him as interesting or curious. Poetry he loved passionately; he would read any lines that appealed to him particularly two or three times, after which they appeared to be indelibly fixed in his memory, and he would quote them after the lapse of many years. "I am glad that you like poetry," he wrote to a friend; "I have a great love in that direction myself, and am never weary of brushing up my knowledge of some of my old favourites. To my mind the best argument against learning foreign languages is the small acquaintance one has with even the masterpieces of one's own language."

Lowell and Whittier, "the Christian poets," were, I think, almost his favourite writers of modern times. He carried small volumes of their collected works about with him, and they are profusely marked.. "Vision of Sir Launfal, Longing—Present Crisis—Ghostseer—Bibliotres," of Lowell's; and "Requirement—Eternal Freedom—My Soul and I," of Whittier, are amongst the most bepencilled, and he constantly quoted from them. Of Whittier he said, "he has a broad, loving Christian spirit, no man could be the worse for studying him"; but Browning "did not appeal to him in the least." Wordsworth also, in spite of his strongly religious strain, entirely failed to touch any answering chord in him; mainly, in all probability, because the Divine Message reached the poet's heart through the revelations of

Nature, and he strove to interpret it to others by means of a sympathetic and appreciative presentment of her wonders and beauties, to which Quintin Hogg was singularly insensible. Shelley, on the contrary, he always defended against the charges of atheism and lack of reverence, declaring that he "found much religion in his works." Hood, with his mingled tears and laughter, his sudden plunges into unfathomable sloughs of despond and equally spontaneous bursts of irrepressible wild gaiety, and his quick flights over the whole gamut of human moods, was too nearly akin to his own temperament for there to be any lack of response. He read aloud exceptionally well; poetry especially seemed to awaken some latent spirit of music in him; he had a great sense of rhythm, and his voice would take on a deep, resonant, vibrating tone that it only possessed when his emotions were aroused, or when he was revelling in the enjoyment of fine thoughts worthily clothed in beautiful language, the only artistic means of expression which aroused any response in him or of which he had any appreciation, since he cared for neither music, pictures, or sculpture. Even when merely quoting in the course of conversation he would unconsciously alter his entire delivery, speaking the lines so as to display to the fullest extent their excellence of rhythm or beauty of phraseology, his tone and manner suggesting in the briefest period the undercurrent of passion or feeling that lay beneath the mere words. He used to publish short poems and extracts in the *Polytechnic Magazine*, and occasionally wrote himself, but as all his lines were sent in anonymously after he left off doing the editorial work personally, it is unfortunately impossible to determine definitely which poems emanate from his pen.

Quintin Hogg was not an orator, though he spoke naturally with ease, and his fluency was further enhanced by long practise and constant careful preparation. The stammering to which his Eton friends refer was a youthful infirmity due probably to the very eagerness of his as yet undisciplined enthusiasm, for he completely overcame it, and not the slightest hesitancy of speech was detectable in his maturer years. But he never lost

his nervousness when speaking, the slightest interruption or distraction would hopelessly confuse him, and one Sunday when a neighbour's canary suddenly burst into melody, the class had to wait whilst a boy went and politely requested that the little songster might be taken inside the house. He was, of course, of a very highly strung, nervous disposition, his magnetic, sympathetic nature that seemed to vibrate in answer to every chord struck in his audience would have made it very surprising had it not been so, and though very restless himself, he could not bear any one else to fidget. In his addresses his language was always simple, but pure and well-chosen, and he had a great power of apt illustration which he used very largely. With a quiet but intensely earnest delivery, he made the appeal of a friend to a friend, for he considered his audience individually always, never as a mass of people; and when speaking on matters concerning which he felt strongly, his voice became full and rich and vibrated with the intensity of purpose that animated him, whilst the obvious earnestness that pervaded him held the attention of his hearers more surely than any oratorical grandeur could have done. He could tell the members of his class stories that aroused a roar of merriment and quiet them again in a moment, not by the mystic power of eloquence, for he did not possess it, but by the sheer force of his personality which he unconsciously exerted to its fullest extent on such occasions, so that the close of the address found him often almost prostrate with exhaustion, for "virtue had gone out of him."

His Sunday afternoon class was his great opportunity to get hold of the boys, and he always spent hours in preparation. He thought it wrong to take a class without much study and thought; "I will not offer to God what has cost me nothing," he would say, "for we have no more right to expect a blessing on slothfulness in spiritual than in temporal things." In early days his name had always power to "draw," and the hall was seldom poorly attended. Though of later years the attendance fell off somewhat, yet any special occasion would always rally the boys round him, and nothing ever touched him more than such a

tribute. The year before his death he began a series of lectures on the Holy Land, and a special effort was made, unknown to him, to bring up the numbers of the class. The boys perhaps had got used to hearing him, he had spoken to them between one and two thousand times, he himself was conscious of some waning of that wonderful influence he exerted over others as the years went by. When he saw the tables for tea being laid for a far larger number than usual, "You'll drop money, Ted," he said to the caterer, "there won't be half that number. My boys are tired of hearing me now," he added rather sadly. But that very afternoon his "boys" turned up in such numbers as to refute the statement.

He rarely spoke outside the Polytechnic, but on two occasions he went down to Harrow and spoke at meetings of the Harrow Mission, telling the boys of his own early efforts. He was very much struck by the attention and earnestness of the boys, and the interest with which they followed his account. He never realized the almost dramatic interest of such a recital; I think to him it had always been just "the obvious thing to do," and he attributed the rapt attention of his audience entirely to their goodness and not at all to the power, not so much of his words, as of the deeds of which they told. A friend of his told him that about a year after the first address at Harrow, he was travelling on the underground railway and fell into conversation with some of the other passengers. The name "Quintin Hogg" was mentioned, when a gentleman opposite leant forward and said, "Oh, do you know Quintin Hogg? I wish you would tell him that both my boys who were at Harrow found Christ the night he spoke there. They have led different lives ever since, and my wife and I can never be thankful enough they went to that meeting."

He rarely attended Divine Service in London, his Sunday mornings being spent in preparation for his afternoon class; but he had a great love for the Church's liturgy, the greater part of which appealed very forcibly to him by its direct appeals to the merciful goodness of the Almighty, and the simple beauty of

its prayers. Any approach to ceremony in religious matters he disliked intensely, and preferred a service devoid even of music excepting the congregational singing of hymns.

As regards preachers, he had an intense admiration for Phillips Brooks, the late Bishop of Massachusetts, of whom he said: "He is, I think, the preacher who has helped me most, though some folks throw doubts on his orthodoxy." He had a story that when the preacher was appointed to his bishopric, some one drew a caricature of him, representing him as a wolf in sheep's clothing, with the legend, "All Brooks run to the see." This being shown to the bishop, he wrote the following impromptu lines—

"And is this then the way he looks,
This tiresome creature, Phillips Brooks?
No wonder, if 'tis thus he looks,
The Church has doubts of Phillips Brooks.
Well, if he knows himself, he'll try
To give these doubtful looks the lie.
He dares not promise, but will seek
Even as a Bishop to be meek;
To walk the way he shall be shown,
To trust a strength that's not his own,
To fill the years with honest work,
To serve his day, and not to shirk,
To quite forget what folks have said,
To keep his heart, and keep his head;
Until men laying him to rest
Shall say, 'At least he did his best'!"

Of our English preachers he said, "I look upon Boyd Carpenter as one of the best speakers in England; his sermons are full of thought, of illustration, of good sense. Now that Phillips Brooks is dead, I know of no preacher in England or out of it to whom I would rather listen than the Bishop of Ripon."

He kept abreast of the tide of theological thought and argument by dint of wide reading, and was always anxious that the members of his class should benefit by the increasing knowledge revealed through the researches not only of unbiassed theologians, but of scientists, geologians, or astronomers. With a view to

dispelling some of the difficulties frequently referred to him by those to whom the revelations of science appeared incompatible with the statements of Holy Writ, he delivered in 1883 a series of addresses entitled "The Day-dawn of the Past," on science and revelation as seen in the creation, in which he endeavoured to explain simply the story of science in relation to the biblical account of the creation of this world and its inhabitants. These addresses were afterwards published in book form, and enjoyed considerable popularity amongst the class for whom they were prepared. The Sunday afternoon addresses were usually reported in the Polytechnic Magazine with the following foot-footnote: "Notes of an address delivered on Sunday. No claim is made for originality or literary merit in these notes. In preparing these addresses for delivery, I made use of any books I possessed on the subject in hand. My time does not allow of that careful revision, amounting almost to rewriting, which should precede the publication of extempore addresses.—Q.H."

XII

THE THEOLOGY OF LOVE

O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother,
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

WHITTIER.

For Love is Heaven, and Heaven Love:

SIR W. SCOTT.

XII

THE THEOLOGY OF LOVE

IT is with great diffidence that I approach the subject of Quintin Hogg's religious beliefs and ideas. He was a man of action rather than of theories, of strenuous effort rather than of voluble creeds. Love was the ruling passion of his life, as it was of his Master's, and because of the greatness of his heart, his beliefs were broad, rugged and comprehensive. He spoke very little of theory, it was ever Love and Action with him. His Master talked with publicans, Pharisees, Samaritans, Levites; the sect mattered nothing to Him, only the soul that often lay hide-bound by sectarian teachings and traditions: and His example Quintin Hogg strove to follow. It was largely the secret of his widespread influence and success—the greatness of his love and the absence of theory. Every one who came into contact with him felt that whatever their ideas or creeds, however far removed from his own, he would never reject or scoff at them, but was ever ready to own that any belief honestly held might truly be a ray of Christ's Light. "Truth is for ever better than falsehood, purity than impurity, self-sacrifice than selfishness, love than hate." Those great facts were all important, the detail mattered little. It is therefore very difficult to say much of his theology, beyond that it was Christ's theology of Love, Truth and Selflessness, but I have endeavoured to collect a few of his utterances concerning the great truths of Christianity which might prove of interest to others.

The last letter he ever wrote, which was found unfinished upon his desk after his spirit had gone to prove the truth of all beliefs, speaks strongly on this very subject of creeds—

"Do you remember sonny, how in the old days I advised you, to stick to essentials? This *one* thing I *know* is better than a dozen creeds. Whatever else may be shaken there are some facts established beyond the warrings of all the theologians. For ever, virtue is better than vice, truth than falsehood, kindness than brutality. These, like love, never fail, so you must not let your doubts lead you to a wrong life. Don't confuse theology and religion; the one is a science to be proved or disproved, the other a life to be lived.

Again, speaking to his boys he says—

"I do not care a rush what denomination you belong to, I do not very much care what special creed you profess, but I do care beyond all expression that the result of that creed in your daily life should be to make you a power for good amongst your fellow men, that it should lay its hands, as it were, upon the strength of your manhood, upon all your powers. We hear much talk about creeds, professions of faith, and the like; but I want you to remember that when God started to write a creed for us, He did it, not in words that might change their meaning, but He set before us a Life, as though to teach us that whereas theology was a science which could be argued about, religion was a life and could only be lived. I wish I could get you to throw overboard, if only for a few minutes, all schemes and plans and creeds, and come in touch with the living God. Your supreme need to-day is a personal Christ, a personal revelation of God; you will but mar and hinder it if you get human schemes and plans of salvation, and theories of atonement and what not. These things are true enough in their way, but too often they come between man and God, instead of being schoolmasters to lead them to Him. I was talking to a Roman Catholic boy the other day about the simple truths of the Gospel, when he suddenly seemed to be afraid I was trying to make him a Protestant. 'It's no good, sir,' he said, 'you will never get me to change my religion.' 'My dear fellow,' I replied, 'I do not want you to change your religion, I want your religion to change you.' If you are a Roman Catholic, live up to the highest truths of Roman Catholicism; if you are a Protestant, live up to the highest truths of Protestantism. Whatever your faith is, live up to the highest, purest ideal set before you, for God is far more perfect than our noblest ideal."

What then was, in his eyes, the true religion?

"True religion is a radical thing, that is, it goes to the root of matters. Paul tells us that great and needful for a complete life as faith and hope may be, it is Love—supreme, absolute Love, which is the one essential. Love is the only religion, there is no true religion which is loveless. You may have everything else—

orthodoxy, intelligence, faith, whatever you like, but if you have not got love you are as a lantern without light, and as a man without a soul. Christ Himself did teach us, 'Love God and love your brother, for this is more than all the law and the prophets.' Paul also insists that no gift of eloquence or offering of wealth or sacrifice of any external thing could be pleasing to God, unless it was the outcome of a loving heart and true worship. I wish you would test all doctrines and all creeds by those words of Christ and of Paul. If the preaching of any man, priest or layman, bishop or Sunday school teacher, puts anything between you and a personal love to God as your Father, to Christ as your Saviour, then that teaching is vain. God is Love, and in perfect love is found perfect religion. Love is not only the essential element of all religion, but no worship can be substituted for it. Service without love is nothing."

Love, then, in his eyes, was the keynote of all true religion, because, if real, it embraces all the other teachings of Christianity; for he says—

"I want you to notice however, that personal and individual love does not by any means represent what is meant by the term as used by John. If you love half a dozen people who love you, that does not make you a Christian. What is meant by love is not a preference for a certain number of special people, but a generic disposition. If you are going to test yourself by the words of Christ and His apostles, you must ask yourself, not whether you love some person or persons who love you in return, but whether you so live amongst your fellow men that those around you can see in you something of the comprehensive and inclusive love of God. 'No man can love God except he evidence it in love to man.'

And work must follow such love, as the night doth follow day.

"I hold it an impossibility for a man to have his heart full of God's love, and yet be doing nothing for his brother. If we love not our brother whom we have seen, how *can* we love God whom we have not seen? . . . . If you have prostituted the blessed gospel of our Lord into a kind of insurance policy to save your wretched self from perdition, you have erred indeed. A Christianity which does not impel a man to save his fellows has but little that is akin to the spirit of Christ. If you are standing by making no effort to save the priceless lives in the midst of which yours is cast, how dwelleth the love of God in you?

"Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,

And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free." [1]

"Love seeks not to limit its devotion, but to *find opportunities of expressing it.* Would you know God? I say to you, discover what true love means. Get your heart so full of it that it will send you forth in God's Spirit seeking to save the lost, yearning to redeem the erring and sinful, binding up the broken-hearted, drying streaming eyes, and comforting them that mourn; get such a love as that into your soul, and you need look no further for an image of God. Moreover not only is it true that every one that loveth knoweth God, but it is equally true that you will know God just to the extent that you really love and no more."

But though to his vision the revelation of God was so clear, so unmistakeable, he was far from failing to realize or comprehend the stumbling-blocks which so often tripped up the uncertain pilgrim at the beginning of his journey; he sought patiently to answer any questions his boys brought to him in the manner most suited to their needs, most likely to help them. The ever disputed questions of verbal inspiration, of heaven and hell, of the future life, of answer to prayer, of why God permitted sin, etc., were frequently referred to him by those to whom the light he saw so clearly was obscured by doubts and difficulties, and whilst urging ever "the essentials" I have already quoted, he always sought to remove the difficulties and clear away the earth-born clouds which were dimming their eyes. I wish to raise no controversies on such subjects, but merely because the opinions of one who lived so near to God were surely formed only after long communion with God and after much study of His word, and are therefore worthy of consideration, I give without comment or remark what he said on some of these matters. It is often difficult to quote without somewhat distorting the meaning of a few words bereft of their context, but I have striven to choose passages that are self contained and therefore least liable to misconstruction on that count.

[1] Lowell.

Of the Bible he spoke frequently and at length, urging its study as God's Word, but also urging the use of common sense, the taking advantage of every light thrown by history and science. He himself had been brought up in the doctrine of verbal inspiration and spoke from bitter experience of the shattering of that belief, and the doubt and difficulty into which it plunged him.

"I honestly believed as a child that every word of the Bible was a direct inspiration from God; and when I found that many of the historical statements in Scripture were contradictory to each other, that the geology and astronomy of the Bible were incorrect, it seemed to me as though I were about to lose the whole of the Word of God. It was not with me a matter of a month, or even of a year; it took me many years before I was able to look calmly on that shattered tradition of inspiration as I had once held it, and to thank God that the earthen vessel had been broken that I might get the spiritual food in a truer and newer form. The Bible to me to-day is more and not less than it used to be, it is a truer revelation from God from the very fact that it is steeped with the beliefs and prejudices—errors if you will—of the men who wrote it. I do not know any spiritual experience which so profoundly moved me as the change which my intellect forced upon me as to the inspiration of the Bible; but where I thought I was going to have great loss I have found great gain; in a sense, instead of the dead Christ, I have found the living Christ. . . . Exposed as many of you are to the possibility of hearing what you hold to be most sacred lightly spoken of, it is beyond everything important that you should be able to take up a proper and right line of defence as regards the Holy Scriptures; it seems to me that the Bible often suffers more at the hands of its defenders than it does from the attacks of its assailants. I am at a loss to imagine how we are to search God's Word, if we are not to apply to it exactly the same rules of criticism which we should apply to any other work. But, say some, is it not a presumption to question the truth of God's Word? This appears to me a most fatal mistake. It is presumptuous to question God's ways when once we know them to be such. It would be presumptuous for you or I to question God's wisdom in having allowed sin to enter the world, or His mercy in cutting short lives we value, but it is not presumptuous honestly to endeavour to find out what His will is, or to search carefully and critically every word that professes to come from Him. We have no meaner authority than Christ Himself for such a search. 'Judge ye yourselves what is right,' He says. Depend upon it you will be called upon to account for your use of your one talent

of reason as well as for any other talent you may possess. You must stand or fall by the light and ability God has given you. . . . Happily, I believe a very small set of people now uphold what is called 'plenary inspiration.' Now, if every word is inspired, why do we find these people keeping Sunday the first day of the week, instead of the seventh, when they profess to have the direct utterance of God in favour of the latter observance, whereas no quotation from the Book even indirectly authorises a departure from it? Many similar examples occur . . . but this shows that the holders of plenary inspiration are not really consistent with their own view of God's Word. Now let us test it by the claims of the Bible itself. I will first refer to a text often quoted in connexion with this, which it is well for us to understand. In the authorised version the verse runs, 'All Scripture *is* given by inspiration of God.' You will notice the word 'is' is in italics, which means that it was not in the original Greek, and if you turn to the revised version you will see the real translation is, 'all Scripture given of God,' etc. To the best of my belief, in no part of the Bible is any inspiration claimed for its merely historical parts. You find the prophets moved by the Holy Ghost, but where do you find even by inference that the writer of the Book of Kings was moved to say 7,000 men went into battle instead of 8,000, etc. Little discrepancies are exactly what you would expect to find if two perfectly truthful men wrote of the same event, or if a book had to be copied a great number of times by fallible human beings. They in no way detract from the value of God's Word neither do they prove anything whatever against it. You will find fifty references to such trifling errors of copyists or to historical stories, for every one fair attempt to improve on the revelation of God given us by our Blessed Lord. I insist much on this point, because words fail to express the importance I attach to your loving and reverencing the Book we are considering; I feel you could go no surer way to losing your faith in it altogether than to claim for it an unnecessary and untenable inspiration; nor could you expose yourself more fatally to the replies of those you would convince. . . . Call common sense to your aid. If you picked up any book written in the vivid imagery of the East, and this book told you of a happy garden, a wonderful tree, a talking serpent, and a forbidden fruit, would you deem it to be true history or an allegory? Do you object that by calling this story an allegory you enervate and take away force from the Word of God? I reply in words of Scripture, 'Without a parable spake He not unto them.' We may well be content to believe that the Spirit teaches us by parables and allegories in the written Word, when the Living Word who was made flesh and dwelt amongst us employed the same means of instruction."[1]

Even more did he dwell on the fact that the Bible was a growing revelation, giving to each age the light most suited to its needs.

"Believing, as I do, that no man ever yet succeeded in becoming a great prophet, and in permanently elevating men's ideas of God unless he was *more or less* inspired as a messenger from the Most High, I want to show you that Christianity came when the world was ripe for it, or, as the Bible says, 'in the fulness of time.' It was as if God had a revelation to make to the world, a word to teach it, His own name; and He taught it as we teach a little child, letter by letter. To one nation came a message by Buddha, to another by Zoroaster, to another by Confucius, to another by Moses, until at last the full Word was revealed, the Word that was made flesh and dwelt with us. . . . No truth can be taught until the world is prepared for it. . . . To me it seems I can read my Bible with greater reverence and interest now I see in it a continuous record of a continuous revelation, wherein God appears ever growingly more tender, more merciful, where the false human ideas of Him as held by Abraham, Joshua and Saul are softened down in the tenderness of Isaiah, and finally in the life of our Lord Jesus.

That you may ever see a God of progress and of love in the Scriptures, that you may realize that whatever is cruel or false in the Old Testament is attributable to human error and not to Divine revelation, and that the same God who was found by every true heart in the Old Testament no matter how or where He was sought, and who is to-day waiting to be gracious and bless you, may be revealed to you, is my hope and prayer."

Of the tremendous importance of Prayer he was never weary of speaking.

"I suppose you do pray?" he asks his boys, "for if you do not you are robbing yourselves of one of the greatest privileges given to man, and one of the most important means for the attainment of holiness. There is no surer sign of a true Christian than his habitual practice of prayer; and the cause of all backsliding and sin may be sought in the neglect, known probably to God alone, of private devotion. . . . Use the means God has given you—pray—and let your prayer not be a few hurried words at night or in the morning, but a constant sense of His Presence in the workshop, football field, or home circle. God always hears prayer. It may arise from you in your workshop when you bend a burning face ashamed at the conversation you are forced to hear, or in this hall when you mingle your voice with those of others in full sympathy with yourself; it may come from the Mahommedan in his mosque, or the heathen in his darkness. . . . And God answers prayer now as He always did, not by a violent interruption

of the laws of nature, but by an over-ruling of those laws to produce certain results. God's glory is not to be without law, but to work by law; the law-maker does not choose to be the law-breaker, and every fresh thing He creates is nearly always the outcome of what has been . . . If our hearts have grown cold and our service a burden, remember it is not by communing with ourselves or staying away from Christ that we can renew our strength. Isaiah tells us that they who would renew their strength must wait upon the Lord. . . . Yet we send Christ away with five minutes' prayer in the morning, a hurried chapter at night, the Sunday Service, or some such perfunctory worship."

As regards the Future Life and the conditions appertaining to it, he held very beautiful views, which, though now very largely accepted, were looked upon as horribly unorthodox and distressing not many years ago; I have heard people express disapproval because he was not a regular churchgoer,[1] and attribute his "lamentable views" to that fact!

"If we Christians believe the smallest fraction of what we pretend to believe, there is but little to mourn over in death. I know not when or how that veiled messenger may come to me, but this I do know, that it can come only at the bidding of my Father. I know its mission can be nothing more than the unclothing of this poor weak body of my humiliation to clothe me with the body of His glory. . . . Death is not only an exodus, it is also an entrance, while we stand by the bedside and say, "he is gone," they on the other side are welcoming him with unspeakable joy. . . . Not only is our present immediate future as men dependent upon the manner in which we have spent and are spending our lives, but the effect of our actions does not cease with the grave, but every action, every word, has in itself an effect which is necessarily eternal. Understand in this sense that 'for every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account,' and then enlarge the expression 'Day of Judgment' to its true meaning, not limiting it to any one time or season but realizing that through all eternity a man's capacity for good or evil, a man's weal or woe, will be more or less affected by the actions of his everyday life here. If we sincerely believe in the future state, it is idle to quibble about the exact limitations which various schools of thought have placed upon this or that Biblical expression. In one sense punishment and reward must necessarily be eternal, for no man can sin without feeling the effect of that sin in the loss of unknown possibilities of blessedness in the world to come, whereas no man can conquer evil now and rise superior to

[1] He spent his Sunday morning in preparation for his classes in the afternoon.

his lower nature, without reaping the reward of a truer appreciation of God, a higher capacity for happiness in the aeons of the future. Even if we could wrong the Divine Character by supposing it to be wicked enough to create an eternal material fire or lake of torment, it would not be needed. Do you remember that grand verse of Milton's, where he makes Satan realize the truth as to the real nature of the punishment in the next world? 'Which way I fly is hell: *myself am hell.*' Depend upon it, *there* lies the real sting of sin. There is no hell equal to the deep damnation of having become utterly, voluntarily, and completely bad. Heaven and hell are not so much places as conditions of mind and spirit. I do not for a moment say that God may not clothe the abodes of the blest with beauties fairer than the imagination can conceive, or that the abodes of the lost may not be dark beyond description, and as dreadful as the consciousness of unrepented sins can make them, but I do say that the glory of heaven will be the heavenly spirit which will enable a man to enter into the mind of God, while the ruin of hell will be not material fire, but the misery of being evil. . . . that great wide gulf that makes the presence of God joy and peace to one man, trouble and sorrow to another. In one sense of the word, all punishment must be eternal. You can never again be quite the same man as you might have been had you given up your sin a year ago. There is something more terrible than hell, the sin that makes it. I used to think of heaven and its golden streets and pearly gates, and it was the place I thought of; but as I grew older and my loved ones passed on before, my thoughts of heaven changed altogether. I no longer think of the place, but of the great company I shall meet there, of my Poly. boys who have gone home, of the mother who loves me none the less because her love has been made perfect in her Saviour's presence. I believe that when our opening eyes first pierce the mysteries of that land beyond the river, our first feeling will be a deep inward sensation of being at home; the surroundings that are so often antagonistic to our better nature will be gone: there will be no more sea."

Frequently, of course, he was asked to refute the primal argument, "How can God be good and allow evil to exist?" I only quote one answer of his—

"I want to point out to you that a departure from the perfect will of God was an absolute necessity if God wished to make a perfect or a good race of men. It is true God could have made men who would have had no choice but to serve Him, whose love would have been the result of law, whose worship a necessity of their condition, but would you care for a man who was *made* to love you, *compelled* to serve you? How then could God be satisfied with

service that would not even satisfy the wants of our human nature? If love is to be real love, service real service, it must be voluntary and spontaneous; men must be free to give or withhold it. Now even Omnipotence cannot reconcile two absolutely antagonistic things. It is past even the power of God to let a man have free will and yet not to have it, to make men free and yet slaves: and if God gave men free will, then in the long run it was a dead certainty that some one so endowed would put up his own self will against the will of his Father and exercise the gift which might make him worthy to be a son of God in a way that would drag him down to be impure and evil."

These few extracts will I hope, give some slight idea of the breadth and tolerance of his religious principles; but his life is the truest and best index to his creed. A man of true poetic feeling and with a memory that retained indelibly any thought or expression that made an impression on him, he possessed a very critical, independent and virile intellect; constantly assimilating fresh ideas, and unhampered by tight-hugged prejudices or former opinions, he was always ready and eager to avail himself of the results of new discoveries in the fields of knowledge: these characteristics showed themselves clearly in his theology. "One thing I *know*, truth is better than falsehood;" for the rest, his mind was ever ready to receive new ideas, to apply the theories of science, art, and human thought to his study of God's revelation to men. The one he tried unceasingly to live, the other he knew to be capable of more light, more faithful exposition. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of his religious life, besides his rare generous tolerance, was the intimacy of his affection for his God. Nothing ever seemed even momentarily to shake his conviction of God's personal love to him. Through every emergency of trial and pain he turned with the same unwavering simplicity of confidence to his Father, as a child turns to a loved and trusted parent. He said once to his Bible-class—

"Knowing as I do what the revelation of God means to me, knowing what God's Fatherhood and the presence of God's Spirit is to my own life, my whole heart goes out with infinite pity towards those whose lives are unblessed by what is to me the very pole-star of my existence. I cannot bear to think of some stumbling blindfold

through the pitfalls of life while my hand is clasped by a never-failing Guide; or of others who look forward to the end of their earthly life with dread and trembling while I see only the outspread arms of the everlasting Father and the welcome of a life-long Friend."

That exactly expressed his attitude towards God; one feels no restraint in speaking to a "life-long friend," and so his extempore prayers which were usually remarkable for beauty of thought and language, revealed intimate communing with a God of Love and Sympathy; the daily, hourly appeals to One he knew would not, nay, *could* not fail him, which were the secret both of his strength and of his tenderness to others.

LETTERS.

To a boy who had written to him about the future life.

9—12—02.

MY DEAR W.,—

Your letter of the 8th inst. is to hand. . . . Now, as to the point about which you ask me. Any man who attempts to indicate exactly what takes place to the human soul after death is really indulging in the purest and wildest speculation. All anybody can do is to argue from analogy. Sin in this world avenges itself on a man's body, intellect, and spiritual capacity, and as it is the same man and not another person that passes into the next world, one may naturally assume that the same thing occurs there, that is to say, that "the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched," is the insatiable desire of the drunkard, the sensualist, the avaricious man, and the like to gratify passions which when gratified, cry out for more. In talking of heaven and hell you should think not so much of a place as of a condition. Heaven may be, and probably is, more beautiful than fancy can paint, and hell may well be the reverse, but after all, real happiness depends not so much on our surroundings as on ourselves. To be in heaven is to have our will in complete union with God's Will which rules everything. To be in hell is to have our will antagonistic to God's will, and therefore antagonistic to everything that tends to our own well being, our own happiness and the laws of the universe. The "peace that passeth understanding, the joy unspeakable and full of glory," is real sonship with God, i.e. to say, having our desires and wills so entirely in unison with His that peace is the necessary and natural outcome. The Old Testament picture of the wicked being like the troubled sea, unable to rest and casting up mire and dirt is a very beautiful and a very true one, whilst the deep peace of the starry vault of the heaven above us may equally

well illustrate the mental condition of the mind in unison with God. Don't expect me or any other man to go into any satisfatory details concerning things which in the good providence of God are hidden from all men. The man who claims to have positive knowledge on such things is simply a quack. God has been pleased to withhold them from our knowledge, and the Judge of all the earth does right.

Yours aff.,

Q. H.

This letter was written to friends whose son wished to take up very arduous Christian work, which they were inclined to think unwise because of his youth and health.

It seems to me he is standing very much in the dividing of the ways as regards his life, and I want to put before you certain things which may not be known to you in their full force. I do not know if you are aware of the kind of second conversion that has been going on in his mind during the past twelve months: he has been growing continually more possessed with the desire of *consecrating* his life to God, and this has been gradually overcoming the reluctance caused by his natural shyness, till he now wishes beyond all things to find a channel for devotion of all his powers to useful work. When I suggested R—[1] to him, he kindled to it at once, and reflection seems only to have caused his ardour to glow more brightly, while at the same time he feels that in the face of *real* opposition from you it would not be right to act. Of course to me it would appear such an inexpressible blessing if either of my boys were to stand where H—— does now, that it takes some effort on my part to counsel prudence and waiting, but surely it requires to be thought over carefully from all points of views, also whether it is wise to check such a desire except for conclusive reasons. Look for a moment at the sphere before H——. Dealing at first with the young, and then as these marry and reach middle age they will constitute the dominant factor at R——, and will leaven hundreds of other workshops. This from the side of giving is a blessed possibility, but on the side of receiving also one may expect such a work to bring H——'s own soul such a spiritual blessing, and to mould him with such spiritual power as will influence his own character, and increase that capacity for receiving the good things of God which fixes our place in heaven. I do not dwell on the objections, as you know them sufficiently well; what I fear is that the cold water may be too abundant and put out the fire instead of raising steam. With only one objection will I deal, viz., that it would be unpleasant and humiliating to retire if the hand were once put to the plough. Now this sounds all right, but to me it seems wrong all the same. The enormous majority of Christian workers do give up active work after a few years when

[1] An Institute where it was suggested this young man should work.

they marry and assume family cares. If therefore, H—— should follow the multitude to do this evil he will only be doing what most others do, and I do not see where the humiliation or failure will come in. If however, it is meant that he will become so necessary to the work that he cannot be spared—this implies success and not failure. In neither case does the objection hold good. In the first instance he would have done his best, and for causes and reasons not hard to manufacture by the bushel he will retire with praise rather than blame for having given his spare bachelor time to God's work. In the other instance there will be the enduring record of success which may well make him indifferent to Gashmu's opinion one way or the other. It is so few young men who can say sincerely that a useful life attracts them more than a rich one, that money won by the devotion of all their faculties to its acquirement is not worth having, that it feels to me almost like profaning the Holy of Holies to disregard such a Shekinah set before a young man's path. I do not think any golden-word-moderation-kind-of-work will attract H—— to the same extent, nor would any such work draw him out to the same extent. It is not many who would face the responsibility of being the pivot man, but when you do get such a one, he seems to be God sent, and to need His sphere.

To a member.

MY DEAR ——,— 1886.

A Welshman has the knack of getting hold of knotty questions, and you have asked me to-day about the most difficult thing, I think I might almost say the most impossible thing, you could possibly have picked out. I really know of no work which deals with the Atonement in the extensive way you wish, and indeed it is not to be wondered at that this is the case. We cannot expect to be able to appreciate fully all that lies behind the truth figured for us, of the relations of God represented as the Father, and God represented as the Son, in the wonderful drama of Calvary. In my opinion it is precisely because men have endeavoured to rush in "where angels fear to tread," and to limit, with measure trod, the wisdom of God that so much error has crept into this doctrine. Some men have not thought it enough to learn from it the story of an inexhaustible, unchangeable and self-sacrificing love which suffers for us and with us, but they must needs invent a little legal fiction of their own, involving doctrines of substitution and transfer of guilt and the other legal fictions unworthy alike of the subject and the Creator. I do not believe that you will ever know all the truth contained in the Atonement. We may, however, know for a certainty some falsehood that cannot be contained in it—such, for instance, as the horrible idea that God's wrath was turned away by the blood of an innocent being. As the Father and the

Son are one it is perfectly manifest that one cannot hate us whilst the other loves us, and moreover, as Christ is the manifestation of the Father, He must in His death be the manifestation of the Father's love, and not the averter of the Father's wrath. At the same time there are texts in the Bible which favour the idea of the offering of an atonement, such as might be brought to our minds by a judge going from his seat and bearing his part in the criminal's guilt. No man ever has, or ever will, fathom all that is meant here. The Scottish minister, John Campbell, tried to do so, but got into an awful mess over it, being mystical where he tried to be plain, and foggy where he endeavoured to be clear. The ultra-Revivalists have gone to the other extreme, and have landed themselves in the worship of a heathen Moloch accepting so much blood for so much sin, from exactly the same fault of endeavouring too clearly to define what human intellect can never do more than dimly comprehend. Just as it is wholly impossible logically to define and explain the beauty and power of certain notes of music, and just as some of our most beautiful poetical ideas gain their beauty from their very undefineness, and defy mathematical angles, so the idea of God's love is shown us at Calvary as something which must be felt and appreciated and lived out rather than laid down in legal phraseology. . . . Is it not enough for us to know that sin necessarily involves suffering, and that he who would help the sinner, be he God or man, must be prepared to be partaker of the suffering which is the outcome of the sinner's sin? God is able to do this immeasurably more than man can do it, but there is no human life of sacrifice being lived on earth to-day which does not in some measure, however faint, illustrate the truth of the Atonement. Would it not be true to say that the ragged school children sought with patient care by the Christian teacher are accepted with God more through their teacher's merit than through their own, it having been the teacher's love and patience and devotion which won the children into union with Christ and into an appreciation of God's goodness? May we not gather from this some idea of what Christ wrought for us by His life and death; and just as the ragged school child will some day thank its Heavenly Father for having sent a human Saviour to tell it of the Divine Saviour, so will even the best and purest man disdain all merit of his own and crown Him who alone has fully revealed the love of God as the author and finisher of His salvation, his Redeemer and his Friend. This is one main view of the Atonement. There are other sides also from which the question may be looked at, but on this truth I shall risk my soul when crossing the dark river I hold out my hand for the grasp of Him who has promised to bear me through.

To a Member who had recently lost his Wife.

"MY DEAR ——

"I was indeed sorry to receive your letter, not only on account of the bad news concerning yourself which it contained, but also to see the effect which the trouble had had upon you. I know it is very easy for those who are not themselves in the dark valley to preach consolation to those who are, but no man arrives at my time of life without knowing something of the sorrow which is now causing you such deep pain. You must not look at this matter altogether from one side, there's a dear boy, nor must you judge of it as though your present immediate happiness were the sole end and object of this life. Cannot you trust One Whose nature and name is Love, and Who is infinitely wise as well as infinitely gentle, to deal as is really best both with you and with your wife? The life you have lost sight of is not ended, but He Who doeth all things well has seen that it will develop more surely and more truly under the different surroundings of another world. To a true heart death is infinite gain, so much so that Paul could say that Christ had 'abolished death' and the Lord Himself coming back from the grave was able to tell His disciples that there was perfect peace beyond the tomb for such as knew and loved God. You complain that others who have led far worse lives than you have are not tried as you have been, but after all, my boy, what harvest have you sought, if you have been working from a true motive? If you sow spiritual seed you must not expect an earthly harvest; a worldling lives to the flesh and often enough gets his reward, but those who look higher and deeper than the satisfaction of the moment look for a harvest infinitely richer in the ultimate purity of themselves and of those they love. It may be that a double good may arise from your wife's journey home—that is to say, not only will it turn to her gain, but the knowledge that you have one who loves you so truly in God's presence, and yet ever near you in spirit though unseen, may be a fresh incentive to your own heart as you think of her now nearer to you than ever, and helping you as a ministering spirit to walk as an heir of salvation. Good-bye, dear boy. Believe me, the real bitterness of this blow in days to come will lie not in the temporary separation, but in the rebellious spirit which distrusts God's love and would put its own foolish 'I will' in place of the divinely taught prayer, 'not My will, but Thine be done.' . . . I thought I saw your name down on the Holly Hill list. If not, it would do you good to have change of air and scene after your trouble, though I know from experience how sometimes one is half inclined to grow disgusted at all the rest of the world being so bright and happy and apparently caring so little for our own particular sorrow."

XIII

COMMERCIAL ACTIVITY

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

JOHN FLETCHER.

XIII

COMMERCIAL ACTIVITY

IT was fortunate for Quintin Hogg that the climate of Demerara agreed with him so well, as it enabled him to combine a certain amount of business with the frequent trips he was obliged to make for his health. He was as thorough in business matters as he was in everything else he undertook, as "go-ahead," enterprising, and as ready to spend himself in thought and work. Probably no one in London, with the exception of Sir Nevile Lubbock, knew more about sugar than did the senior partner of Messrs. Hogg, Curtis, Campbell & Co. Of course the manufacture of sugar was absolutely revolutionized during the period he was connected with it, consequently new ideas were always being mooted, and fresh inventions brought out.

When Mr. McGarel first gave his young brother-in-law a place in his firm, the West Indian sugar industry consisted of a number of small plantations more or less badly equipped and expensively managed, where the process of making sugar consisted in crushing the cane in mills, and boiling the juice in open kettles, a process most expensive both in labour and in fuel; after which it was carried in pailfuls on negroes' heads to other pans, where it was left to cool and crystallize. Quintin Hogg quickly realized that amalgamation and modern appliances were requisite if the industry was to hold its own, and therefore bought up many of the smaller estates and centralized the factories, erecting them on Continental lines, and introducing every kind of new machinery, so that the process became more and more complex. Instead of being crushed only once, as was formerly the case, the cane is now often subjected to three squeezings, the chips being wetted

after the second crushing (technically termed maceration), the resultant juice is clarified and thickened in vacuo by a process known as triple effect, and conveyed to vacuum pans, sealed vessels in which it boils at a far lower temperature than was possible in the old open pans; it emerges a solid black mass called "massecuite" and is taken into a vessel (centrifugal) which draws off the liquid matter or molasses, leaving only the crystallized sugar.

Such very roughly is the method principally followed in Demerara nowadays. Another system, known as "diffusion,"[1] had answered so well in the manufacture of beet sugar, that Quintin Hogg wondered whether it might not with advantage be applied to cane. A primitive plant existed at Aska, in India, which he went to investigate, and so satisfied was he that he introduced it into Demerara; but though it succeeded in extracting rather more sugar, it involved using an increased amount of fuel. Now when it was first introduced to the Colony (by Mr. Hogg in 1887) not only was the crushing process far less effectual than it afterwards became (largely owing to his exertions), but fuel was fairly cheap and sugar dear, therefore the extra outlay was justified; but as the price of coal rose, and that of sugar declined, whilst the improved furnaces and the using of the exhausted cane chips or "megass" made maceration possible without the use of coal, the process had to be abandoned. In old days it took a ton of coal to make a ton of sugar, nowadays on the milling estates coal is not used at all, megass having ousted it altogether. In all such economies Quintin Hogg took the deepest interest. He would enter the furnaces (not alight!) to watch the fall of the chips and was always experimenting with new methods of ventilating, feeding, and otherwise improving them.

Another idea he introduced into Demerara was "green manuring," or growing some leguminosae, such as peas, beans, etc., on the land, cutting the crop and ploughing it into the soil, which was thus largely and cheaply enriched with nitrogen.

[1] The cane is sliced, and the pieces soaked many times.

This process had long been common in European agriculture, and Mr. Hogg's adoption of it was due to his observations of its good results in Mauritius, where it was used on cane-growing estates. A serious attempt was also made to abolish hand tillage, the difficulty of open drainage being conquerable, as he hoped, by tile drains; large steam ploughs were imported, but the silting of the tiles and the obstinate local opposition succeeded in abolishing steam tillage, though to-day it is being reintroduced and successfully worked, a curious commentary on his early work.

A similar incident was his importation of the first vacuum pan into Demerara, which his manager threw into a canal because "it couldn't make sugar."

He was an advocate of the farming system, i.e. that the owners of the land should cultivate the cane and *sell* it to the manufacturers, instead of the latter being their own agriculturists. He thought it would induce the coolies to cultivate their lots. It was subsequently introduced into Trinidad by the Colonial Company at Sir Nevile Lubbock's instigation, and practically saved the sugar industry in that island.

He was responsible for the introduction of the "coffy" still in the rum distilleries which are a natural adjunct of a sugar estate, the rum being made from the molasses, and often looked upon as clear profit. This still produced a much purer spirit than the old "goose-neck" still.

At one time he was attacked with some virulence in one or two of the smaller papers for alleged inconsistency in being the President of an avowedly Christian Institute, whilst his income, at any rate partially, was derived from the distilling of rum. As this point of view appeared likely to gain some measure of support in the Polytechnic, and he therefore feared it might serve to undermine his influence in the place, and render possible a certain resentment or hostility on the part of a section of the members, he refused to take any part of such of the firm's profits as were derived from the manufacture of rum. The attacks of the newspapers he ignored, but on finding that some

of the members were rather perturbed about the accusations made against him and their foundation of fact, he printed the following explanation in the *Magazine*.

"We have had so much discussion for and against teetotalism in our columns during the past few months that I was somewhat amused to find the war carried on in other quarters, and myself the subject of a very hostile article in a recent weekly paper. I do not believe in dabbling in paper warfare and seldom care to make any answer, however foolish the accusations may be; and I should have adopted the same policy of silence on this occasion had it not been for the number of letters which I received from various members asking me if it were true that I was largely engaged in the spirit traffic and the importation of rum. The number of these letters seem to show me that a not inconsiderable interest was aroused amongst our own fellows on the subject, and as I do not wish that there should be any misconception in such matters, I may as well briefly state the facts of the case. In the first place, I suppose every one knows that rum is almost a necessary outcome of the manufacture of sugar; the amount of spirit made is somewhat a measure of the imperfection of the process employed; for the better you are at making sugar the less fermentable matter will be left for the production of spirit. Simply as a matter therefore of profit, I always discouraged so far as possible the manufacture of rum, though personally I draw a very wide distinction between the manufacture of such an article and its sale retail. As far as my conscience goes, I should have no difficulty either in brewing beer or distilling spirit, though I could not use my capital in multiplying temptations to induce people to drink that which to many becomes a terrible curse. I should draw exactly the same distinction between brewing beer and developing a public-house trade as I should between growing opium and owning opium-smoking dens. Both of them are useful medicinally—at least that is my opinion; but both of them when taken recklessly and unnecessarily are capable of producing immense harm. The possibility of my action in turning into rum such little refuse as could not be made into sugar being misunderstood never occurred to me till the Institute moved into the Polytechnic, when it came to my knowledge that a certain number of people thought it inconsistent and improper. Although, therefore, my own opinion on the subject was and is entirely unchanged, yet to avoid doing that which might be a stumbling-block in the way of others, or might by any possibility hinder my usefulness in the religious work in the Institute, I told my firm that I would not take any share of the profits arising from the importation of rum; and I sent out directions to the manager of the only estate wholly owned by myself to make such

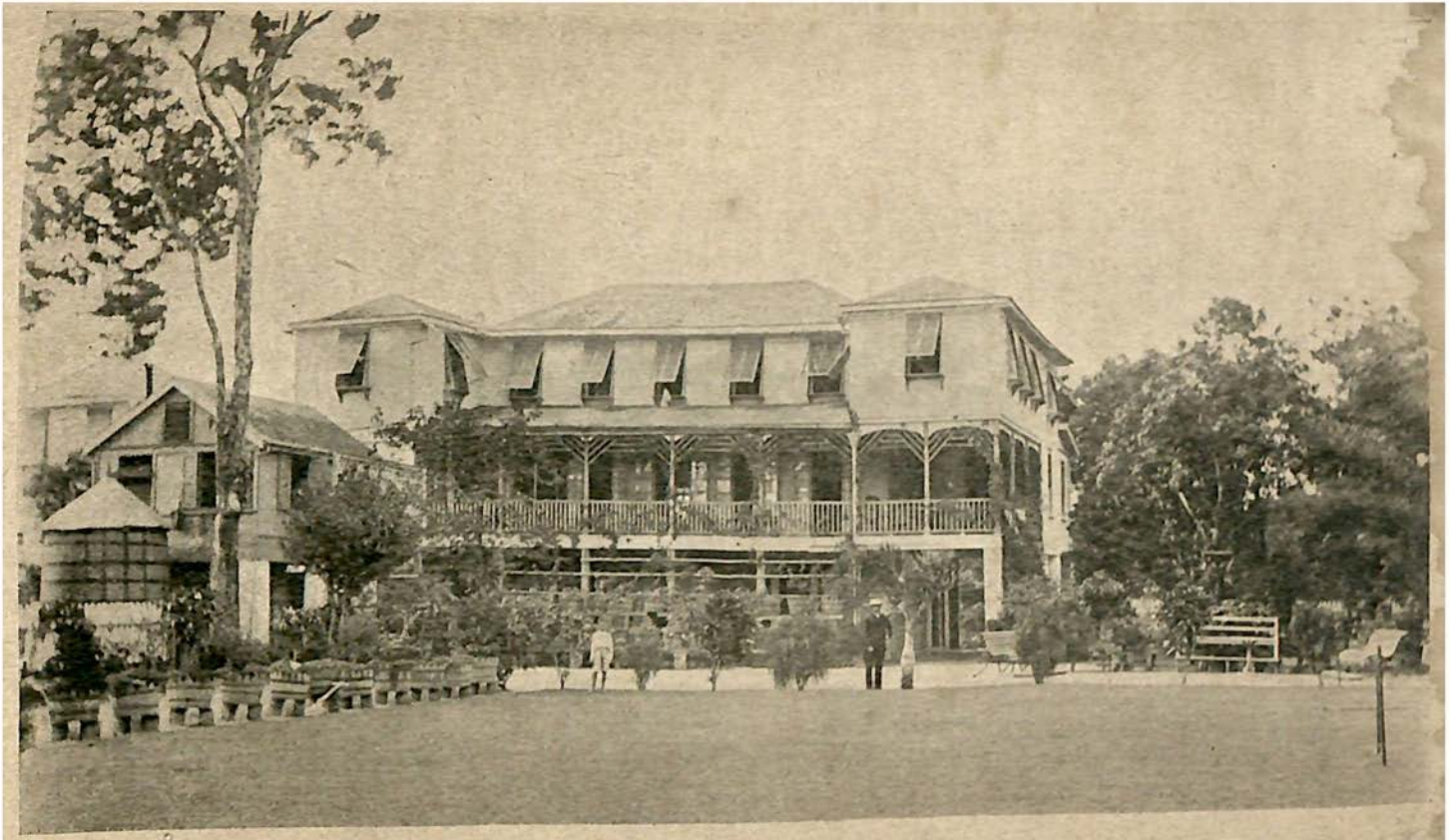
arrangements as were necessary to do away with the manufacture of rum. Of course this involved a very considerable pecuniary sacrifice amounting to some thousands of pounds every year, as any one who has had anything to do with manufacturing well knows that it is generally the proper utilization of waste substances which yields the best profits. I adopted the course I did with some hesitation. I felt I was in some measure crippling my own power for usefulness, but my desire to stand clear in the sight of all men from doing anything which might hinder the Lord's work led me to decide as above. I shall not write explanations to other papers; those who stand in such close relationship with me as do the members of the Institute have the right of friends to know the truth, and there is no sacrifice I would not make rather than say or do anything which would be a hindrance to those I love so dearly."

Quintin Hogg was the first West Indian merchant to try the experiment of making paper from the megass by the Eckmann method on a commercial scale. He was very keenly interested in this, and much disappointed by its failure in Demerara, owing principally to the enormous cost of fuel; though he always declared it was due to the scepticism of his managers, who "didn't want it to succeed." Early in 1901 he conducted similar experiments in Louisiana which proved eminently successful. Many of his schemes, especially in early days, were frustrated by the local opposition he met with, and also by the absence of scientifically trained men; the overseers were not then, on the whole, men of much education or standing, a state of affairs he did all he could to remedy by improving the conditions of their lives, re-building their quarters, adding reading and recreation rooms, and increasing their salaries, an example soon followed by other proprietors in the Colony.

Amongst other new processes he introduced, some of which are in general use in the West Indian sugar industry to-day, were—super-heating, carbonitation, mechanical filtration, brown-coal filtration, osmosis of the molasses to extract the salts, the Rillieux process of multiple evaporation,—indeed nearly every invention that contributed to the cheapening or bettering of the manufacture of sugar obtained a fair trial in British Guiana through his enterprise and bold experiments.

These matters are briefly mentioned because Mr Hogg was

a very prominent figure in the sugar world, and took a deep interest in everything that affected the industry. It can be imagined what scope for new inventions, chemical processes, and mechanical contrivances all these innovations gave, and every inventor of sugar machinery would take his ideas to "Mr. Hogg," whose mental activity and vivid imagination enabled him to grasp with wonderful rapidity any large ideas or schemes. He would take endless trouble in working them out, but was apt to be carried away by his enthusiasm if they appeared feasible and to ignore the possible financial complications. He was a difficult man to approach in business life. When one considers the stupendous amount of work he compressed into his days, it is easy to comprehend that he could not afford to waste time unnecessarily. "Time is money" says the proverb, but to him of whom we are speaking it meant something even more precious—opportunity. The quicker he could finish his business day, the longer he had to devote to the work that was his life, the sooner he could return to take up his self-imposed burdens. Therefore *in* the City he was essentially a man *of* the City, and stripped of the attributes that made him so entirely approachable to the members of the Institute, or rather with those attributes hidden under the mask of a man of business, to those who did not know him well and who saw only the quick, somewhat impatient manner, the uncompromising frankness with which he exposed the weak points of their arguments or ruthlessly destroyed the plausibility of their propositions, and who were unaware of the qualities that existed underneath these superficialities of manner, he appeared a peculiarly *un*approachable person. Many men with their schemes cut and dried to lay before him, when they were ushered into the private room, almost forgot what they had come about. The formula was generally the same: "Well, sir, what do you want?" Then Mr. Hogg's mouth would close like a spring trap, and the unfortunate visitor was expected to pour out his whole case. When he ceased speaking, his interlocutor would wait some moments before replying so as to be sure that the



MINTO HOUSE—MR. HOGG'S RESIDENCE IN GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

recital was really ended, and thus a silence ensued which to any stranger was most trying. At length Mr. Hogg would give his opinion of the matter, or if the business struck him as being worth more careful consideration, would tell the man to call again in a few days when he had had time to think it over.

He had a considerable spice of the gambler's spirit in him, and when his interest was aroused was very apt to be unduly optimistic. Once he had set his heart on obtaining a certain result or on carrying out any project, he would shut his eyes to the risks involved or accept them with reckless *insouciance*, seeing only the brightness of success and refusing to contemplate the possible darkness of failure which more cautious eyes discerned as being also indicated on the horizon. Reference has been made to the complexities of character that make him so difficult a man to portray, that in life continually surprised even those who knew him best, and that should be borne in mind in considering every aspect of his career, since the curious way in which qualities often the very antithesis of each other were combined in him and showed their impress in bewildering amalgamation on his actions, is the only clue that can lead one to a rightful comprehension of his nature. When for instance, one considers how largely his success in his philanthropic work was due to his untiring attention to detail and careful consideration of minutiae, it is surprising to find that in financial matters he was careless almost to a fault of that very detail so essential in a business subjected to such severe disadvantages as was the English sugar trade; that whilst he would personally investigate every strap and wheel of machinery in the factories, study out carefully the scientific problems involved in the manufacture of sugar, and experiment untiringly in the interests of economical production, he would often ignore completely the financial complications of his schemes, or be so carried away by enthusiasm and extreme optimism as to be beguiled into embarking on ventures involving enormous risks.

The property of Messrs. Hogg, Curtis, Campbell & Co. was chiefly situate in Demerara; their connexion with Jamaica,

Ceylon, etc., arose from certain estates in these places having borrowed from the firm, which was eventually obliged to foreclose on them.

The senior partner's visits to the estates were not always eagerly looked for. Nothing escaped his keen eye. Ready to acknowledge and encourage industry and alertness, he was equally quick to detect and punish any whom he thought had failed in their duty towards the firm. His indomitable will and untiring perseverance often led him to undertake work that proved too severe a trial to stronger but less enthusiastic men than himself. In spite of his ill-health, he had wonderful powers of endurance and nothing ever seemed to tire him. He thought nothing of a five or six hours' ride before breakfast, the meal being quite a secondary consideration; and by way of curbing this propensity he was often given mules whose characters were not without blemish.

An attorney who was going "aback" of an estate with him on one occasion told the manager that "Mr. Hogg could ride anything." He was therefore given the most vicious mule on the property, but on this particular morning the notorious mule went off as quietly as a lamb, whilst the attorney's animal would not stand to be mounted, and kept the old gentleman, who was very rheumatic, dodging round and round, muttering soft imprecations on managers and mules in general and the specimens present in particular, until at last the manager had to dismount and assist him, much to the visitor's amusement. Matters were not greatly improved when the attorney had at length succeeded in establishing himself on the mule's back, for the animal saw no object in going "aback" at all, and commenced to jib. His rider's previous imprecations now turned to blandishments, but the mule was impervious to both threats and cajolings, and backed relentlessly through a thick hedge into a very dirty canal, from which the attorney emerged considerably the worse for the mishap, and by no means over-pleased by Mr. Hogg's hearty roars of laughter. This was the last occasion on which that particular attorney ever assayed to go "aback,"

but it was a long time before he heard the last of his acrobatic performance.

In Demerara Mr. Hogg was always deeply interested in the various water schemes, and would take long walks "aback" of the estates to see for himself the merits of the different suggestions put forward for impounding the water there for use during the frequent droughts. On one of these expeditions he and a manager had been tramping through the savannah swamp up to their waists in water in the scantiest of attires, carrying most of their clothing on their heads, when they came to a dam running by the side of the creek, and as the savannah was getting too deep for them to wade in it with comfort, Mr. Hogg suggested walking along this dam, which terminated at a large canal. Having climbed up the bank, he had sat down to put on his boots when he heard a cow mooing ominously near, and on looking up he found that he had chosen a seat between the cow and her calf. Since the animal seemed inclined to resent his presence, he hurriedly collected his garments in his arms and started running up the dam to pass the calf; the latter, however, misunderstood his intentions and galloped off too, a procession being thus formed up the dam, consisting of the calf a good first, Mr. Hogg energetically sprinting for a place, and the cow gaining on them both. In spite of the human intruder's efforts to lighten himself by dropping his various garments one by one, and to increase his pace, the cow continued to gain. The end of the dam was near, and he wondered what would occur when they all three reached it. He was not long in suspense; the calf rushed straight into the water, the cause of all the turmoil followed with a header, and the cow seeing that her offspring was heading back gave up the chase and waited on dry land. After some time, Mr. Hogg ventured to creep cautiously back and collect the various portions of his wardrobe, but he always said that he never remembered having had such a run in his life.

Whenever he notified his intention of visiting an estate, the younger overseers, knowing his predilection for cross-questioning them about their work, would hurriedly fortify themselves

with information concerning every branch of the industry. One poor young fellow, being detailed to accompany him round the factory, learnt by heart the height of the chimneys, strokes of the engines, heating surface of the boiler, grate areas, and a hundred and one other data. Bitter was his disappointment when the inspection came to an end without its having afforded him a single opportunity of displaying his knowledge. Just as they were leaving the buildings however, the partner asked casually, "By the way, Mr. B., what is the length of the gallery leading from this door to the laboratory?" Mr. B., entirely nonplussed by this unexpected demand, stammered out that he hadn't a notion. "Well," remarked his employer afterwards to the manager of the estate, "I must say that man of yours seems a born idiot; he had no idea of the length of this gallery, I guessed it within a foot." However, poor B.'s perseverance was not without reward, for he afterwards became one of the cleverest and most trusted men in the firm's employ.

Business over, Mr. Hogg would frequently invite managers or overseers to dine and sleep with him; and on such occasions there was an absence of all restraint, and everyone was made to feel thoroughly at home.

He was always willing to help liberally any scheme for the promotion of the general well-being of the colony.[1] Amongst many gifts he made to British Guiana, is the Nonpareil Park, a portion of the Botanic Gardens. He endowed the Coolie Mission, founded with the object of Christianising those East Indians who had no religion of any kind, his argument in favour of these missions being that if one took people far away from their home and surroundings, one ought to give them a substitute;

[1] Extract from minutes of a meeting of the Mayor and Town Council, held in Georgetown, June 7, 1886.

"His Worship the Mayor . . . moved the following resolution—

"'That the Mayor and Town Council desire to offer to Quintin Hogg, Esq., their thanks for the fifteen acres of land on Plain Thomas, which he has presented to the city of Georgetown, for the purpose of forming a public park or garden; and to convey to him on behalf of the citizens their high appreciation of the liberal and generous feeling which has prompted so valuable a gift.'

"Seconded by Mr. Thomson. Carried unanimously."

but he also actively assisted the several mosques existing on his various properties, to the horror of some of the Anglican clergy.[1]

His explanation, given once in an address, was as follows—

"I have many thousands of heathen working for me in Demerara, and I have often helped the Hindoo to build his heathen temple, or the Mohammedan to build his mosque, not because I myself am either Hindoo or Mohammedan, or, indeed, have any sympathy with either of these faiths, but because I deemed it better, if I could not convert these men to Christianity, that they should worship some god rather than none at all. The greatest loss a man can have, is that he should have no sense of accountability. It is a better thing surely that the Hindoo should worship his Ram, his Siva, his Krishna, his Vishnu, however feeble, however poor a representative of the true God these deities may be, than that he should worship none at all. Any religion is better than that which says to you, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"

After he had severed his connexion with the firm (in 1898), he still retained some interest in sugar, through being Vice-Chairman of the West Indian Committee; Chairman of the Anglo-Ceylon and General Estates Company, a company which besides its interest in the Ceylon tea trade, had sugar estates in Mauritius which benefited greatly by Mr. Hogg's experience in Demerara; and Chairman of the Kenilworth Sugar Estates, Ltd., afterwards amalgamated with a railway company, and formed into the United Railway and Trading Company, Ltd., but which still retained his services as Chairman.

[1] Mr. Hogg was unfortunate in coming into conflict with the prejudices of the resident clergy on two or three occasions. In 1887 a new process of sugar making was being tried on one of his plantations, which rendered it impossible to close the entire factory at midnight on Saturday, the result being that black smoke was frequently seen issuing from the chimney as the people were going to church. Some of the clergy expostulated with the manager from time to time, and could not or would not understand that although the chimney might be smoking, none of the hands were worked seven days a week. One of these gentlemen happened to be in the train with Mr. Hogg one Sunday, and noticing the chimney in *flagrante delictu*, pointed to it, remarking, "Mr. Hogg, the Bible tells us, 'six days shalt thou labour,' etc." "Yes, my friend," replied "Q. H.," "but how many of us can say that 'six days shalt thou *labour*?'" As this particular cleric was not given to over-exerting himself, the point of the retort was rather too plain to be altogether agreeable to him.

Another parson spoke to him on the same subject, quoting the creation, and the Lord resting on the seventh day. "Yes," was the quiet answer, "but do you think He would have done so if His work had not been completed?"

He was for many years Director and subsequently Chairman of the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company; Director of the San Paolo Coffee Estates in South America; of the National Discount Company; of the London and Paris Securities Corporation, Ltd.; of the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway; and had just joined the Board of the Great Northern Piccadilly and Brompton Road Railway, part of a system of lines controlled by the Underground Electric Railways of London, Ltd. In fact the announcement of his appointment to the latter Board appeared in the papers the same morning as that of his death.

In 1894 he was presented with the Freedom of the Worshipful Company of Coach Makers and Coach Harness Makers, "in recognition of the valuable aid he has generously given in providing classes for those engaged in the Carriage Building Industry in London."

He took the greatest interest in all municipal matters, as indeed he did in any subject brought to his notice, and somehow or other he always managed to find time to inform himself concerning anything that aroused his interest. At one period of the time he served on the London County Council, he displayed a great desire for knowledge in regard to the drainage of large cities; he investigated the London system with some thoroughness, and would return home from his strange (as a rule, nocturnal) expeditions of underground research brimming over with more or less unsavoury details concerning sewers, noxious gases, flush tanks and the like, which he was always most anxious to impart to his family, whose cautious reluctance to embark on a similar course of study struck him as most singular! When he was elected a director of some of the electric railways, he was equally eager to understand their construction and working principles, and dressed in workman's clothes would descend into the bowels of the earth in a bucket to investigate and be instructed.

His connexion with the North British Mercantile Insurance Company naturally brought him into contact with all sorts of

subjects, for the interests of a great insurance company are so manifold, the ramifications of its business so far-reaching and complicated that there is practically no limit to the radius of its affairs or the sphere of its activity, either directly or indirectly.

This to a man like Quintin Hogg made the work of those responsible for its welfare peculiarly attractive. After he became chairman of the company he devoted the majority of his City hours to work at its offices, and threw himself into its interests with the devotion and keen concentration of business faculties many men reserve only for their own exclusive concerns. Such an active commercial life is little short of marvellous when one considers the magnitude of his philanthropic work and his constant ill-health, for he was never otherwise than a working director. The following appreciation penned by three of his colleagues in the City, to whom I am greatly indebted for permission to publish it, and which speaks of his business life and capabilities, will, however, carry far more weight than any words of mine.

The time, the substance, and the labour cheerfully devoted to his philanthropic work were such as few men would be able to give to any enterprise, even if all their energies were expended on it to the exclusion of every other pursuit. But, concurrently with his great philanthropic achievement, Mr. Quintin Hogg was engaged in large commercial undertakings, to whose administration he devoted himself with the whole-hearted thoroughness which characterised every department of his work. He was Chairman of the General Court of Directors of one of the great Insurance Companies, with branches or agencies in every quarter of the globe, and he took also a prominent part in the direction of other important companies. For many years it was our privilege to be intimately associated with him in this and other ways, and we found in him a colleague whose friendship and regard formed one of the brightest features of our connexion with the City. His was one of those loyal friendships that are commoner in the business world than those outside of it imagine, and that constitute one of its chief attractions. It is of his life in this aspect, of the impression which he made upon us, and of the affectionate regard in which we shall ever cherish his memory, that we now desire to record a few words of appreciation.

We seek only to portray, without embellishment, the man as we knew him as an associate in the conduct of business affairs from day to day, and as a personal and intimate friend.

Mr. Quintin Hogg possessed the two qualifications that are essential if a man is to command success and respect in commercial life: character and administrative capacity. Unostentatious, modest and sincere, his character revealed itself in many ways, but it was an unconscious revelation. He concentrated his mind on the subject under discussion with the single purpose of arriving at the right conclusion, and never sought to impress his individuality on others, or to obtain personal recognition or advertisement. He would speak of his work, but never of his achievements; of results obtained, but never of his share in their attainment. It was a refreshing contrast with much with which one is familiar, whether in business, politics, or society. Many men, leaders of affairs, talk freely of what they have accomplished. They are justly proud of being numbered in the roll of those who have done something noteworthy. Others again speak deprecatingly of their efforts, reminding one, at times, just a little of that other form of pride that apes humility. But Mr. Quintin Hogg, who had done an enduring work such as it falls to the lot of few men to accomplish, did neither of these things. He neither accentuated nor minimised his achievements. He simply did his part with a thoroughness which was beyond praise, and said nothing about it.

But, in spite of his modesty and reserve, he was a man who commanded, perhaps because he did not seek it—the respect and confidence and regard of those with whom he come in contact. Like many great men, his rules of life and conduct were simple and direct. "Truth is always better than falsehood," so he wrote to one of his old "Poly." boys, as he affectionately called them, in the last letter which he ever wrote. And these words full, as truisms often are, of primitive force, might well have constituted his own motto. For the man was always genuine and sincere in his attitude to life, and to affairs, and to other men. There was no false coin in his treasury. There were no tortuous bye-paths in his intellectual equipment. In thought and speech and act he was frank, direct, and fearless, but without any of the bluntness and tactlessness that so often accompany these virtues.

He was an ideal business associate. Being free from the egotism that so often forms part of a strong personality, he did not need to be humoured. He could always be approached without irritating formalities, and with a plain straightforward statement of the matter in hand. His robust intelligence was quick to grasp the essentials of a business question or policy, and prompt to give a decision. He never agreed to any course without understanding, and he was too honest and courageous to simulate an understanding that was not real.

Mr. Quintin Hogg's character and position in the commercial world, his expert knowledge of certain industries, and the confidence which his presence always inspired, led to his being invited

to join the Boards of many important companies. But he was slow to accept these invitations unless fully satisfied that he could be of some special service. He was, in every case, a working director, with a high sense of responsibility to his shareholders. He would never, without inquiry, decline a new proposal which might benefit the company he directed merely because its investigation and consideration involved time and thought and trouble. These he never spared, and it was remarkable how he found sufficient time to keep on familiar terms with his many and varied interests without neglecting any duty, except, perhaps, his duty to himself. It was only by ceaseless industry, and the possession of working powers far above the average, that he was able to accomplish it. He gave himself but little mental or physical rest.

Mr. Quintin Hogg's judgment of men and things was singularly shrewd, and his opinion was often sought by other men of business on questions of importance, especially in those fields of commerce on which he was a recognized authority. He knew and understood commercial conditions from both ends. On the larger movements of certain industries he was a veritable encyclopædia of information. He was also familiar with the conditions of many of the retail London trades owing to the characteristic way in which he acted as friendly counsellor or adviser to many past members of the Polytechnic, engaged in various callings, in whose struggles and prospects and difficulties and successes he never ceased to take a lively and practical interest.

Mr. Quintin Hogg was an admirable chairman of a business meeting. Clear and concise, with no waste of words, but with a gift of saying things cogently and convincingly, he always knew his subject and made his hearers know it too. He possessed the faculty of rapidly marshalling facts and figures in his own mind in their logical sequence and true proportion, and was thus able to submit and explain the essential features of any commercial or financial situation with singular lucidity and clearness; and he did it with an innate dignity that would never condescend to slur over an unfavourable point, or present it in any aspect that might be misleading.

We were present, some years ago, when, as chairman of a great and powerful company, he had to justify, at a meeting in Edinburgh, a proposed important change in the method of dealing with the accounts and profits from that which had been in vogue from the now remote days of the incorporation of the Company. The change was rendered desirable by the altered conditions of modern business, but it was viewed with strong disfavour by certain of the older members who, not unnaturally, clung to a custom with which they had been familiar for more than a generation. It was feared that the necessary alteration would only be authorized after a regrettable division amongst the proprietors. But so carefully

and patiently did Mr. Quintin Hogg explain the reasons which called for the change, anticipating every possible point of objection and dealing with it fairly and squarely, not dogmatically, but tactfully and considerately with convincing statistics collected from practical experience, that those who came to oppose were forced to recognize the compelling strength of the case for the change. Gratefully appreciating the consideration which Mr. Quintin Hogg had shown for their point of view, and the trouble which he had taken to place the facts clearly before them, they gave him their unanimous support. It was no light task to convince a meeting of the most conservative people on earth that the way with which they had long been familiar was no longer the best way. The accomplishment of it was a striking testimony to Mr. Quintin Hogg's winning personality and gift of clear and convincing reasoning.

One sometimes traces an element of narrowness in the founders of a new movement, especially if it be of a religious or semi-religious character. Energy is often concentrated and made more effective by being restricted to a narrow channel. But there was nothing narrow about Mr. Quintin Hogg. His big-mindedness made him a favourite amongst men of the most diverse habits of thought. His views on all subjects were clean and sane and healthy. It was his genius to have grafted on a rare and sensitive nature, inspired by lofty ideals, and capable of limitless self-sacrifice, the qualities of a practical man of affairs. Small wonder then that his strong and lovable character appealed to all sorts and conditions of men, drawing to itself the respect and affection of head and heart alike, or that those who, like the writers enjoyed the privilege of close and constant intercourse with him, feel that by his death they have been deprived of a friend who occupied an unique place in their regard, and that the City, where they mostly met, seems emptier now that he has passed from it for ever.

August, 1903.

LETTERS.

To his eldest son.

I have been reading a book entitled *Notes on the West Indies*, by G. Pinckhard, published in London in 1806. This gentleman accompanied Sir Ralph Abercrombie's force to Demerara, when it was captured from the Dutch in 1796. He spent over twelve months in the colony, and gives some very interesting figures as to the condition of affairs at that time. Slaves apparently sold £50 to £70 apiece. The greatest number belonged to a man named Goede. The hire of a negro was two guilders a day—I fancy their guilders were 1s. 8*d.*—if taken for several weeks, or 250 or 300 guilders for a year. There were 116 estates between Demerara River and the Abary Creek, all in cotton, save one, which had

just been put into sugar. It required one prime negro for every two acres of cotton; 600 trees were planted to an acre, and each tree gave 8 ounces of cotton. The coffee estates and the few sugar estates were mostly up the river. Sugar required a negro to an acre and gave a return of 2,000 lb. to the acre, sugar being locally worth 4*s.* lb. There were 56,000 slaves in the colony, which increased to 80,000 in 1805. During that period, moreover, a number of estates had been put into sugar, so much so, that the sugar of the colony in 1802 was 22,000 hhds. and 10,000,000 lbs. of coffee. I advise you to look through the book; there is much of it you can skip, but it gives you, on the other hand, a less dreadful idea of the slave trade than I expect you have at present. One thing I notice about the cultivation of coffee, is the very small return per acre—if his figures are correct—675 lbs. of coffee were the ordinary production from an acre, whereas in Malay, we get nearly 10 cwt.; of course the return of sugar has doubled, by good drainage and better extraction, and with the exception of the latter, there is no reason why the same should not apply to coffee, with the same result.

Written to his eldest brother, James, in 1880; *but inserted here on account of the references to industrial conditions in Demerara.*

"KANDY, 1880.

"It is most strange how universal the present, I wish I could write the 'late,' commercial depression has been. Matters here are quite as dull as they are at home or in the West Indies. Everybody is complaining and estates at the moment are unsaleable. I am a good deal disappointed altogether with Ceylon. The soil is poor and the place is altogether more backward that I supposed. Some estates have fine climates, but the low lying ones have all the heat of the West Indies without the sea breeze which is so enjoyable there. On the whole I would rather live in Demerara than in Ceylon, and I would not give Golden Fleece [1] for the best estate in the island. Cinchona is all the go here now, we have literally millions of trees growing on our places, and forest land at the proper elevation is selling at £10 per acre for planting with quinine! . . . I shall leave Ceylon without much regret; I do not think it can be compared with the West Indies, and if only we had their labour advantages we would soon run them off the line altogether. We could grow three times per acre what they turn out. The Governor here, who used to be in Trinidad and Demerara, is of my opinion, and sighs for the West; he will not return here again after his holiday next winter if he can possibly avoid it. As regards the young fellow about whom you wrote me and who wishes to go to Demerara, I will see what I can do for him some months hence,

[1] One of Mr. Hogg's estates in British Guiana.

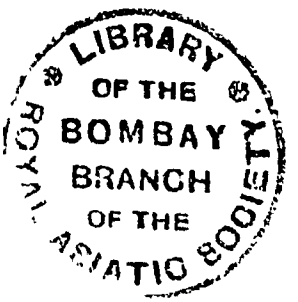
but for the present he had better not seek his fortune in that part of the world. Sugar is so handicapped by the bounty system that proprietors are all pulling in their horns and reducing rather than extending their staff, and the Colony is so healthy that death causes very few vacancies. When I get to the Colony I will see if I can find a place for him."

XIV

THE LAST FEW YEARS

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist,
Not its semblance, but itself.

BROWNING.



XIV

THE LAST FEW YEARS

TO return to the year 1889. During the autumn of that year Quintin Hogg's health had again given rise to the gravest anxiety. Christmas found him so weak and ill that for the first time he was unable to write the special letter which invariably appeared in the *Polytechnic Magazine* as a New Year's greeting to the members. Early in January 1890, he underwent a surgical operation which was performed by Mr. Cripps. As soon as it was possible to move him, which was not until the end of February, a yacht of 501 tons called the *Conqueror* was chartered, and the invalid was hurried away to more propitious climes. At first it really seemed as though the operation had removed the cause of his troubles, and he himself was very optimistic, as the following letter written to a friend from Santa Cruz shows—

"We left London on the 22nd, and on Sunday morning were running down the Channel with an east wind behind us and a fairly calm sea. No sooner had we turned into the Bay however than the aspect of matters changed for the worse! The wind freshened, and for a couple of days we had a very heavy sea splashing over the decks and rendering anything like comfortable sitting in the open air an impossibility. Having a deck cabin I spent the whole of Monday in my bunk, and on Tuesday did not venture further than the deck-house immediately adjoining my cabin. On Wednesday we were off the coast of Portugal, the sun shining beautifully, and I was able to my great satisfaction to lie in the open air. I felt very much better, and had quite a keen appetite for food, and for the first time ventured on a little meat, taking more "from the joint" than I have done on any single occasion during the last ten years. In fact, I am beginning to eat like anybody else! On Friday we arrived at Mogador and I was able to

walk about the town for half an hour, though I felt very tired at the end of it. On Saturday we arrived at Arrecife, the capital of Lanzarote, one of the Canary Isles, and spent most of the day there quietly. Speaking generally, I have been extraordinarily benefited by my trip so far. I am, and have been for eight days, eating meat like an ordinary mortal, though, of course, with care. I am taking much more food than I ordinarily did on land; indeed, so far it looks as though the operation has made some radical change in the condition of my illness. Of course it is altogether too soon to speak with certainty. I can only say that during the past ten years I have never eaten a quarter of the meat I now take daily without bringing on a violent relapse within thirty hours. I have been doing absolutely nothing, not even reading. I have kept very much in a horizontal position when not walking, and have spent the bulk of my time in a contemplative mood admiring the cleverness of my digestive organs! Of course I believe I should be wrecked at once were I to start brain work again at present, but it really looks as if given favourable conditions I were to be able once more to take my place among the carnivora and to escape from my forced enlistment in the ranks of the vegetarians. To-morrow if it is fine, I purpose driving with my wife to Orotava, which is the great place for invalids here. You may imagine how much better I feel when I tell you that I am contemplating the drive of 5½ hours without the smallest concern, and am looking forward to walking into the luncheon-room at the half-way house and trying conclusions with Tenerife beef or mutton with a fair prospect of success!"

But this satisfactory condition of affairs was short lived. On leaving the Canary Islands, the yacht visited the West Indies and Demerara. After a fortnight's stay in Georgetown, the rest of the party returned home *via* the Azores in May, leaving the invalid, whose progress towards recovery was not such as to justify his risking too early an arrival in England, in Demerara. He ventured back in July, but only to collapse almost immediately. One day that autumn a man he scarcely knew called at his office and begged him to go and see a French doctor, who had cured him of similar attacks. It seemed a forlorn hope to one who had been under most of the eminent physicians in London, but he decided to go. He crossed to Paris that same night, consulted Dr. Dupuis, who told him he must go abroad again immediately, dieted him strictly, and gave him a prescription. Simple as the treatment was, it succeeded where all

others had failed, and when even the patient had began to relinquish hope. How despondent he felt about himself the following letter shows, written to a friend just before he left England—

"You see the engine cannot work if no fuel can be got into the boiler, and that I fear is my state just now. The engine itself is as sound as ever, but the boiler will not boil somehow or other, and I fear the only chimney that will create draught enough to make it do its work will be that of the crematorium."

He returned to England in the following June actually eating butcher's meat regularly, an achievement watched by his family with the respectful awe proper to some miraculous feat, and as such they might well regard it, considering that for twelve years he had had to subsist on the lightest of foods, frequently even on a diet of slops. The English doctors considered the credit to be due to the eventual effects of the operation, but Mr. Hogg attributed his cure entirely to Monsieur Dupuis' skill, and he frequently spoke of his benefactor in terms of the warmest gratitude and admiration. He never again suffered from at all a serious attack, and did any threatening symptoms appear, he instantly reverted to M. Dupuis' prescription, which always warded off the danger, and the merits of which he was never tired of lauding. Shortly after his return he wrote to a sister—

"It is a wonderful change to feel once more a little energy in one's composition, and to be able to substitute the bit for the spur. I don't know how to feel thankful enough for the change. I must do something as a little thanks offering[1] or I shall burst! I got such a touching letter yesterday from a boy whom I don't know, but who came on Sunday to my class: 'I do so long for a little talk with you; I have tried to love God and to serve Him, and I think I do love Him, but fail to serve Him. I feel as one held down, unable to rise above my surroundings? Could I speak with you one evening this week? I have such a longing and aching heart.' Was the harvest ever so plenteous or the need of labourers more felt."

Mr. Hogg's eldest son, Douglas, left Eton at Christmas, 1890,

[1] His thankoffering took shape in the Polytechnic Labour Bureau.

and went out to join his father in Demerara, to be initiated into the mysteries of sugar making. On his return to London he began to take an active part in Polytechnic matters, which he has continued to do ever since, giving up all his evenings to it. The following year he accompanied Mr. Mitchell to America to make arrangements for the Polytechnic trips to the "World's Fair" in 1893, his first experience of organizing tours, a branch of Polytechnic activity in which he is now quite an expert.

Quintin Hogg was evidently one of those unlucky individuals destined never to be out of the wars for long! Having at last recovered his health, he proceeded to injure his limbs in the most ingenious and painful ways. In 1892 he had a very nasty accident in the Polytechnic swimming bath. He went in late one hot night after the gas had been turned down low and the place locked up, took a header off one of the highest diving boards, but misjudged the distance in the dim light, and struck his head violently on the tiled bottom of the bath, inflicting a nasty cut and stunning himself. Fortunately Mr. Douglas Hogg happened to enter the bath just then, or he would inevitably have been drowned. As it was, his son and the boy who had accompanied the unconscious victim succeeded in getting him out of the water and back to his bedroom. Next day he was unable to move without assistance, and the doctors feared permanent injury to the spine. Mrs. Hogg had gone down into the country to recruit after a severe attack of influenza, and a family conclave was held to decide whether she was to be recalled or not. It was settled that, however seriously Mr. Hogg had injured his back, there was no object in bringing his wife home before she was well, since she could do nothing; so a letter was concocted saying that he had knocked his head in the bath and had got a severe headache, which, if it was not the whole truth, was at least nothing but the truth. Great was Mrs. Hogg's wrath when, on returning about a week later, she found her husband still barely able to raise himself in bed without help, but her family submitted to her reproaches with the exalted patience of conscious

martyrs in a righteous cause. Six months after this Quintin Hogg fell at Merton Hall during a game of football and broke a muscle in his thigh; the pain was excruciating, and it took a long time to mend. He was laid up about six or seven weeks, though after a month he insisted upon being put into splints and conveyed to the County Council Hall, to attend some important meeting there. After this, his limbs had quite an uneventful existence for two or three years. Then one night he slipped on the doorstep of his house and fell, dislocating his elbow. He fainted with the pain, and was found lying unconscious by a policeman, who took him to Middlesex Hospital. This incident lent itself to misrepresentation too obviously to escape being caricatured by the victim's family, he, however, seldom failed to enjoy a joke, even entirely at his own expense!

The following year he wrenched his knee whilst playing lawn tennis in Mauritius, an injury he never really recovered from. During the remaining four years of his life it constantly troubled him, and entirely prevented his taking violent exercise of any kind. This to him was a real privation, for he had never dropped the habit of constant and vigorous physical exercise, by which means he retained his activity till late in life. In Demerara he frequently invited the managers and overseers on his estate to dine. There is a story that during one of these evenings the talk turned upon football and Mr. Hogg affirmed that he could always count on being able to kick six inches above his head. "In that case," remarked a Scotch manager present drily, "you could kick this chandelier to pieces." His host stood up, kicked up at the festoon of glass, caught one of the pendant glass balls, and sent it hurling through the chandelier, completely wrecking it. Then turning to his instigator he promised genially to send the bill in to him, "since the damage had been wrought solely for his gratification!" He was well known for his love of practical jokes, nothing delighted him more than the successful perpetration of a hoax, and when he was in health, he was as irrepressible as a school-boy, and it must be owned occasionally indulged

in very schoolboyish horseplay. This injury to his knee, though it did not incommode him in walking, was frequently painful, put a stop to his bicycling, and prevented his participating in the football and cricket in which he delighted, except for an occasional mild game with the younger boys of the Day School.

Early in 1895 Quintin Hogg went to Rome with one of the Polytechnic parties of about a hundred; it was, I believe, the only time he accompanied a Polytechnic trip so far afield, though he visited the Swiss châlets more than once. Soon after his return he had a very bad attack of rheumatism, but struggled up in order to fulfil an engagement at the Woolwich Polytechnic, which was just then passing through the slough of despond, and over the fate of which he was greatly perturbed. An attack of influenza did not help matters, and for some time he was very ill indeed. His wife and daughters were wintering in Italy, and it was not until their return home that they knew how bad he had been. As is often the case with influenza, the after effects proved almost worse than the actual illness. Quintin Hogg's sensitive, nervous nature rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the extreme depression of spirits and mental despondency which this disease so often leaves behind it. Not only the present and future but even the past became sepia tinted, though he fought against a frame of mind he knew to be due to his illness, and which seemed "to be crushing the life out of" him with such apparent success that the outside world congratulated him constantly on his rapid recovery of health and spirits! In the autumn of this year he paid what proved to be the last of his many visits to Demerara. From there he wrote—

"It is funny that while I feel utterly unstrung every one congratulates me on looking so well, and that whereas I don't feel up to anything and so go to the club far more than I have ever done before, people are saying all round that they had no idea I was such good company! It makes me laugh in spite of myself!"

He did not succeed in really throwing off the effects this attack of influenza had on his nerves and spirits for two or three years.

Like most people endowed with an exuberance of high spirits, he had to pay for that possession by occasional correspondingly lugubrious fits of dejection, which, when aggravated by mental distress or ill-health, were almost beyond his power to shake off, and under the influence of which he would for days be silent, taciturn, unresponsive to any attempts to arouse him, barely speaking unless directly addressed; then the mood suddenly passed, and he was once more his usual buoyant self, full of life and humour.

May 16, 1896, being the twenty-fifth anniversary of his wedding, there were great festivities at the Polytechnic. This was one of the few occasions, if not the only one, on which he submitted to any sort of public appreciation of his labour. He had an intense dislike to anything approaching to public parade, and when he consented to speak at a Sunday School anniversary meeting arranged to arrive only just in time to give his address, and to leave the moment he had done so, as he was afraid that if he were long in the room they might feel called upon to offer him a vote of thanks, which he considered "hollow and undesirable." When the late Duke of Westminster went over the Woolwich Polytechnic, its originator absconded, because, as he afterwards apologized to the secretary, he had "a great shrinking from showing places like the Polytechnic to wealthy men such as the Duke; I know they are thinking all the time one has some covert designs upon their pockets!" He was in every respect the most modest of men, unconscious alike of his own striking personality, and of the nobility of his life. "I would that I could be of some use to my boys," he wrote during his long illness, "instead of the barren, dried up old scarecrow I am!" To all who knew the extent of his devotion to his work and the wide radius of his influence, the description is peculiarly inept! On this occasion, however, he had no choice but to acquiesce in the festivities arranged in his honour. The Polytechnic was wreathed in flowers and altogether decked out in holiday array for the celebration of the Silver Wedding. Mr. Paton, who had been a worker at the Polytechnic since its inception and a friend of its

President and his wife for an even longer period, presented them with an illuminated address and a silver dessert service from the Regent Street Institute members; also with a set of gold links and a brooch set with polished quartz sent by old Polytechnic boys in South Africa, with the following message—

"Will you kindly hand these to Mr. and Mrs. Hogg on our behalf, as a slight token of our appreciation of all that they have done for us? We are but a unit in the vast army of young men who have felt the pressure of Quintin Hogg's love; long may he live to continue his great and noble work!"

The members and students were not the only ones who seized this opportunity to show their affection and gratitude in a tangible manner. The governing body also took advantage of it, and knowing that a gift that would benefit his Polytechnic would be the most acceptable and valuable thing they could offer to its founder, they had exerted themselves to reduce the debt of £20,000 which remained upon the place, largely owing to the structural alterations the County Council regulations had necessitated. £13,868 12*s*. had been raised by private appeal, the receipts for which were handed to Mr. Hogg "as a tribute of sincere respect and admiration." When he rose to reply, the whole audience stood up and cheered as only English boys can cheer. It was a wonderful oblation of affection and appreciation, and he was evidently deeply moved by it. For a moment it seemed as though he would break down under the stress of emotion it aroused in him, but he quickly mastered himself and spoke his thanks, referring to the invaluable help he had always received from friends and members.

After these ceremonies Mr. and Mrs. Hogg stood for five hours whilst streams of members, past and present, flowed past them. At first they spoke a few words to each one as they shook hands, but after a thousand or two had passed and there still appeared an interminable black file of thousands more awaiting their turn, the little speeches degenerated into "how d'ye do," and at last into a wan and somewhat fixed smile which they were always taxed with having been unable to discard for days afterwards.

In 1898 Quintin Hogg retired from the firm of Hogg, Curtis, Campbell and Co., and severed entirely his connexion with the West Indies and Demerara, though he retained his interest in the sugar industry till the end, being a director of various companies connected with it, in the affairs of which he took a very active interest.

For several years before he took the decisive step of retiring from the firm with which he had been connected for so long, he had been burdened with very heavy business anxieties, which added enormously to the mental strain involved by the magnitude of his philanthropic enterprises. He was a man of simple tastes and abstemious habits, but he could not be termed an economical man in the strict sense of the word. He spent very sparingly on himself because he was entirely selfless, and because he preferred sharing the lives of the class in which he interested himself, not from that innate sense of the value of money that enforces a strict adjustment of income and expenditure. In his youth he longed for money because it meant such extended power of helping others, such possibilities for developing his efforts to improve the lot of the poor and needy; when he obtained it, he regarded it as a means to forward his struggle against the national apathy in regard to the needs, both educational and otherwise, of the working classes, as one more offering it was his privilege to employ in the service of the Giver of all good things. The necessity of restricting the activity of the Polytechnic because of financial limitations irked him, and he chafed under the check of having to pause and consider the question of monetary expenses where his work was concerned. The possession of wealth was to him a means of removing many of the obstacles that retarded its progress, though he was also wonderfully open-handed and lavish in all matters concerning his home and family during the period of his prosperity. In the latter years of his life he was by no means wealthy, but as retrenchment in his expenses became urgently necessary, he denied himself every luxury rather than permit his charitable work to suffer from his altered circum-

stances. He took up the burden of financial worries and the necessity for renewed business activity without a murmur; that his work might suffer was the one possibility that made him regret the loss of fortune, that it should not do so his chief consideration and ambition, and he curtailed his more private expenditure in every possible way before he could bring himself to involve the Polytechnic ever so slightly in his restrictions. But strict economy both as regarded himself and others was an unknown virtue in Quintin Hogg's nature, he was for instance always extravagant where books or travelling were concerned. He was ever the most generous of men in financial matters, but in the general trend of his necessary retrenchments he associated his family with himself unquestioningly, he merely took it for granted that no one could contemplate allowing a scheme that benefited humanity at large to suffer so long as it could be prevented by personal sacrifice.

In the spring of 1898 he went for about six weeks to America. and later on in that same year to Colombo, Malay Peninsula, Ceylon, Mauritius and South Africa on business matters connected with some of the companies in which he was interested. Much as he loved travelling he grudged the time it took him away from the Polytechnic. "Our years," he wrote, "grow more precious as they grow fewer. I grudge a trip which takes me for six months away from all I love in England; far rather would I be visiting our Poly. homes in the autumn and standing in the busy front hall at the end of September when our boys will come pouring in to liven the Institute up again with their work and play."

In Colombo he saw his second son Ian, whose regiment (4th Q.O. Hussars) was stationed at Bangalore. From Singapore he wrote [1] of a visit he had paid to Batu Pahat in Johore, where he says —

"The Dato or Rajah holding under the Sultan of Johore was very civil and anxious to show off his country and to remove the

[1] Almost all the subsequent extracts are from letters written to his wife.

bad character it had both for climate and soil. Fourteen Ceylon planters lie buried in the valley I went to. The manager, a bright young fellow, the only European in the district, declared that at times they buried seventy to eighty coolies daily! I pointed out that at that rate his whole force (350) would die about six times over each month. Not in the least disconcerted he replied that the survivors mostly were employed in burying those who had died the previous day. Who buried the fourth gang, or rather the burying gang of the fourth day, I could not discover! I left Batu Pahat in a small chartered tug and arrived here to find the hotel being rebuilt, the noise, dust, and discomfort are considerable."

From here he returned to Penang, thence to Ceylon, where he was obliged to rush about to such an extent that he declared he "never slept in the same place twice; often walking over two estates in the day."

"I have picked up a travelling companion, the manager of an estate in Johore I was asked to report on and where fourteen white men had been buried in ten years. I found a man there marked for fever; he had been in the Straits seven years without a change, I induced him to leave at once, which he did just in time, for he was bowled over inside the week, and has been seriously ill ever since. My experience and cachets [1] were of use to him, and he elected to come this way with me, taking things very easy. It's curious how he feels the cold. Here am I sitting in a khaki suit before daybreak, whilst he next door is shivering under three blankets with a stove in his room. Nursing him has been somewhat of an occupation, and these hills should do him good."

The voyage to Mauritius did not prove restful, as the travelling companion had a bad relapse, and his self-appointed nurse barely left his cabin day or night. Shortly after he arrived in Mauritius, Mr. Hogg hurt his knee playing lawn tennis, the injury necessitated his being laid up for some time and delayed him accordingly. He writes—

"I am making daily visits to estates as my leg continues to improve. To-day I have to go to the Chamber of Commerce to speak on the Bounty Question, though I should have thought that to speak on such a subject in Mauritius was like slaying the slain. I enclose you a French paper which has been publishing a long appreciative account of the Poly. . . . . My invalid is better, and

[1] The prescription given him by Dr. Dupuis.

goes home to-day. . . . They have two of the sweetest little children here I ever saw, the youngest especially being quite irresistible. I bought a box of sweets, and every night whilst I was dressing for dinner the two little bairns came into my room in their night-dresses 'for secrets' as the sweet operation is called. You would have fallen head over ears in love with them as indeed every one seems to do. . . . I have been having rather a curious correspondence with the Union Catholique, who had asked me to give some addresses to their young men. I assented on condition that the meeting was to be a definitely religious one, and that I was allowed to offer one prayer. Outside of this they could do what they liked. Finally they cried off. They offered to let me say what I liked if I would do so under the guise of a secular or philanthropic lecture, but I said no, I could not smuggle the message of God under secular petticoats; and I should not feel easy in delivering such message unless I knew that its delivery were sanctioned all round."

From Mauritius he went to Delagoa Bay, met his ward Willoughby Montgomery[1] in Natal, travelled with him slowly down to Cape Town, whence he returned to England. He found this journey full of interest, and after the Boer war broke out, his satisfaction at having accomplished it increased, since he found that his recent trip through Natal, the Orange Free State (as it was then), the Transvaal and Cape Colony enabled him to realize the difficulties our troops had to contend with, and to follow the operations, especially in Natal, with a vividness impossible to anyone who had not seen and traversed the country.

In the autumn of 1899 he published under the title of *The Story of Peter*, a series of addresses which he had delivered at his Sunday afternoon class during 1896–97. They were reported each week in the *Polytechnic Magazine* and were reprinted in book-form from these reports—

"In the hope" (writes Mr. Hogg in his preface) "that they may help to remind some of our old Poly. boys of days when, perchance, the Father's call sounded clearer to them than it seems to do to-day, or—better still—of the time when they, like the Apostles of old,

[1] Mr. Hogg acted as guardian to several boys at different periods of his life. Both Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Garnett, the son of an old Demerara friend, lived with him for many years, and there were others to whom in all practical matters he stood *in loco parentis*, and to whom he was sincerely attached.

first became 'fishers of men.' Thus, first and foremost, I send this book to the great stream of bright English young manhood which constitutes at once the infinite attraction and the unspeakable responsibility of our Institute life. If, beyond this, the words here written should draw any prodigal to the Father's house, or help to inspire love in any human heart to Him who first loved us and gave Himself for us, I shall know that the beauty of the Divine message has outweighed the imperfections of the messenger."

The sale proved rather disappointing; largely because he always gave a copy to anyone who was in the least likely to buy one! He asked his eldest daughter if some of the members of the Girls' Institute would not like to have it, and on her assenting, sent her a small parcel of 100 copies to distribute! The following spring he and his wife went for a trip in Palestine. It was Mr. Hogg's first visit to the Holy Land, and he was intensely interested. On his return he gave a series of lectures on the scenes he had visited at the Polytechnic, which were illustrated by hundreds of photographs. Unfortunately he wrote no letters to the *Magazine* during this trip, nor were the lectures published in it. That winter saw the blackest days of the Boer War, those days when hope deferred made the heart sick, when there was scarce a home in England where unspeakable anxiety was not hidden under the monotonous round of daily life. Quintin Hogg believed the war to have been inevitable, but the tension of long-endured uncertainty, the desolation of sorrow, the awful apprehension of disasters that hung like a pall over the whole country affected him very strongly. He would appear at meals too depressed to eat or speak. "One feels it impossible to touch food with the country in such deep trouble. And our poor fellows out there," he would sigh, and any letters from South Africa would always rouse him to a display of interest. The Polytechnic organized a Fund for the benefit of the sick and wounded in connexion with the Red Cross Society.[1] A contribution of 1,000 garments was promised, but this was eventually far exceeded. "I believe," wrote the President, in the *Polytechnic Magazine*, "this war to have

[1] Quintin Hogg had been enrolled an hon. associate of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in recognition of his philanthropic work.

been inevitable from causes which I need not go into here. I believe that it is to the interest of all parties that the miserable oligarchy at Pretoria should lose their power, but we must remember that the Boers had manhood enough to accept a contest from which the forty millions of France shrank." His eldest son Douglas, went out in February 1900 as a trooper in the 19th Co. (Lothian and Berwick) of the Imperial Yeomanry; Mr. V. R. Hoare, afterwards his son-in-law, was with the Suffolk Yeomanry, his second son who was on special service in Nigeria, elected to spend his well earned leave at the seat of war, attached to Colonel Byng's column. In December 1900, Mr. Hogg again went to America in order to visit the estates of the Kenilworth Company, and to personally conduct some experiments. As soon as he arrived at New Orleans, he was deep in sugar once more. The afternoon of his arrival he visited an estate where 1,800 tons of cane were handled daily and nearly 1,200 tons of sugar made every week! He then visited one where the megass was turned into paper, the experiment which had not proved successful in Demerara when he had tried it there many years before.[1] The conditions in Louisiana were certainly more favourable, since the megass had in Demerara to be replaced by coal costing 30*s*. a ton, whilst in Louisiana the price was only 21*s*. or less. Owing, however, to a tornado, he was unable to see the paper experiments in active operation and therefore altered his plans somewhat. "I am going," he wrote—

"to Houston, quite close to Galveston, which was nearly destroyed by a tornado a few weeks ago. Then to Indiana to run a paper factory which I have hired for a day to test our megass. Then *via* Chicago and New York to Virginia to spend a day or two with Harry Forsyth, who was in the Eton Football Eleven with me, and who has settled down in Virginia to spend his old age."

This programme had to be greatly modified. From South Bend he wrote—

"This is a great centre for plough manufacturing, two mighty men in that line, Oliver and Studemacher, having their works

[1] See p. 323.

here. The former having made his money here erected this fine hotel which cost him $600,000 before he began to furnish it. It is the best house I have stayed in so far; I was amazed to see it. I had expected to put up in a shanty over a saloon, and found Aladdin's Palace. Of course it cannot possibly pay, but old Oliver does not care, he wants his city to have the best hotel west of New York, and I believe he has got it. Whilst in Chicago I twice went to hear Gunsaulus, at the central music hall where he holds his church, and at the Armour Institute where he preached an appreciation of the dead millionaire. He told me every Sunday Armour would ascertain how much the church had subscribed (about 3,000 members), and then doubled it. I also saw Ogden Armour who told me he thought the British the smartest people on earth! I wish I could agree with him! There is not a minor town here which is not in many respects better fixed than our metropolis."

Whilst in New York he heard of our Queen's death, and was greatly struck by the comments he heard on all sides, showing the universal appreciation of her who had passed away, and the evident conviction that the loss of Victoria the Good was not only a national but a world-wide calamity. "Well it is to be so spoken of and so missed," he wrote. Later on he was the guest of honour at a large dinner given by a prominent American, and was taken "for the first time in my life, and very much against my will to the Opera." He does not state what the selected opera was, but it was a matter of little importance, since he slept whenever the "noise" allowed him to do so, and was able truthfully to assure his host that he had "never enjoyed anything more"; for he had been travelling for two nights, was dead tired, and rarely slept as soundly as he did on that occasion!

He also visited Dayton at the invitation of the Y.M.C.A. It was, he says—

"A very well laid out place, wide streets, clean and well paved, excellently served by electric trams and has 100,000 inhabitants. Its largest factory is that of the Cash Register Co., which employs 2,500 people, and is a model in many ways. Four miles out is a soldier's home, so different, so infinitely superior to our Chelsea Hospital. There is a beautifully laid out park of 700 acres, with barracks for 6,000 volunteer veterans, two churches, billiard-rooms, chess, reading-rooms, library, band, and recreation of every kind,

and any volunteer soldier of the U.S.A. army who has an honourable discharge and is incapacitated from *any* cause at *any* time from earning his living can come right here, get board, lodging and clothing free, retain his pension and spend the rest of his days in peace and comfort. This is only one of several such homes, and is altogether outside the home for 'Regulars' at Washington. I shall have to make another trip south as we have decided to put up a paper factory at Kenilworth. What a nuisance it is to be so built that you want to be just a little ahead of your time! Here was I twenty years ago losing £20,000 by the very enterprise which, so far as I can see, has a profit of £20,000 a year in it! In Demerara no one believed in it, and so it failed. Here I can go ahead, and at least be sure of a fair trial."

The paper-making experiments were eminently successful, so much so that it was decided to erect a mill on the Kenilworth estate, a matter that again delayed his return, as he had to make all the arrangements. He visited Washington and was very much struck with its splendour—

"I do not believe that Paris will be in it as compared to this place when the bells ring in the twenty-first century. A very remarkable thing is the extent to which the Yanks are using electric cars. They run in every direction, opening up the country and bringing all the villages into close touch with the town. The relative effect of this will be very interesting, i.e. whether it will carry the townsfolk to the village or *vice versa*."

He returned in March to find his son Douglas had been invalided home from South Africa. In May the Shoeblack Society celebrated its Jubilee in the Great Hall of the Polytechnic. Mr. Hogg was unable to be present owing to business engagements in Edinburgh, but he published a long appreciation of the Society and its work in the *Magazine*, relating that previous to 1851 it was impossible to get one's boots blacked under 1*s*. and describing the interest created by the first appearance of the red tunics, and the ultimate success of the venture. In the summer the Regent Street Polytechnic undertook the management of the Inter-Polytechnic Sports, which had been run for some years but had never been a success. Mr. Mitchell took the job in hand, with, it is almost superfluous to add, results that more than fulfilled everybody's hopes.

In September, 1901, Mr. Hogg's eldest daughter, Elsie, became engaged to Mr. V. R. Hoare, who had worked wholeheartedly in the Polytechnic for some eight years. The engagement was a source of unmitigated satisfaction to her parents. Mr. Hoare had already become almost a son to them, and his hearty co-operation in all matters concerning the Polytechnic naturally rejoiced their hearts.

"The absence of my daughter will make a big gap in my home, as she perhaps more than any one, understood my own and her mother's position in the matter of the Poly., and sympathized most deeply with it. However, she has got a splendid fellow in Vin Hoare, and I am sure the married life is the happier of the two,"

her father wrote in answer to a letter of congratulation.

The young couple were married in November, at Marylebone parish church, on which occasion the bride and her paternal escort caused the chief bridesmaid terrible perturbation by dashing up the aisle ahead of the choir, a little *faux-pas* which the majority of the congregation fortunately regarded as a brilliantly original and entirely intentional arrangement!

One more innovation for the comfort of the boys for whom Quintin Hogg could never do enough, was introduced in 1902, when the services of a trained nurse who could visit and tend the sick and suffering in lodgings were retained since those members whose homes were not in London often had no one to look after them properly if they were ill. Preference of course was given to members, but membership was not an absolute condition. "The Poly. heart must be large enough to feel for all young fellows or young women who may temporarily need a kindly nursing hand in the hour of their sickness and depression," was the President's verdict. In the summer of this year, he and his wife personally supervised one of the holiday homes at Eastbourne for five weeks. Afterwards they both went to Droitwich and underwent a course of the brine baths the merits of which Mr. Hogg believed in sufficiently to send for their butler, Edwards, who had been with them ever since

their marriage, had taught in the Ragged School, and[1] trained up various Polytechnic members in the paths of domestic service, who had followed their fortunes good and bad for more than thirty years, and who often suffered terribly from gout, in order to see if they could work a cure for him too.

The baths are about twelve times as salt as the sea, and Mr. Hogg spoke of them as a "pickling process." His ideas of undergoing a cure were somewhat revolutionary. He was always rushing up to town to look after "Poly." concerns and having extorted reluctant permission from his doctors by offering them these half measures or nothing, he used to assert that these frequent trips were taken with the doctor's consent, and be much surprised by the non-success of the "cure." In the last number of the *Magazine* for 1902, he issued the following greeting to the members—

"A bright New Year, and a sunny track
Along an upward way;
And a song of praise when looking back
When the year has passed away,
And golden sheaves, nor small nor few,
This is my New Year's wish for you."

The letter which accompanied this will be found on page 388.

LETTERS

September, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—

I am in due receipt of your letter of the 25th ult. asking me to write an article, for your paper, which circulates among the Y.M.C. Associations of America. I am afraid that I do not

[1] A man servant who was with the family for sixteen years came to them in the following manner. One day Mr. Hogg noticed a boy wheeling a barrow in Covent Garden, and limping in evident pain. He went and asked the little chap what the matter was, and found he had hurt his knee severely.

"We took the barrow straight back to the man who owned it, and then I carried the boy off to my house and made him lie up for some weeks till we got his knee right. We then set him to help in the house, so as to prevent his going back to harder work than he was fit for. He intended only to stay a few weeks. He lived with me for sixteen years. Then the little boy grown into a man standing over six feet, married. I got him a place which would interfere less than domestic service with his married life. When he lay dying, he sent me this message: 'Though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death, I shall not fear, for He is with me.'"

feel very much inspired in this direction just now, as my time is so much more occupied than it ought to be that I am doing nothing well. If, however, I should be subject to the unusual ailment of a sudden rush of brains to the head, I will forthwith relieve it in ink and post the result to you, but I can make no promise. It is time that I lack, not the will, and so much has been said about education in the recent past that I am appalled at the idea of attempting to say anything new on such a subject, and moreover, education alone could not be my theme, at least not in its narrower interpretation. I hold the development of the whole man to be the work of the Christian Church, and I am personally as keen about the physical and spiritual faculties of a man as I am about the simply intellectual. I could send you lots of stale manna if that would suit you, but it would be of more or less religious character. With kind regards,

Yours truly,

QUINTIN HOGG.

August, 1896.

To a former Day School boy.

I found your letter on my return from Brighton, where I had been starting a couple of small holiday homes for our elder and younger boys respectively. You silly boy! How could you say the card "happened" to come on your birthday? Could you not see that it was intended to do so, and was in fact a birthday card made expressly for me, or I suppose I ought to say for you?

If you come up to the swimming bath any time during this month you will find lots of room in it, for, of course, our day school boys are all away holiday making, and our Institute fellows are to a large extent engaged in the same way. I do not know that I have ever seen the bath so empty since I first built it as it was last night. Do you not know, you bad boy, that our old day school boys are allowed to join the O.Q's. at fifteen, instead of waiting until they are sixteen, which is the limit for all others? Think of what you have lost by not coming to pay me a visit and finding out all about it, which indeed you ought to have found out long ago!

September, 1896.

To a friend ill in a scarlet fever hospital.

MY DEAR ——,—

I am afraid you will think me a dreadfully bad correspondent in not having answered your letter long ere this. However, you gave altogether so flourishing an account of yourself that I was afraid to intrude upon your elysius by anything so mundane as an epistle from my unworthy self. I think now however, that it is only right to tell you that you should stay in the hospital as long as you can, and that while there you ought to

hang up a punching bag and learn the noble art of self-defence, unless indeed your pal in your room adds to his other amenities a love of being punched himself. The reason is that both H——and D—— are learning boxing so as to be able to put you on your back, and they appear with their nasal organs in various conditions of distortion as a result of undue acquaintance with the instructor's digits.

As to myself I have been running to and fro over the earth, like Satan in the Book of Job, seeking not whom I may devour, but what I may insure, anything from oil mills to infants being fish for our net! All the boys are asking where you have got to, but when their curiosity has been satisfied, none of them seem to jump at the idea of paying you a visit! Perhaps no adult of ordinary intelligence would select a fever hospital as an eligible spot in which to spend a holiday.

Written to a boy to whom he had sent the "Story of Peter."

DEAR ——,—

Surely you don't suppose that when I sent you my book I intended to inflict on you the penalty of reading it? My wildest flights of imagination only soared to the possibility of its occupying two inches in your bookcase. I marvelled when I found it was otherwise until I turned over the page and found you had sprained your ankle, which accounted for the phenomenon. I shall know by the marks in the *Story of Peter* how long you have been laid up with a bad leg.

Your aff.,

Q. H.

LONDON, '96.

MY DEAR BOY,—

I would have answered your letter earlier but for the complaint that I do not write my letters myself, which I am afraid is true, and if it ceased to be so would involve a considerable reduction in Her Majesty's postal service, and possibly an equal relief to my unfortunate correspondents. . . . How does the Chapel get on now? I hope you are keeping up your interest in the school; the chapel was rather a disappointment, and I am afraid the people there, as in most places, like having their ears tickled with fervid declarations of truths which they know rather than being led to higher and wider views of God's dealings—

> "There's a wideness in His mercy
> Like the wideness of the sea,
> There's a blessing in His justice
> Which is more than liberty,"

as Faber sings, but how few of us follow on to know the Lord fully. *Perspiration* rather than *inspiration* is what some folks like to

see in the pulpit, and I suppose it will be so till the whole level of Christian thought has been raised by education and God's Spirit. The older I get the more I hunger after preaching which is the result of the sweat of the brain and of personal experience, and the less can I endure the hurdy-gurdy barrel-organ which is so often set agoing and called preaching. God blesses "foolishness *of* preaching," as Paul says, but I don't find it written anywhere that He blesses foolish preaching!

In answer to a letter asking him about the manufacture of paper from megass.

July 29, 1902.

Thanks for your letter of yesterday with its enclosure. I believe I was the first in the world to make paper out of megass, as I tried it over twenty years ago on one of my estates in British Guiana, but my efforts were frustrated by the Sadducee-like attitude taken up by my employees, who disbelieved in it, and therefore did not try to make it a success. Last year I went out to the United States, shipped some megass up to Indiana, hired a small paper mill and made paper myself with such success that we have now put up in Louisiana a paper mill which cost over $200,000, and we start paper-making this week. We hope it will prove a really good thing for the United Railway and Trading Co. We have lots of nice straw round us in Louisiana also, and are buying up some of that to assist in the manufacture.

As to what your friends tell you about the elimination of printers' ink, I don't believe a word of it. Old newspapers and old paper rubbish are used in mills turning out the poorest kind of wrapping paper. Really white paper cannot be made out of it over here or in the United States, and the colour difficulty is evaded in both countries by producing pink paper such as that on which the *Globe* is printed, or green paper like that of the *Westminster Gazette*, the dye being put in to conceal the kind of kharki colour which would be left by the ink. Possibly you did not know the reason of the *Pink Un* and its *confrères* before!

Written to a boy who had just gone out to India.

MY DEAR—

Your letter of the 18th ultimo is to hand, and I am glad to see that you have arrived and found something of a home in the Y.M.C.A.

I know Calcutta only fairly well, although my father was located there at the beginning of last century for nearly twenty years, and two of my brothers held very important posts there one as Director-General of the Post Office,[1] and the other of Chairman of

[1] Sir Frederick Hogg.

Magistrates[1] in the town. However I will not try to tell you about a place of which you probably know more than I do, but will confine myself to such news as I can give you on this side.

Last week we were busy with our *fête*, which went off, I think, unusually well. Personally I was only there two evenings, as I was in charge of a home in Hastings, where twenty of our boys, past and present, were spending their Christmas holidays. I found also rather a sad duty to perform there. At the hotel to which I generally go, and where I almost always look in when I pay a visit to Hastings, I was recognized by Charlie Nepean, whom I knew as a charming young fellow five-and-thirty years ago, when he played in the International Scotch team under my captaincy. After leaving Charterhouse he went to Cambridge, then entered the Church, and for the last twenty-six years had been in charge of a parish in Kent. I had not seen him for nearly thirty years, but he knew me in a moment, and I was grieved to find that he had come down there to die, being afflicted with a hopless attack of cancer. As a consequence I deserted my boys much more than usual, as when I could manage it I dined with him, and paid him a visit during the day as often as possible. He was as bright and cheery as ever, and as full of pluck as when he shared with me the charge of the back division of the Scotch team.

To-day the Poly. is of course in chaos. Everything is being more or less dismantled and moved, and even at the Poly. we cannot do things quite by magic, so I do not know how the boys are to find their papers or practice their gymnastics this evening.

I am sending you under another cover a sample of a card which I sent out to all our members, and also a copy of the letter which accompanied it. I have told the boys to hang the card over their bed either in their homes or their diggings, and though in your case it may be necessary to view it through interposing mosquito curtains, I hope you will do the same. Wishing you a happy New Year.

Yours sincerely,

Q. H.

The following letters were written to his ward, Willoughby Montgomery, during the Boer War. He had travelled through Natal with him about ten months before hostilities commenced. Mr. Montgomery went out with the Natal Carabineers, and was, with his brother, amongst the Ladysmith garrison, and obtained his commission in 1900.

May 17, 1900.

Your letter of the 19th just to hand. I was awfully sorry to hear that you had had a relapse after leaving Ladysmith. I was comforting myself by imagining you revelling in superabundance of good milk, good food, and good nursing, and only remaining like Cincinnatus on your farm until the eagles gathered together

[1] Sir Stuart Hogg.

for a swoop over the Transvaal. As for Quintin [1] he seems to have paid the penalty of youth, and have known even less than his elder brother how to avoid the ills that flesh is heir to.

I marvel that you should have written to me about yourself and Quintin, and missed out that most important person of the trio—La Flèche.[2] At least I noticed from the letters which your father was good enough to send me from time to time, that the mare got quite as much consideration as her rider, and probably more so. Did she survive the siege, or was she turned into sausages before her time?

I see that the inimitable and irrepressible Baden Powell is making excellent brawn out of horse and mule skins, and that all the folk in Mafeking are feeding on it, finding it toothsome and sustaining, though somewhat sticky! Upon my word he seems the finest fellow the war has developed on either side. Our last cables tell us the Boers have evacuated the Biggarsberg and are in full retreat on Laing's Nek, so I suppose in a few days Natal will be clear of her unwelcome guests, and Buller ought certainly to have men enough now to hold the Boers at Laing's Nek and strike by Utrecht and Wakkerstroom to the Railway, thus compelling the evacuation of Natal territory. The trouble of the last fortnight has been that while we have taken position after position we have not yet had a fair stroke at the Boer army. When General Grant was engaged in his last campaign he used repeatedly to reply to those who suggested easy ways to Richmond, "I don't want Richmond, I want General Lee's army." Just so, we don't care one straw about crossing the Vaal or capturing positions—what we want is Botha's army, and until we can look upon that as a nonentity the war will not be properly over. Somewhere or other there will have to be a stand, but with an army always capable of enveloping them the Boers will be very chary of giving us the chance we seek. Of course there is this to be remembered, that with irregular troops constant retreat means disorganization and demoralization to a far greater extent than would be the case with more disciplined men. At the same time the Boers have not yet had a fair smashing. Cronje's force after all only consisted of 4,000 or 5,000 men; and we want the largest Boer force in existence to feel the effects of a downright blow from Roberts or Buller.

I cannot say how thankful I am that you have got through all the troubles of the siege. So far none of my own loved ones have suffered. One or two of our boys have been wounded and one or two taken prisoners, but so far none have succumbed through sickness or been slain in battle.

Poor Douglas [3] in his last letter was laid up with dysentery

[1] Mr. Montgomery's younger brother.
[2] Mr. Montgomery's mare.
[3] His eldest son, who was in the Imperial Yeomanry

at Stellenbosch Camp just as his troop went to the front. They are with General Hunter. I do hope Douglas managed to get out of hospital in time to catch them up somewhere *en route*. Vin. Hoare is also at the front, he is in the Norfolk Yeomanry. He was with French, but I fancy by now will be with the Eastern forces. Well, dear boy, it is time I stopped. God grant this letter will find you strong and well and with the British colours flying over the Transvaal, at Johannesburg at any rate, if not at Pretoria!

61, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.,
November 3, 1900.

MY DEAR WILL,—

I was so very pleased to get your letter of the 10th ult, telling me that you had got your commission at last. If I had been in command of the regiment you should have had it within the first week, for I know very few men who would be better and more willingly followed by their men than would be the case with you.

I am having the photograph you sent me of the scouts with their horses lying down reproduced for the *Poly. Mag.*, and I have just this moment handed it over to Clark for that purpose.

I am sorry to find, however, that I was wrong in comforting myself that your military work was over and that by this time you were safely lodged at Ismont. All this sniping business, and the guerilla tactics which the Boers have taken up will be very trying, and I fancy the right thing would be to have our men nearly all mounted. The cablegrams say that the Boers in some cases take three horses with them, and of course our poor jaded animals can have no chance against men mounted like that.

The C.I.V.'s returned home last week, and on Monday marched through the City, getting a tremendous ovation, but I cannot say that I was impressed with it. The crowd was more drunken and less restrained in every way than is usually the case. The difference, for instance, between the crowd last Monday and that on Jubilee day was most marked. Personally it seems to me that we made an absurdly exaggerated fuss over the C.I.V.'s, and I don't know how we can give any proportionate welcome when those come home who have done the real fighting. Take, for instance, the Volunteer Companies of the Regular regiments, and some of the Yeomanry who have been employed right along. I don't want to depreciate what the C.I.V.'s have done. They proved themselves of excellent material and have been most helpful, but still there are others who have done more, and how we could live in this town if every returning regiment is to get a similar ovation I really do not know. The streets were very badly kept, with the result that the crowd broke completely through the Volunteers and police at Temple Bar, and from there onwards all semblance to a procession was lost; the C.I.V.'s had to struggle through in single file, and arrived cross

and tired at their luncheon tents in Bunhill Fields. They were too weary and hungry to listen to the Lord Mayor or anybody else, and left his lordship speaking while they fell on to the viands. Personally, I don't blame them. Under the circumstances I should have preferred a square meal and a good drink (especially the latter) to listening to the Lord Mayor's eloquence.

I think I told you in a previous letter that I expected to be going off to the United States early next month, so you must not "cuss me too bad" if you don't get answers to your letters as regularly as usual.

Yours aff.,

Q. H.

October 31, 1901.

I am always glad to hear from you as it gives me proof positive that up to the time of writing at any rate my boy had been kept safe and well. The same mail that brought your letter brought me also one from one of my old day school boys, who told me how he had assisted in bandaging up one of his old school fellows who had been shot through the head and died in a few hours. The very day I received this a telegram came from Lord Kitchener reporting that the column to which this boy was attached, Von Donops', had had a stiff fight with the Boers with seventy or eighty men killed or wounded. This desultory and sniping kind of warfare keeps one constantly on the *qui vive* and in fear for one's friends. Ian [1] is attached to Colonel Byng's column, and wants to get back to West Africa in time for the Nigerian Expedition. Whether this can be worked, I do not yet know.

Do you remember F—— C——? He came to us as a boy of fifteen, passed through the school with great distinction and was put on the teaching staff, where he proved himself one of our ablest and best men. He was just twenty-seven and was about to be married, when he suddenly broke a blood vessel as he was getting into his bath and died in two minutes. It has cast a gloom over the whole school.

Did I tell you I had sold Merton Hall for breaking up into building land, and now a range of cottages is being built all along the Kingston Road, where the Poly. Reserve cricket pitch used to be? This year I have taken the main pitch in Paddington Recreation ground for our first football team. We pay £100 for it, but we ought to get something back from the gate, and at any rate the advertisement is worth a good deal, and should attract to us some new young blood from the Maida Vale district. Dottie [2] is to be married next Tuesday to Vin Hoare. We are having very fine mild weather just now, and we are all hoping it will last over

[1] His second son, a captain in the 4th Q.O. Hussars.
[2] His eldest daughter, Elsie.

the wedding day. The weather makes such a difference from a spectacular point of view, and as you can imagine, there is sure to be a tolerable crowd in the church, seeing that Dottie is very well known in the Sisters' Institute and Vin at 309.[1] They are to go to Venice for their honeymoon. Good-bye, dear sonny, God bless and keep you.

61, THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C.,
July 7, 1902.

DEAR OLD WILL,—

Yours of the 13th ult. has just reached me — the first you have sent me since the declaration of peace. I am glad you are satisfied with the terms. Over here they seemed very reasonable. Whatever is the fate of South Africa English must of necessity be its language, and the more commerce flourishes and the place booms, the more rapidly will the English tongue get its hold on the country as a whole. You must of course in the first instance expect a good number of the Dutch to stick to their old Taal, but many will have learnt the advantages of English through this war, and you must remember that the right to use the Dutch language in the Courts of Justice is limited to those cases where its use would assist justice. The men have fought well and deserve liberal terms, and you must always bear in mind that we have not been fighting in a strange country where we had just to lick the soldiers and then clear out, but in a country where the English and the Boers have to live side by side, and, I hope, thinking all the more of each other as the result of this war.

Do you know, a very curious thing happened to me the other day? I had run down to Portsmouth to see the fleet before the ships dispersed, and on coming back who should get into the train but a sergeant with (to me) the well-known legend on his collar "V.C.R.", and "Natal" underneath. I spoke up to him at once, and asked him if he knew my bad boy, which of course he did, and we had a long talk about you and Quintin and the war generally. He told me that Will looked after his men, and I told him that Will always did everything that he ought to do, and nothing that he oughtn't. I do not know the sergeant's name, but probably you will be able to spot him as being, I should think, the only sergeant of the V.C.R. who has come home with the Coronation detachment.

The King has been pronounced out of danger. He was not, after all, operated on for appendicitis; neither has the appendix been touched, but an abscess which had formed in the bowel has been tapped and relieved. There are rumours that the date of the coronation will be made known shortly, though of course it must take a good long time yet before the King can be looked upon as restored to his normal health.

[1] 309, Regent Street, the Polytechnic.

I wish I could pay you another visit out in Natal. I should love to go over all the places with you. What an interesting trip it would be, and what an interesting companion I should have with me, though I fancy on this occasion one would have to ride to most of the spots. How well I remember that night when we passed through Colenso and Ladysmith. Even then there were wars and rumours of wars, and you will remember we discussed whether it would be worth while to get out at Ladysmith and have a look around. I wish now that we had done so.

By-the-bye, I had almost forgotten to tell you that I had to take a run the other day to Lucerne to see our Châlets there, and I took with me as a companion a boy who had joined the Poly. school recently. He was at school within sound of the guns of Colenso when the battle was fought, a curious experience for a boy. He is a very nice lad of sixteen, and I want you to get to know him when he goes out. I believe he returns home with his father and mother and sisters next September or October. Just now they are living in North Wales, but I took him a short trip to Edinburgh, and another to Switzerland, so that he might see what walking over a glacier was like and know the felicity of being snowballed in the ear, etc., etc. I have given him your address, so if a strong, well-built laddie of sixteen comes and asks you for a game of football and invokes your aid in the name of yours truly, you will know who he is.

Good-bye, dear boy. May God bless and keep you always in all places.

Yours affec.,
Q. H.

Written in September 1902, *to a former Polytechnic member now in South Africa. It is mainly interesting as showing that the paucity of his intercourse with his family was due entirely to circumstances and what he believed to be his duty, for this letter proves that he was not lacking in interest or pride in his children—*

"61 THREADNEEDLE STREET,
"MY DEAR . . . "*September* 3, 1902.

"Your letter of the 3rd ult. duly reached me, and I must thank you not only for its very kind tone, but also for the fullness with which you have gone into both days past and present. I am glad you met Badcock ;[1] he half lived at my house while he was in London. He is a very nice fellow, an enthusiast in his profession and ought to do well.

"Mrs. Hogg and I are just now living at Eastbourne, where we have been running a Holiday Home for the Day School boys, past

[1] An Eton friend of his son Douglas and of his son-in-law, Mr. V. R. Hoare.

and present. We have a motor-car, and have been delighting the boys by taking them long excursions, for distances far exceeding those we could have ventured on had we been dependent on horses. I hope one day to go to my favourite Bodiam Castle, the most perfect uninhabited Norman Castle in England. When you are within 300 yards of it you are not conscious that it lacks a roof, and are almost surprised to be told it is uninhabited.

"Douglas has passed his final Bar examination brilliantly, and in fact, did so much better than anybody else that the Scholarship, which he was debarred from taking up on account of his age, was awarded to no one else; it being held that there was really no second to him in the exam. He is an enthusiast in his work; has quite a number of briefs already, and I am sure will do uncommonly well. Dr. Warre, the Headmaster of Eton, told me when he was leaving, that if I would put him into Law, he would undertake that he would become Lord Chancellor, as he was pretty nearly the ablest fellow that had ever passed through his hands. Of course one must take an opinion like this *cum grano*, but making all allowances, it was a very flattering description for the Headmaster of Eton to give of any boy.

"Unfortunately, we have to close up the Home at Eastbourne on Saturday, and my next trip will hardly be one of pleasure, for my knee has been giving me so much pain from rheumatism that I am going with Mrs. Hogg to Droitwich to try a course of the waters there. It is nearly three years since I took some baths at Bath, and I suppose my rheumatic tendencies are getting a bit unruly for lack of a proper amount of spanking.

"As regards giving boys letters of introduction to you, I am going to take you at your word, and hope I shall not overburden you."

XV

THE CROSSING OF THE BAR.

. . . I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure.

TENNYSON.

XV

THE CROSSING OF THE BAR

IN November, 1902, Quintin Hogg had sold his house in Cavendish Place[1] at very short notice, and therefore rented a house in Stratford Place in order to give himself and his wife more time to find another permanent residence. Since it was some distance from the Polytechnic, in bad weather or when he was very late working, he would often sleep in his bedroom there, which had a bath room built on to it. As the Institute was closing for the night of January 16, he stood at the top of the steps, shaking hands with the members as they went out, when one lad passed him very thinly clad. "Where's your overcoat this cold night, sonny?" The boy answered that he didn't possess one; so laying a hand on his shoulder, "Q. H." detained him whilst one of the porters went out and obtained a warm coat, into which he buttoned the boy before sending him home.

That was his last little personal service for his "boys." His non-appearance at breakfast next morning caused no alarm, he was so uncertain in his movements that his family had long ceased to wonder at his comings and goings, and it was not till the servants went to do his rooms that he was discovered lying in his bath, quite dead. At first it was thought to be a case of sudden heart failure, but death was subsequently proved to be due to asphyxiation from the fumes of the gas stove in the bath room, for which, apparently, adequate ventilation had not been provided.[2] The family was hurriedly summoned, to find what had seemed incredible briefly stated in telegrams all too true. The hush of death hung heavily on the Institute, from all sides friends and

[1] The Hoggs had moved from Cavendish Square some four years previously.

[2] The stove had been in almost daily use for four years without any suspicion of this want having been aroused.

inquirers came pouring in hoping to find it an evil rumour: but the drapings of black which hung round his portrait in the entrance hall confirmed the tidings before a word was uttered. He was left lying in the room where he had most truly lived for many years; for there it was that those in need of succour, comfort, or advice had nightly sought him who had never been known to refuse to listen to any story of sadness, or to help so far as lay in his power. He was not quite fifty-eight, but his face bore the traces of unremitting labour, of earnest thought, and of a great weariness, as though the burden had proved almost too heavy for his willing shoulders. One glance at that dear face and it seemed almost wrong to dare to sorrow, his burden had rolled from off his shoulders so quietly and quickly, one could only thank God that such an ideal "crossing of the bar" had been granted to him. No sadness of farewell, no waiting, no suffering; on his table lay a letter to one of his boys, which he had evidently left unfinished when sleep began to assail him. A few hours of rest, and then just as he was buckling on his armour to meet a new day of toil and labour, the quietest of calls, and he stood, farther perhaps from those left here, but nearer to the God he loved most dearly of all.

Next day a hurriedly arranged service took the place of the one he himself was to have held in the Polytechnic. It was a curious coincidence that he should have chosen as the hymn, "I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet," which was accordingly sung. Every post brought letters of real sorrowing, letters telling of help given, of inspiration received from him, whilst the Press notices were of an appreciative and warm nature that showed how widely he had been loved and honoured. As he said of Queen Victoria, "Truly it is well to be so spoken of and so missed." The flowers that came were but an added proof of the gap his departure caused in countless lives. One wreath was sent by a clergyman at Eastbourne inscribed, "To the Boys' Friend.—From one who never knew him but who loved him for his goodness to the poor boys."

On Wednesday his funeral service was held at All Souls'

Church, Langham Place, and as he had always expressed a great dislike to pomp and ceremony of any kind, it was as simple and quiet as possible. Nearly 200 wreaths, etc., made the church look more prepared for a wedding than for the last sad solemn service. Except for the mourners clad in black, and the grief written plain on every face, which sometimes broke forth in an audible sob, the service itself seemed rather triumphant and peaceful than sorrowful—how could it be otherwise? The feeling expressed by Mr. Studd on the following Sunday at the Polytechnic, when he suggested that the choir should close the service, which had begun with the Dead March in *Saul*, by singing the Hallelujah Chorus, pervaded the air. "You could not (said Mr. Studd) "end that life with a Dead March. Nothing can be too joyful or too triumphant to express our pride in our chief, or our joy in his triumph. Let us try to realize that this song is but an echo of the triumphant welcome our beloved President is receiving from his Polytechnic boys at home." That spirit was present also in the church in spite of the unconquerable heartache in those left behind, the funeral marches, the agony of the last sight of the coffin as the bearers silently carried it away amidst grief such as but few men are ever honoured by, for in all that vast concourse there was not one who was not mourning him as a personal friend.

Outside the church as far as the eye could reach stood a sombre, motionless, bareheaded crowd. They filled the space in front of the church, they stood massed in front of Langham Hotel, and as far as one could see up Portland Place there was an avenue of those who had come to pay their last tribute of loving respect to him who never touched a life without making it brighter, better and nobler. As the hearse bearing the coffin covered by a few of the flowers moved on followed by most of the congregations, the crowd fell in behind, marshalling itself quietly in rows of six or ten abreast. Thus the boys he loved escorted him on his way. They were all there, grey-headed men who had been boys in the days of Long Acre, stalwart youths of the Polytechnic of to-day, "Old Quintinians," boys of the Day School—they were always

"boys" to him. "We loved him, but it was nothing to his wondrous love for us," ran the inscription on one wreath, but I think that in that *cortège*, "Q. H." saw the picture of his life-long devotion to others and was satisfied.

After cremation his ashes were replaced in the coffin and buried in the Marylebone Cemetery at Finchley. Now there stands at the head of his grave a cross with this one word on it—

"Satisfied,"[1]

in reference to the two texts—"I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy Likeness" (Ps. xvii. 15) and "My people shall be satisfied with My goodness, saith the Lord" (Jer. xxxi. 14). On the following Sunday, when the final memorial service was held at the Polytechnic, Mr. Mitchell told the following touching little story: "I remember in the old days, Jem Nicholls, as wild a character as ever one met, yet whose heart had been softened and life changed by the gentle teaching of our founder. I remember once saying to him, 'Well, Jem, how are you getting along now?' and his answer, 'I have a bit of trouble in keeping straight, but I thank God all is well. You see, I carry a photo of "Q. H." with me always, and whenever I am tempted, I just take it out, and his look is a wonderful help, and by the grace of God I am able to overcome all.'"[2]

If only some of those in whose service Quintin Hogg so gladly spent himself carry his portrait in their hearts and find it "a wonderful help," then indeed the Polytechnic's Founder will see the fruit of his work and be "Satisfied."

No more eloquent testimony could have been given him than those crowds of uninvited mourners that gathered to bid him a last farewell, silent witnesses to the magnitude of his work and the wide radius of his influence. Of all those thousands, there was

[1] It was what Quintin Hogg had chosen for the epitaph on his mother's tombstone.

[2] A very beautiful tribute to Quintin Hogg's life was once given by a boy he went to visit on his death-bed. Drawing his benefactor's face down near his own, the lad whispered faintly, "I will tell Jesus about the Polytechnic."

probably scarce one whose life, directly or indirectly, had not at some period been influenced, enriched, ennobled by him. What man ever had a more enduring monument than he has made for himself; what man ever gave the world more lavishly of himself and all that he had, leaving it so infinitely the richer for his example, so infinitely the poorer by his loss?

THE END

APPENDIX

THE following five addresses were written by Mr. Hogg during the time he was laid up with a broken muscle in 1893. On Monday evenings he held a class for both men and women, and rather than allow this to be neglected during his enforced inaction, he wrote each week a letter which was sent round to every member of the class. As it was a somewhat original idea, by no means easy of fulfilment, the five addresses are given here, in the hope they may prove of interest to some others. Each letter began, "My dear——" and the heading and signature were filled in by Mr. Hogg personally.

I

January 30, 1903.

As we cannot meet together this evening, it has occurred to me that I might send you a few outlines which will, I trust, be sufficiently suggestive to give rise to helpful thoughts in your own mind. Perhaps the very novelty of a class without a speaker and with an audience of one only may make a not unwelcome change from our usual custom. I am compelled to write this lying on my back in bed, so you must excuse my writing not being quite straight, if it should turn out to be a little erratic. As I have to write it all down, I must be short, so let us take a short subject—the single word "COME."

1. *Who invites us?*

The Lord said "Come." Genesis vii. 1.

The Revelation of God in the New Testament says "Come." John vii. 37.

"Come unto Me." Matthew xi. 28.

2. *Who are invited?*

You. "Come Thou." Genesis vii. 1.

Little children. Luke xviii. 16.

"Any man . . . Come." John vii. 37.

"Every one . . .—Come." Isaiah lv. 1.

3. *What am I to come for?*

(*a*) *Life.*—Life in the midst of destruction—Come. Genesis. vii. 1.
Life abundantly—Come. John x. 10.
Life everlasting—Come. John vi. 47.
Have life—Come. John v. 40.

(*b*) *Rest.*—"Give thee rest—Come." Exodus xxxiii. 14.
"*I* will give thee rest—Come." Matthew xi. 28.
"Quiet resting-place"—Come. Isaiah xxxii. 18.

(*c*) *Food.*—"Come eat." Proverbs ix. 5.
"My dinner"—Come. Matthew xxii. 4.
"Great supper"—Come. Luke xiv. 17, 18.

4. *When shall I come?*

"All ready"—Come. Luke xiv. 17.
"Come now." Isaiah i. 18. 2 Corinthians vi. 2.
"The last echo of Scripture"—Come. Revelation xxii. 17.

Is it meant for me in very truth?
"Be of good comfort, rise, He calleth *thee*." Mark x. 49.

The twofold reply.

(*a*) "I will arise and go to my father." Luke xv. 18. "He repented and went." Matthew xxi. 29. "He came to his Father." Luke xv. 20.

(*b*) "They refused to hearken, and pulled away the shoulder, and stopped their ears that they should not hear, yea, they made their hearts as an adamant stone lest they should hear." Zechariah vii. 11, 12.

Which reply do we give?

II

February 6, 1893.

Being still laid up I am once more obliged to delegate my duties to the postman and leave him to preside at our Monday gathering. He tells me that we had quite a record number at the class last Monday, over 120, whereas our high-water mark previously was eighty-five. He tells me moreover that some were present who had been absent for a very long time, and that he had some at his class who were doing something quite different last Monday evening. Altogether he was an excellent man that postman, and I am going to put the same man on the job to-day.

Last Monday we had a single word. To-day I cannot do with less than four. The pivot thought is

"IF THOU HADST KNOWN." Luke xix. 42.

"*The darkness comprehended it not.*" John i. 5.

The effect of light is to cast out darkness, not to improve it. The more light there is the farther the darkness has to fly, and the more clearly the evils which the darkness hid are revealed. Darkness can never know anything of light, or it would cease to be dark. The nature that loves darkness "hates the light." John iii. 20.

"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit." 1 Cor. ii. 14. "The god of this world hath *blinded* the eyes of them that believe not," 2 Cor. iv. 3, 4. If our lives are evil, then "The whole body shall be full of darkness." Matthew vi. 23. "Take heed

that the light that is in *thee* be not darkness" (Luke xi. 35), if so "How great is that darkness" (Matthew vi. 23). Like the Egyptian darkness it "can be felt," but it makes some men "past feeling." Ephesians iv. 19. "The darkness comprehends not" the light, for "these things are contrary the one to the other." Galatians v. 17.

"*The world knew him not.*" John i. 10.

"Had they known Him, they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory." 1 Cor. ii. 8. But

"They saw no beauty in Him." Isaiah liii. 2.

They accused Him of keeping bad company, "a gluttonous man, and a wine bibber, a friend of sinners." Matthew xi. 19. They accused Him of ignorance. He "never learned." John vii. 15. They accused Him of coarseness, "No comeliness." Isaiah liii. 2. They knew Him the "carpenter's son" but not the Son of God. His very miracles were of the Evil one. Matthew xii. 24. Finally they mocked, rejected, and crucified Him, and if a man told of His mission, they declared that it "was not fit that such a fellow should live." Acts xxii. 22. But

They did it "through ignorance." Acts iii. 17. "Ignorantly." 1 Timothy i. 13. "They knew not what they did." Luke xxiii. 34. Verily, "The world knew Him not."

"*One whom ye know not.* John i. 26, and xxi. 4.

Yet He stood amongst them, healing those who had need of healing, the Brother born for adversity. He was ready to save, yet they knew Him not, just as they knew not that He was the last Revealer who would stand among them, that the latest sands of their national life were running out, and that some of those who were listening would see their temple and city destroyed.

How is it with us as we read this? He is not "far from every one of us." Acts xvii. 27. Yet do *we* know Him and hear His footfall in our daily life, and lean on the strong arm in our places of business?

He stands by you as you read this. Will *you* ever have to say "If I had only known"? Can it be said now that "your eyes are holden and you know Him not"? Luke xxiv. 16.

"(John) knew Him not." John i. 33.

Yet because he was ready to know Him (see John vii. 17. Hosea vi. 3) into his darkness the light shone, and immediately he became vocal with his new revelation. The Light "could not be hid." Mark vii. 24. "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." John i. 29. John knew Him at last! For "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost." 1 Corinthians xii. 3. Have you got this proof of knowing Him?

"I know Whom I have believed," says Paul, 2 Timothy i. 12. (Notice Paul says "Whom," not "in Whom"), and the effect of this knowledge was to rob life of all fear and death of all terror.

He was persuaded that "neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature" could separate him from the love of God. Romans viii. 38, 39. A love that called him "son." Romans viii. 14–17. "A love that died for him." Romans v. 8. Alas that any should not know what God hath taught so clearly. Remember it was over those who had seen His miracles and heard His message and looked upon His face that rejected love cried out, "Oh, if thou hadst known at least in this thy day the things that belong unto thy peace, but now are they hid from thine eyes." Luke xix. 42. "But, beloved, I am persuaded of better things of you and things that accompany salvation." Hebrews vi. 9. "To know Thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." John xvii. 3. Do you know Him? Here are some signs: *Life*, John xvii. 3. *Peace*, Job xxii. 21. *Restful confidence*, Psalm ix. 10. *Strength*, Daniel ix. 22.

"If ye *know* . . . happy are ye if ye *do*." John xiii. 17. It was only to those who "did" not, but worked iniquity that He said, "I never knew you." Matthew vii. 23.

Yours aff.

Q. H.

III

February 13, 1893.

I am going to take for our subject to-day some Scripture comparisons, or let us call them "Shadows of good things" (Heb. x. 1), thrown on the Bible page by the lantern of inspiration.

Our text, therefore, shall consist of two words only, "*AS* and *SO*."

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wildernes, So must the Son of Man be lifted up" John iii. 14, 15.

"As thou hast believed, So be it done unto thee," Matthew viii. 13.

"As the heaven is high above the earth, So great is His mercy towards them that fear Him." Psalm ciii. 11.

"As far as the east is from the west, So far hath He removed our transgressions from us." Psalm ciii. 12.

"As a father pitieth his children, So the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." Psalm ciii. 13.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, So will I comfort you." Isaiah lxvi. 13.

"As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, So shall thy God rejoice over thee." Isaiah lxii. 5.

"As I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth, So have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee." Isaiah liv. 9, 10.

"As the heavens are higher than the earth, So are My ways . . . and thoughts than yours." Isaiah lv. 9.

"As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, So He opened not His mouth." Isaiah liii. 7.

"As the Father hath loved Me, So have I loved you." John xv. 9.

"As Thou hast sent me . . . So have I sent them." John xvii. 18.

"As he is } in this world." 1 John iv. 17.
So are we }

"As thy day, So shall thy strength be." Deuteronomy xxxiii. 25.

"As the rain cometh down from Heaven, so shall My word be . . . not return void." Isaiah lv. 10.

Therefore—

"As every man hath received, So let him minister the same one to another." 1 Peter iv. 10. See Matthew x. 8.

"As He is holy, So be ye holy." 1 Peter i. 15.

"As ye have received of us how to please God, So abound more and more." 1 Thessalonians iv. 1.

"As Christ forgave you, So also do ye." Colossians xiii. 13.

"As ye have received Christ, So walk in Him." Colossians xii. 6.

The great warning.

"As your fathers did So do ye" (resist the Holy Spirit). Acts vii. 51.

The great example.

"As the Father gave me commandment, So do I." John xiv. 31.

The great follower.

"As we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, So we speak." 1 Thessalonians ii. 4.

Our reply.

"As Thou hast said, So must we do." Ezra x. 12.

IV

February 20, 1893.

Our leading thought last week was "Bible Comparisons," this week it will be "God's estimates" as expressed in Scripture, and our central text "*Of more value.*" Matthew x. 31. "Thou wast precious in my sight." Isaiah xliii. 4. "He spared not His own Son." Romans viii. 34. "Gave Himself for us." Titus ii. 14. "Gave Himself for *me*." Galatians ii. 20. "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of His eye." Zechariah xi. 8. "Peculiar treasure." Exodus xix. 5. "Bought with a price." 1 Corinthians vi. 20. "He takes pleasure in them that fear Him." Psalm cxlvii. 11. "His jewels" (special treasures, see margin) Malachi ii. 17. "He despises not the . . . contrite heart." Psalm li. 17. But pays attention to it, Isaiah lxvi. 2. John iv. 23. "He despises not the day of small things." Zechariah iv. 10. "*Two* sparrows sold for a farthing." Matthew x. 29. "*Five* sparrows sold for two farthings." Luke xii. 6. (The odd sparrow thrown in for nothing by man, is not forgotten by God.) He despises not the "smoking flax." Isaiah xlii. 3. Nor even a "grain" of food, Amos ix. 9. "He counts wisdom above rubies." Job xxvii. 18. "The principal thing." Proverbs iv. 7.

The sons of Zion are precious, Lamentations iv. 2.

Because—

Their redemption was precious. Psalm xlix. 8.

Built on precious foundation. 1 Peter ii. 4.

Their blood is precious. Psalm lxxii. 14.

Their tears are collected. Psalm lvi. 8.

The trial of their faith is precious. 1 Peter i. 7; Malachi iii. 3.

Their gifts are precious. Mark xiv. 3, and xii. 43.

Their prayers. Revelation v. 8, and viii. 3.

Their death is precious. Psalm cxvi. 15.

The steps of a good man are noted by God. Psalm xxxvii. 23; Job xxiii. 10.

On the other hand—

He counts the isles "a very little thing." Isaiah xl. 15.

He cares not for vain oblations. Isaiah i. 11–13.

Nor for empty fasts. Isaiah lvii. 5.

Nor for hollow gifts. Mark xii. 41, 44.

Nor for riches. Job xxxvi. 19.

Nor for unwilling service. Job xvi. 2, and 2 Corinthians ix. 7.

Nor for bodily strength or beauty. Psalm cxlvii. 10, and Samuel xvi. 7.

Nor for position. Matthew xxii. 16 and Acts vi. 34.

Nor for empty professions. Luke vi. 46.

What then shall a man give in exchange for his own soul? Matthew xvi. 26.

V

February 27, 1893.

Our pivot text to-day shall be an angel's song, "Unto you is born a *Saviour*. Luke ii. 11.

Yes, "unto you."

"I am with thee to save *thee*." Jeremiah xv. 20.

Who is He?

"I am the Lord thy God . . . thy Saviour. . . . Beside Me there is no Saviour." Isaiah xliii. 3–11.

"A just God and a Saviour. . . . Look unto Me and be ye saved." Isaiah xlv. 20, 22.

Will you please specially notice that it is not Christ who comes to save us from God's wrath. On the contrary, Christ only came as a manifestation of God the Saviour, the same God who made us, and loved us from eternity, and who loves us to-day well enough to pour Himself out again unto death for us if we needed it, for He changes not. He is the everlasting Father and it is He who seeks and saves. The Bible is very emphatic on this point. "The only wise God our Saviour." "I, the Lord, am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer." Isaiah xlix. 26. "Thou shalt know no other but

Me, for there is no Saviour beside Me." Hosea xiii. 4. "We trust in the living God . . . the Saviour of all." 1 Timothy iv. 10. "God was manifest in the flesh . . . preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." 1 Timothy iii. 16.

It is therefore the eternal Creator Himself who is our Saviour, the Omnipotent source of all things. He is therefore able to save—in a word—"It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth?" Romans viii. 33. Notice next what He saves us from, and notice that it is from our sins and not from the results of those sins that He saves. Which do you wish to be quit of, the sin or its punishment?

1. *He saves us from our sins.*

"He shall save His people from their sins." Matthew i. 21. "To bless you in turning every one of you from your iniquities." Acts iii. 26. "He gave Himself that He might redeem us from all iniquity." Titus ii. 14.

2. *From excessive temptation.*

"Able to succour them that are tempted." Hebrews ii. 18. "Will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able." 1 Corinthians x. 13.

3. *From our cares.*

"Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you." 1 Peter v. 7. "Be careful for nothing. . . . The peace of God shall keep your hearts." Philemon 4.

4. *From troubles.*

"Thou shalt preserve me from trouble." Psalm xxii. 7.

5. *From bondage.*

"I will burst thy bonds asunder." Nahum i. 13. "Thou hast loosed my bonds." Psalm cxvi. 16.

6. *From our enemies.*

"Saved from our enemies." Luke i. 70–75.

7. *From our fears.*

"He delivered me from all my fears." Psalm xxxiv. 4. "Not afraid for the terror by night." Psalm xci. 5, 6. "Deliver them who through fear, . . . were subject to bondage." Hebrews ii. 14, 15. "Fear not." Isaiah xliii. 1 (and in ten other places in Isaiah alone). "Fear not," to disciples Matthew xxviii. 5; Luke xii. 32.; to shepherds, Luke ii. 10; to Paul, Acts xxvii. 24.; to John, Revelation i. 17.; to Peter, Luke v. 10.

Whom does He save?

The lost.

"That which was lost." Luke xix. 10, and xv. 3, 4. "I will seek that which was lost . . . driven away . . . broken . . . sick." Ezekiel xxxiv. 11–16.

Sinners.

"He came to save sinners." 1 Timothy i. 15. "I came . . . to call . . . sinners." Luke v. 32; see Luke xviii. 9–14.

The helpless.

"My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness." 2 Corinthians xii. 9. "He giveth power to the faint . . . to them that have no might." Isaiah xl. 29. "Those that had need of healing." Luke ix. 11.

The whole world.

"He is the propitiation . . . for the sins of the whole world." 1 John ii. 2. "The Saviour of the world." 1 John iv. 14. "This is indeed the Saviour of the world." John iv. 42.

When does He save?

"Now." 2 Corinthians vi. 2. "A very present help." Psalm xlvi. 1.

How does He save?

Freely, and by Himself. "Thy right Hand" (saved). Psalm xliv. 3. "According to His mercy He saved." Titus iii. 5. "It is the gift of God." Ephesians ii. 8, 9. "See the salvation of God. . . . He shall fight for you." Exodus xiv. 13, 14.

Why does He save?

Because He loves us. "God so loved the world." John iii. 16. "In this was manifested the love of God toward us." 1 John iv. 9. "His great love wherewith He loved us." Ephesians ii. 4. "According to His grace." 2 Timothy i. 9, 10. See also the sixty-six books which form the library which we call the Bible, and which constitute God's Love Story. Let us think of our own selfish lives and His wonderful self-sacrifice and thank Him

"With lips that can only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak:"

"How Thou canst love me as Thou dost
And be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart."

"Verily he that loveth not knoweth not God—for God is Love."

A circular letter to the members written in 1883 *prior to the commencement of the series of addresses afterwards published as "The Daydawn of the Past."*

CHANDOS HOUSE, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
January 11, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I have often been asked by some of our members how and when the Bible was compiled, and who it was that first claimed inspiration for the various authors whose writings are comprised in the sacred volume. In reply to such questions I have looked in vain for any book giving in a reasonably popular form this information, which certainly ought to be within the reach

of every one desiring to ascertain on what grounds and to what extent the Bible can be treated as the word of God. I feel sure that were this knowledge more accessible to the general reader it would do great good in two ways. In the first place it would prevent the Christian from claiming for the Bible an absurd and untenable position, while in the second place it would cause many who now doubt its authority to study its pages with reverence and profit.

Another important point is to know the intentions of the men whose words are in the Bible, i.e. the special sins they were endeavouring to correct, and the circumstances in which both they and their hearers were placed when the messages by which we are called upon to regulate our lives were first delivered.

Difficult as such a task must necessarily be, I have determined on Sunday next, January 14, to commence a course during which I shall endeavour in some measure, and to the best of my ability, to go over with our fellows both of these little-trodden grounds of Scripture.

In the first reading I intend to try to settle with you exactly what we mean by "inspiration," and then in the following readings to trace very briefly the history of both the Old and New Testaments as we now possess them, showing how and when they took their present shape, and by whose authority some books were admitted into the Canon while others were excluded. So soon as we have completed this general survey, I purpose taking the Bible book by book, devoting one afternoon to each, and stating briefly what is known of its authorship and history, the circumstances in which it was written, and the general scope of its teaching.

It would be affectation to pretend that in such a course we can keep altogether clear of disputed ground; my endeavour however will be to confine myself as much as possible to facts which are admitted by reasonable men of all parties, and while steering clear of that sceptical spirit which doubts for the sake of doubting, to avoid also the equally foolish bigotry which would deny to reason her proper place as the sole and only possible judge of revelation.

I write to you because I think the subject must be a deeply interesting one to you as well as to others, and also to ask you, if you do attend, to come as regularly and punctually as possible, as in such a course one lecture must necessarily depend very much on the arguments used and facts adduced in its predecessors.

I am sure I need not ask you during this new year to do all that lies in your power to make the Institute a success, both in its educational, social and moral work, and to strengthen the hands of those who have the burden of it on their shoulders by your influence and prayers. With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

QUINTIN HOGG.

The New Year's letter for 1886 *sent to all the members.*

5, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.,
January 1, 1886.

MY DEAR BOY,—

(I hope that whatever your age, or however short your membership, I may be allowed to use our old term of address without offence), I want to take the only means open to me to wish you a bright and happy new year, and to win if I can from you, a prayer and something more for the Institute to which we both belong. I do not propose saying much about the year which for good or ill has just left us, but rather to ask you to consider, standing on the threshold of 1886, if we cannot all of us do something more now than we have done in the past, towards

"Making the world around us
The better because we live."

It is but dreary work to dwell on past failures and shortcomings, and the dead past might well be left to bury its dead were it not for its awful power of resurrection in its influence on the present. We shall, all of us, realize more or less this new year that we are reaping the results of seed sown long ago, but shall we be equally conscious that we are still sowing for harvests which we must gather in years to come?

"Our actions travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."

May we not well pause, therefore, at such a time as this, and ask ourselves what kind of seed we are sowing, and what manner of harvest that will be of which we shall be at once the fruit and the husbandmen?

It would be sad enough were our own lives the only ones which suffered from our duties being left undone, but a man's heart may surely grow sick with fear or swell with hope as he remembers the far-reaching power with which he is endowed—fearful—if the hurrying hours are bearing away a record of temptations unresisted and talents unused except perhaps for evil—hopeful—if he be conscious of victory in the great warfare between good and evil, right and wrong.

It is mainly because I want to ask all of you to take a more decided part in this struggle, that I pen this letter to you. We all *may* do so much, we, many of us, *do* so little—will not the voice of our brothers' blood cry out against us if we spend in trifling or indolence, time which might be made fruitful for God and man? I do pray that the burden of the Lord which rested on the prophets of old—the sense of our brother's need—may so press on our hearts, that every life of sin and shame may become vocal with a personal call to us. Not in scorn, but in brotherly pity we may share such

a burden if we approach it in the spirit of Him whose name we bear and whom we profess to serve. At least do not let *your* life be barren this new year; will you not try to do if it be only one thing each day which will lighten the sorrow or brighten the path of some one less blest than yourself. Think how much you might do even in the Institute. If it has been of any service to you, can you not add to its usefulness, raise its tone, influence its members, till the blessing of the patriarch becomes yours? "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." *I* want your help—want it badly—in the Sunday afternoon service. Mr. Paton wants it in the evening, and if both these times are really occupied with other work, then there are the numberless opportunities for personal influence literally crowding in upon you every evening. Could you not concentrate your efforts on some one section and do what lies in you to make it a success socially, intellectually, morally? Depend upon it your highest happiness can only be found in *giving*, and there is no gift like giving oneself. Not to send another, but to go yourself is God's message to you this new year, shall it find "no room" in your heart, as its great author did when He came to earth long ago?

It may be that you will tell me that your own life is not such as would warrant your becoming a helper of others. If this be so then indeed there is urgent need for a new life as well as a new year. What has sin ever done for you that you should love it and sacrifice to it your best years? Will it not rob you of your strength and drag your manhood in the dust and finally leave you to stand branded with its cursed results in the presence of God? Yes indeed, it has proved "a liar from the beginning," and no man ever preferred a Barabbas to Christ without finding that he had desired a robber to be delivered to him. But I would rather put the matter to you in a more unselfish light. Have you learned how deep and true God's love is to you? Have you thought how year after year His heart has longed and yearned after you, loving you in spite of your sin—bearing with your backslidings, mourning over your failures, pouring itself out, as it were, unto death, that it might win you to purity and truth? Have you considered what it is to turn your back on such goodness? to wound it by neglect? to crucify it afresh by rejection? Have you remembered that this love, this goodness, this unchanging, unswerving, self-sacrifice *is* the Father; the God whom Christ has revealed?

Dear fellow, the character of God *is* the Gospel, for no one yet ever touched the hem of His garment—none ever admitted to his heart the faintest echo of that loving Voice, but was bowed down with shame and self-reproach at having done so little and received

so much. Come then this new year, if you have never done so before, to the Father, *your* Father, *your* Redeemer, and in the presence of the Cross, where His love to you was manifested and His nature most clearly revealed, gain an inspiration which shall enable you to live a life exhibiting something of the redeeming power of the Cross of Christ. Come, do it now, fold up this letter and shut to your door and enter into that communion with your Father where no earthly witness shall intrude, and the year of grace 1886 shall show that He has rewarded you openly. Choose *now*, and choose rightly. Do you remember what Lowell, the late American Ambassador over here sings ?

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great Cause, God's New Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by *for ever* 'twixt that darkness and that light."

That your choice may be for righteousness this new year, and that your life may win the "Well done" of our common Father is the earnest prayer of one who desires to gain the right of signing himself

Your affect.,
QUINTIN HOGG.

A letter sent to all the members at Christmas time 1887.

5, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
December 22, 1887.

MY DEAR BOY,—

I am half afraid that to some this term of address may seem strange, but I cannot bring myself to "Dear Sir" those whom I never think of except as friends, and after all it is well for us to keep our hearts and faces young as long as we can.

I was glad to find that my medical man allowed me to stay in England over Christmas, as I sadly miss the social meetings of this season when I am abroad. This year I was anxious to make our Christmas gathering as complete and family-like as possible, and so, after consultation with our Council and with their approval, I arranged to change our usual "Social" into two conversaziones, to be held on January 4th and 5th respectively, and to one or other of which every member should be invited with a friend. I wish we could have had all our members on both evenings, but, after carefully considering it, we came to the conclusion that the numbers of the assembly would be beyond the powers even of our elastic Poly. walls to accommodate without serious discomfort. You will find your invitation enclosed, and I hope you will be able to be present with us. The evening will be essentially a social one,

various entertainments will be going on in different parts of the Institute, and the gymnasium will be devoted to promenade and refreshments, so as to afford opportunity for intercourse between the old friends who will, I hope, meet in such numbers as to make it "a night to be remembered" throughout the new year. My illness has separated me so much from you all during the past two or three years, that it will give me no small pleasure to have the chance of shaking hands with you and yours, and wishing you God-speed as you step into 1888.

The more you learn to regard the Institute as a second home, and those you meet there as members of one family, bound to yourself by memories of kindness and affection given and received, the more fully will you realize the desires of my heart for the place. I want to see its tone, its instruction, its Christianity, such as you can be proud to endorse, an echo of that City whose walls are Salvation and whose gates are Praise. Help us, dear boy, in this, recognize in the Poly. a place worth helping and improving, and then come among us at our New Year's gathering, that you may look with a new love on the faces of those whose redeemed lives shall, by God's grace, be your crown of rejoicing in days to come. What more can I say as I wish you a bright and useful new year, except to put my hand in yours and let my heart find its utterance in the words of the good old Book, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

Ever your affec.
QUINTIN HOGG.

A circular letter to the members.

5, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
February 16, 1888.

MY DEAR BOY,—

I have put two notices in the first number of the *Poly. Magazine* on which I desire to address you each personally. The first refers to the Sunday afternoon class, and the second to the Bible and Prayer Union, by which we mean to try to draw our fellows a little closer together in thought and sympathy if possible. First, as regards the class. I have been very much encouraged lately by the increasing interest shown in this, and our numbers have been growing till they promise, in the near future, to attain their old proportions. I want to secure your help and co-operation to this end. In old days the Sunday Bible Class was the one place where members felt sure of meeting their friends, and of course every member who comes regularly does something to restore the brotherly, loyal feeling which used to form such an element of strength to us in days gone by. You probably also know of some who

go nowhere on Sunday, and who never give themselves the chance of hearing the story of the Eternal Goodness. Will you not make an effort to bring such fellows under good influences, and to show, both by your counsel and example, how much you value the active Christian spirit which we wish to pervade all our work at the Poly. ?

On Sunday 26th I propose commencing a series of readings on Paul, and it may be that the fact of our readings taking the form of a consecutive course will increase and sustain the interest felt in them. It will be a happy thought for you when you leave us, if you have the consciousness that you have given more than you have received at the Poly., and have left your mark for good on those you have met there. Let me commend this afternoon service to you therefore for help and prayer; the extreme importance of reaching the hearts and lives of all our fellows, and bringing them to know and love the dear Father, while yet their lives are unwasted and their habits unformed must be my excuse for writing you as I do. You can do no nobler work for God than to influence for right and truth the young manhood around you at the Institute.

For the details of the Bible and Prayer Union I must refer you to the enclosed paper. Will it not be a help to you to know that hundreds of hearts are bowed in prayer every day asking a blessing on your life among others, and joining their voices to yours in one united petition to Him who "giveth liberally," who "gave Himself for us" ?

Dear Institute boys, "Let us pray."

Ever your affec.,

QUINTIN HOGG.

In the New Year's number of the Poly. Magazine for 1895 *a portrait of Mr. Hogg was published with this "message" underneath it:*

"It needs not, I hope, any words of mine to assure our boys of the continued interest I take in all that concerns our Institute and its members. If thirty-one years of my life mainly spent in their service fail to do this, no mere verbal assurances are likely to avail. It has long been my privilege to be able to look upon hundreds of our members as friends and co-workers as interested as I myself could be in keeping alive all that is best and worthiest in our Institute-life. I pray therefore that God may bless each one of you in this New Year, and indeed it is within the power of each of us to make that blessing our own by striving as far as in us lies to brighten the lives and cheer the hearts of those around us. May we each walk through the year as though we believed that it was more blessed to give than to receive, more blessed to teach than to learn, more blessed to help than to be helped. That is the spirit we want to animate and grow strong in our Poly. boys,

and which will bring forth fruit which a selfish life can never give, and the recurring years can never take away."

Circular letter for 1903—*the last message he wrote to one and all of his boys.*

THE POLYTECHNIC, *December* 31, 1902.

MY DEAR ——,

I am afraid I must ask you to fill in the missing name, for our numbers are so vast now that no one brain or pen can quite deal with our present membership, as I could with that of a quarter of a century ago, when to be a Poly. boy meant inclusion in a family, almost every member of which knew the other by name, and counted him friend. This very fact however makes it the more needful for each of us to do what lies in his power to mitigate those disadvantages which are born of our very success; and upon none does this duty devolve more than upon myself. I feel it will be some little link between us if you have hanging in your house or diggings a reminder, however small, of a place which it is always my dream to make homely, at any rate, if it cannot reach the measure of a second home.

I am sending you herewith therefore a card bearing a word of Godspeed for the coming year. I cannot hope to say it to each personally, so let me do so in a fashion which will, I trust, repeat the wish each morning and whisper it afresh each evening. New Year's wishes must be in a measure commonplace, though they need not be on that account insincere; and that man must be callous indeed who can look day by day into the faces of those who at once constitute and brighten our Poly. life, without desiring their welfare with an earnestness which we English find it difficult to express in words.

I know there are but few of us who will cross the threshold of the new year without making some new resolution—some fresh promise to ourselves and God—to conquer where we have failed, to help where may be we have hindered in the past. There is strength in comradeship, encouragement in company, and it has occurred to me that many might be glad to meet on the first Sunday of the New Year at that service from which the Poly. itself has sprung, and there to kneel with their fellow members in a solemn confession of the unworthiness of our past and an earnest prayer for a truer life in 1903. In this hope I propose to suspend next Sunday, January 4th, the lantern service course on the Ownership of Palestine, and to hold an hour's service, commencing as usual at 3.30 precisely, which will aim at being specially suitable to the first Sunday of the opening year. I know of course that many will not be able to be with us, but there will still I hope be a large number who, even at the cost of some little inconvenience, will make this meeting by their attendance a distinctive and helpful Poly. gathering.

If it lies in your power to do this I shall be glad. Our country, our Institute, our lives, all need our prayer, for "the blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and *He* addeth no sorrow with it." That this blessing may be yours in the coming year and the years to come is the hearty wish of

Yours sincerely,
QUINTIN HOGG.

A preface to "Social Centres of London," a handbook issued by the "Reception Bureau" in 1892, and headed "A Word to the New Comer."

Herodotus, the father of history, has a beautiful legend of how when Hercules was quite a young man he came one day to a place where two roads met, and saw standing there a couple of female figures. One of them was dressed in pure white, and shone with the beauty of holiness, while the other was tricked up in garish, tawdry garments, and first addressed the hero. "Come with me," she said, "and I will give you all that you can ask for or desire. You shall gratify your lust and satisfy your desire for drink, and have ease and satiety, and you shall live the summer day through, and sink to sleep at night, fanned with breezes heavy with the odour of sweet flowers—Hercules, come with me; come and feast!" "And what is your name, maiden?" asked the hero. "My name," she said, "is Pleasure, though men have called me Vice." And while she was speaking there came from the lips of her companion another and a truer call. "Hercules," she said, "I will offer you no harvest unless you have previously sown it, no pleasure that you have not fairly earned. If you would have your name great in Greece you must do great deeds to deserve it. I offer you, not leisure, but work; not selfish enjoyment, but noble self-sacrifice. Live to do right, Hercules, and leave the rest to God." And then Herodotus narrates how the mythical hero turned his back on Pleasure, and followed the pure call of duty through a succession of labours which have made his name immortal.

Not a few of those for whom this volume is compiled will be standing at that parting of the roads described by the Greek historian: to yield is so easy, to

"rise on stepping stones
Of our dead selves to nobler things"

is often so hard. What wonder if many, after a few half-hearted struggles, give up the contest, and go with the stream. Yet it need not be so. "I thought," wrote a Christian mother to me a few weeks ago, rejoicing over the letters she was getting from her son, "I thought I was sending my boy to his ruin when he insisted on going to London, but now I thank God that he ever went to the Polytechnic."

Of course if a man is determined to choose evil and forget his

pure country home: if the remembrance of his mother's last good-by, and the promptings of his better nature are to count for nothing, no outside influence can be of any service to him. There are but few, I trust, who come under this category. Most men start desiring to do right, and amongst the controlling factors of their lives, the associates they choose count for much. "*Noscitur a sociis*"—a man is known by the company he keeps—said a wise old Roman, and the object of this book is to make it easier for those who desire to live rightly to get immediately into touch with good influences and helpful surroundings. You will indeed be hard to please if you cannot find in the list of Clubs, Classes, and Institutes contained in the following pages some place which suits your requirements—a place where the Image of God may be strengthened within you, and where you can indulge all reasonable desires in company with those of your own age. Of one thing be sure; you cannot be neutral in the great struggle of life, your acts must influence, whether you like it or not, the characters of others as well as your own. I do not ask you to refrain from evil, but to be so full of healthy and useful effort that there shall be no room for what is unworthy and mean. As one who has watched the careers of many thousands of young men, let me beg you, if you have not already done so, to select a live church of your own denomination and to become a regular member of it. We have lists of such churches of *all* denominations at the Bureau, and shall be happy to introduce you to the Minister, or to the Secretary of any of its Clubs or Classes, or to lodgings in any district you prefer. With this opportunity you need not be lonely or a stranger in our midst. Hundreds of friendly hands are waiting to help you if you will only give them the chance. "It is the first step that counts" says a French proverb—will you not make this first step at once? Then, as light casts out darkness, so shall cheerful company and useful employment remove some of the most potent incentives to evil, and make your life strong and helpful for others.

"Thou must be true, thyself
If thou the truth wouldst teach,
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach.
It is the overflowing heart
That gives the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thought
Shall a world's famine feed,
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed.
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A truly noble creed."

Some time ago in America I was met by a man who thanked me for having sent him to the States. I failed to recognize him,

and then he told me this story. Years previously. I had sent out a poor boy, once a thief in the streets of London, to seek his fortune in the great Republic, telling him that it cost me £10 for his passage and outfit, and that if ever he could repay me he ought to do so for the purpose of enabling me to send out others. The lad worked and prospered, and then proceeded to put out at interest, in his own way, the £10 entrusted to him. First one and then another of his old comrades were brought out, the immigrants looked after, and the £10 got back as rapidly as possible; until that one £10 had brightened the lives and helped to easy circumstances some twenty of his needy comrades. My informant was one of these twenty. "You see, sir," said he, "Jack used to say that as he had been helped himself he felt bound to pass it on." May you feel the same burden on your heart and realize that to the extent to which you are able to help another you are his debtor. There is other wealth besides money of which a man must give an account; your education, your power of sympathy, your training in a Christian home, all give those who have not these things a claim upon you, and to the extent to which you perform or abuse this trust so will your life here be a failure or success. Count up if you can "How much owest thou?" Life, friends, opportunities, intellect, the brightness of this life, the abounding promise of that which is to come—Nay, "thou owest thine own self also."

A father once came to me in great trouble about his boy and asked me how he could wean him from the evil courses into which he was rapidly falling. I asked the father if the boy had no hobby, if he had not a taste for something which might be so developed that he would seek his pleasure in it instead of in vice. Somewhat on the same lines I would earnestly advise any newcomer in London to take up some interest outside his regular business or occupation. In most cases you will have some spare time, and in the lists of Clubs and Societies in this volume you will find methods of spending it which may be useful to body, or mind, or soul, or let us hope all three.

Those who fall the easiest prey to evil are always those who have no occupation for their spare hours. A right use of this book may help you to remedy this. It may help you even to take that better part to which I have already referred, and make your life not only free from absolute vice, but so full of active usefulness that your presence will be an incentive to good, and a check to evil. I earnestly desire that it may be so, and that some day when you stand face to face with Him, "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree," He may give you the "Well done" of the Master, and an abundant entry into the city of God.

Heartily wishing you God speed, praying that you may strive to get a blessing in your own life by proving a blessing to the live of others, I would give you as a last word—

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the day the night,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

QUINTIN HOGG,
President of the Polytechnic.

Address delivered at a meeting of the Ragged School Union.

The resolution put in my hand is as follows—That the God-honoured work of the Ragged School Union, as represented by its many-sided efforts on behalf of poor children, deserves liberal recognition and support. . . . It is a good many years since I stood on this platform, but for many years I looked forward to the annual meeting of the Ragged School Union as one of the most interesting and important gatherings of the season, and one in which I took a very deep interest indeed. It is true that with other work I have drifted of late somewhat slightly out of line with the Ragged School Union, but my heart is with it still, and I feel the importance of its work as strongly as ever. I have seen a great many things and been interested in many, but there is one thing I cannot afford to lose and which I would not have missed for a great deal, and that is the recollections and reminiscences I have of Ragged School work.

I think you will find that any one coming into the Ragged School work gains more than he gives. I know I learned many useful lessons while teaching boys and girls, lessons I would not be without for anything. Looking back on them, I feel it would have been a great loss to have been without them. The remembrance of the poor boys and girls I used to know twenty-five years ago in our school is with me now; and many of them, I am glad to find, are now in good positions, and not ashamed to own they were once scholars in a ragged school.

Now why does this Ragged School Union claim recognition and support? I do not need to defend Ragged Schools, as I take for granted that all present know their value. It is a great and glorious work, and I verily believe that if Christ appeared again on earth there would be few institutions in London that would receive from Him so complete and absolute a blessing as the Ragged School Union. You may remember that a good many years ago the Shah of Persia came to London, and passing down the river he pointed to a great building opposite Westminster, thinking it must be a palace, and asked who lived there. He was told it was St. Thomas' Hospital, and that it was for the sick and poor who were taken there to be nursed and cared for. "Do you mean that great house has been put up for the poor and sick?" "Yes, sire." "Verily, that must be very pleasing to Allah!" I think the Shah was not far wrong. And so I say it must be very

pleasing to God to look upon the great and benevolent work of the Ragged School Union.

Moreover, this work is very fruitful. As you listened to the report you heard that some twelve hundred of the teachers now engaged in the work are themselves old Ragged Scholars. Now that is a noble testimony, and if justification were needed, goes far to justify the existence of an institution which can show such a noble record of service. I know as a matter of fact that some of my best workers at the Polytechnic were once in the Ragged Schools, and one who more than any one else has made it what it is through his organizing powers once sat in the Ragged School. You have thus proved your claim to be regarded as a work having a right to sympathy and support.

And further, if I were to go deep into the matter, I would say that the Ragged School Union as well as the London City Mission, and other institutions have a strong claim by reason of the purifying and elevating effect they have had on London. I do not know what kind of London we should have had without the work of the Ragged Schools. There is still much to deplore, but your great work has done more to improve London than anything else. Talk of improvements: plenty of improvements are going on around us, but what are these compared with the lives of men and women? When we improve these and change them into images of God, we make improvements worthy of the name.

I ask you, therefore, to help this work by giving yourselves. Money is wanted, certainly; but I never knew a man who gave himself to such a work that did not bring his purse along with him. If you get in full sympathy, if you discover what the work really is, and what are its results, then the money will come fast enough. If you are in sympathetic touch with these boys and girls they will charm the money out of you—it will be a joy to give. Nor will you be losers, for the more you give the more you will get. I ask you to keep the Ragged School work full of life and go. When the public see there is something going on, something being done, they will not be slow to show sympathy and give money.

One thing more. The last reason I give for supporting the work of Ragged Schools is this: we have been saved ourselves. Our King in His glory stooped down from heaven to earth to come and save us: and if He stooped so low, surely we may well stoop to save others. Hopeless and helpless were we but for His grace; and now that He has raised us, He sends us out to the lost and perishing in the streets and lanes of the city to compel them to come in. Now, the message of His salvation, by whatever name you call it, is the gospel of God; there are thousands who have not heard it, will you not go and tell them of it? This Ragged School work, these children behind me, the results of Ragged School work, are the best evidence of the love of God; paralyzing the voice of

scepticism and doubt, in view of His condescending mercy in saving these and saving us. I charge you, then, who are saved yourselves, but who are not yet working for others, to come to the help of God in this great work of telling the Divine message to those who need it. There can be no greater joy here below than that of hearing the wandering prodigal say, "I will arise and go unto my Father." That joy may be yours if you will but throw yourself into and support in a practical way this great work of the Ragged School Union.

An address delivered on the occasion of the Jubilee of the Ragged School Union.

The Carpenter of Nazareth and the Cobbler of Portsmouth. Does the juxtaposition of these two names seem to you strange? We are met here to celebrate the Jubilee of the Ragged School Union, and if the message carried has been that of the Carpenter, the first ear that caught the cry of the street arab and believed in the potency of Christ's message to reach even them, was that of the poor English Cobbler.

I am glad to think that the Ragged School Union was cradled in poverty rather than in wealth, and found its first pioneer among the ranks of the men with one talent, rather than among the ranks of those with ten. John Pounds needs no monument in England. Were you to build to his memory the tallest building in London, you could give him nothing half so good or so enduring as the Ragged School movement, which first saw light in his humble shop. And there is yet another reason why I am glad to think that the cause we are to speak of to-day had so lowly a parentage, because it seems to me to tell us, in a manner which none can misunderstand, that if John Pounds could use his life to such good purpose, there is not one of us here who could not go and do likewise. Surely there is not one in this hall who is not better equipped with education, position, and influence than the poor Portsmouth Cobbler. I would to God that each one of us could hope to leave as enduring a monument behind. He had drunk in the full meaning of the "compel them to come in" of the Gospel. He did not merely sit in his shop and offer to teach them—though that would have been much for a man working all day and every day for his daily bread to do—but we are told that he took the children with guile, offering to one a potato, to another a piece of bread, to a third some little treat or amusement, until he had got them over the roughest part of the road to knowledge, and when he died there were no less than 500 children in Portsmouth who owed to him all they had ever learned of knowledge and of God. You must remember that in those days (three generations ago) the condition of school life in England was very different to what it is now. He was deemed an

idle enthusiast, a dreamer of dreams, who at the beginning of this[1] century expressed the hope that some day England might see some 10,000 children in her elementary schools. An enthusiast surely, a dreamer of dreams! but if to-day he were amongst us he would find his 10,000 multiplied 400 fold, for in the elementary schools of England to-day we have not 10,000 but 4,000,000. Free education! compulsory education! I want to say that I believe the position we find ourselves in to-day has been largely owing to the work of humble and unthanked Ragged School teachers, and that if you would rightly estimate John Pounds' work, you must credit it not only with the Ragged Schools as such that found their birthplace in his humble workshop, but also with no mean portion of that change in public sentiment of which after all Parliament is only the echo, which denies the right of any parent to bring up his child in ignorance and vice, and has discovered that no nation is rich enough to squander the boundless possibilities of its child life, or strong enough to foster a race of helots in its streets. So John Pounds died, but not his work; for away in Scotland Sheriff Watson caught the standard from the hands of the dead cobbler, and opened in Aberdeen the first public ragged school. That was more than two generations ago, and from Aberdeen the movement quickly spread over Scotland and England, until at the time when I first knew it in 1864, and entered the ranks of Ragged School teachers, there were more than 30,000 children in the Ragged Schools of London and more than 3,000 voluntary helpers. To-day I cannot tell you the number in the Ragged Schools, but I learn that the 3,000 helpers have swollen to 4,000, and I believe that England has yet to learn what she owes to those who have sacrificed ease, time, sympathy, and leisure in transforming her social outcasts into helpful Christian citizens.

I would have you consider, moreover, what system the Ragged Schools found in operation for dealing with these poor children, and what child torture it supplanted and suppressed. It is not much more than one hundred years ago that there were two hundred crimes in England punishable with death. Not much more than a century ago two children (if I remember rightly of nine and eleven years) were hanged for petty thieving. Even twenty years ago it was not uncommon for young children to be sent to prison, and in the record of 1875 we read of three children, all under eight, in English prisons, for such heinous offences as stealing lollipops, or injuring a lock! It seems incredible that after seventeen or eighteen centuries of Christianity a civilised Christian nation should really think that the hangman and the jailor were right people to deal with these poor ignorant children. But you may ask me, Must not crime be punished? If your children, or mine, had had

[1] Nineteenth century.

such an upbringing and such punishment, where would they have been to-day ? We are entitled to claim that punishment, as such, has been tried and failed, failed ignominiously ; failed in such a manner that had it not been given up it would have wrecked alike the wealth and prosperity of the country. With more humane treatment in our prisons (the outcome of another noble life, that of John Howard), with wiser methods of dealing with the children, introduced by the Ragged Schools, the result has been a diminution of crime, such as could hardly have been thought of at the beginning of this century. With the population double what is was at the time the Ragged Schools started, the number of criminals is greatly less, and the decrease has been most noticeable in the case of juvenile offenders. I have not got the exact figures by me, but I do not think I should be far out if I were to say that there is not to-day (per million of the population) one juvenile criminal (God forgive us for putting such words together) for every ten at the beginning of the century. I grant you there must be punishment, but in God's name punish the right people. Is a nation to allow some of its children to grow up in the midst of vice, blasphemy, ignorance, and drunkenness, and then to punish the child which it has wronged, and whip the body when it has done its best to ruin the soul ? The true criminal is not the child which has been sinned against, but the nation which has so sinned as to surround that child with environments wholly antagonistic to its proper development and upbringing, and it is Christian England, and not the poor street arab, who will have to answer before the great white throne, when that child-life comes to be judged.

There is in Scotland an old castle, where far below the ground level was discovered, some time ago, a dark and noisome dungeon. No sunbeam could find its way into its pestilential depths. The very air was laden with damp and disease, and when the workmen, letting in the light, made their way into the dungeon, they found on the wall, scratched by some miserable wretch who had met his doom there, the pitiful words, "No hope, No hope." Such, it seems to me, was the inscription that our fathers had written on the lives of many of the ragged children of this great city. It was reserved for the Ragged School Union and their noble band of workers to supplant ignorance with intelligence, and despair with hope.

I cannot speak without deep emotion of Ragged School work, because it was in a Ragged School (one of the very raggedest of all Ragged Schools in London) that I spent my own first years of Christian work. Although I am here to-day to ask you to give some monetary token of sympathy and support to the Ragged School Union, it is not primarily for that that I want to plead. I know this, that if I could only persuade any of you to throw your lives into the work of rescuing and helping others, especially those

cared for by the Ragged School, your money would follow as a matter of course. There never yet was seen a man, working heart and soul for a cause, giving his time, sympathy, and leisure, who did not at the same time bring his purse with him. The question of a worker is not, how much *must* I give; but, how much *can* I give, "for the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment."

We cannot shuffle off our responsibilities under the plea of ignorance. Do you remember the words of the Old Book: "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, '*Behold we knew it not*,' doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it, and He that keepeth thy soul doth not He know it, and shall He not render to every man according to his works?" Our own poet Hood tells the same tale in his well-known poem of "The Lady's Dream."

"Alas! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my brother worm,
And fill the burial sod;
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmarked of God.

"I drank the richest draughts
And ate whatever was good;
Fish and flesh, and fowl and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remembered the wretched ones
That starved for want of food.

"I dressed as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk and satin and costly furs
In many an ample fold;
But I never remembered the naked limbs
That froze in the winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have healed,
The human sorrows and smart,
And yet it was never in my soul
To act so ill a part;
But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart."

Infinitely pitiful and plaintive is the cry of the ragged child-life of London Oh! that it might reach your ears through my lips this evening, for indeed I have known something of it myself. What we want is personal service, personal work; and the one thing needful to redeem such children—humanly speaking—is a loving word, a sympathetic touch, a life that enters into their life and tries to bear their sorrows, as Christ has borne ours. There is no work, in my judgment, more entirely Christ-like than that under-

taken by these helpers of the R.S.U. For, after all, what constitutes true greatness, measured by Christ's standard? Go out into the streets of London to-day, and ask your fellow-men what is their best work. One will tell you he can make the canvas speak with the likeness of the human form; another, that he can lend to the dead marble grace and beauty almost lifelike; another, that he has conquered England's enemies, or enchanted men with sweet music, or amassed a colossal fortune; but amidst them all comes one voice, the voice of Him at whose feet blindness and palsy, weakness and leprosy, the tossing wave and the blustering wind crouched submissive, and His claim to greatness is, as He has told us Himself, that He "came to seek and save the lost." Will your life and mine be deemed great in God's sight, judged by this standard? I think many a humble Ragged School teacher in London will tower above poet and statesman when the day comes for the Master to reckon up His jewels. I remember John Gough telling me an incident which he saw happen in the Broadway of New York. A lady was drawing off her glove, when a very valuable ring accidentally fell from her finger and rolled down the dirty street into the gutter, inches deep in filth and mud, for of all streets in the world, I think those in New York are the worst kept. At first she poked about in the foul refuse with the end of her parasol, but finally, rather than lose her ring she pulled back her lace cuff and plunged her hand boldly into the filth until she had found the ring she had lost. Do you blame her? There was £100, perhaps, at the bottom of that gutter; could you expect her to leave it?

Need I apply the moral to this? Right down in the streets of London there are souls for whom Christ died, fellow-countrymen of ours capable of being turned into honest English citizens, but who, left as they are, will almost inevitably sink into enemies of Society, preying on the class who have neglected and scorned them. What have you done to find God's jewels in the streets of London? The mother of the Gracchi, taking one of her friends to the cradle where slept Tiberius Gracchus and his brother, said, "These are my jewels"; and let me tell you no nation is rich enough to let these jewels remain uncut. Of course there are difficulties in Ragged School work; of course many of the children are vicious, dirty, and full of vermin; but as a compensation to all this they have had so little love and kindness shown them in their lives, that they seem to be more responsive and affectionate than any other children I have met. When I first left Eton and went into such work, I wanted to get to know the London boys, and so I bought myself an outfit of shoeblack's things and went out almost every evening with my box. At night I sometimes went to sleep in the open air where they slept, and fed where they fed, and learned something of their lives. I can tell you that the helpfulness they showed to each other would shame many of us professing Christians.

Many a time has a boy brought me, wrapped up in a dirty rag taken from a dirtier pocket, some filthy piece of pudding which he had saved as a delicacy for me, and in dealing with which I found considerable difficulty, as eating it was impossible, and throwing it away was out of the question. I do not know how many of you would care to go through the same experience, but I tell you, if you want to get in full touch and sympathy with these children, go as near to doing as I did as you think right, and the more fully you get into touch with them the more fully will your heart and sympathy be aroused.

I could keep you here half the night telling you of my experiences with the ragged children in London—of little boys obliged to sleep in their boots, lest their mothers should pawn those boots when they were asleep for drink, till they came to me at last to beg me to find some shelter for them at night where they would be free from the thieving and the drunken impulses of their depraved parents. Here is a case, not within my own experience, but told by Mr. Clay, the chaplain of Preston prison. He tells of a boy of eleven who had been in prison three times, and of his brother, aged only ten, who had been there four times, and who were locked up for the heinous offence of sleeping in the open air. Now what kind of home had these children that they should be so punished for leaving it? The father had killed the mother by ill-usage, and had afterwards married another woman called Aggie Stevenson. At first this second marriage seemed to wean the father a little bit from his drink; but he soon went back to his old courses, and finally, coming home drunk one winter's night, cursed his ill-fate at being troubled with looking after children, and told the woman with whom he lived—I cannot use the word *stepmother* in connexion with such a woman—that he would take them out and drown them in the canal. See him staggering down the street with a child in either hand and murder in his heart. He found his way to the dark water, and there, under God's heaven, he cast them in to die, and it was left to the work of a chance passer-by to save the two boys from this dog's death. But, you ask me, the woman—did she not interfere? The only remark that she made when her husband was going out was: "If you are going to drown the children you may as well leave me their boots, they will do for Johnny." The man and woman were the production of the streets without the Ragged Schools, and it is for the protection of young lives such as these, for the redemption of children from sorrows sometimes even more hopeless than what I have detailed, that the Ragged School worker lives and loves. I have said from troubles worse even than those I have detailed, for death in such a case can hardly be the worst sorrow, and the little narrow grave in the churchyard may, to such an one, be a haven of rest.

"There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean;
The day is aye fair, Jean,
In the land o' the leal."

Let me give you another case. Here is a boy of eight, his mother is dying of cancer, and assailed with the craving for food which that awful disease engenders. The boy goes out on the streets for the first time to beg. He is taken, and locked up for a month. The mother dies, and the little child, on his return to his home, is met by the landlady, who bids him "get out," as a "troublesome brat, for she does not intend to have any thieves and beggars in her house." No School Board, no Polytechnic, is going to meet such cases as these. They are the flotsam and jetsam, the wrecks and wreckage, of our civilisation, and it is not by doles of money, it is not by giving alms in the streets, that we are going to heal such sores. Indiscriminate almsgiving merely fills the streets with impostors and beggars, of whom there are enough already. It is personal service, personal sympathy, personal love; in a word, what Christ gave to us, that is needed for such rescue work. There is a story told of an English detachment up in some of the defiles of the Himalayas, who had been sent to punish a mountain tribe. A small party of the men got detached from the main body by what was apparently a very small gully, but when they came in sight of each other again, the two parties found they were separated by a deep chasm, with precipitous sides, which effectually cut off all means of communication. Worst of all, right ahead of this handful of men were the enemy, ready to attack. Retreat was impossible, and the little English band did what manhood could do for the island home whose uniform they wore. The next day, retracing their steps and following in the tracks of their comrades, the main detachment went to engage the enemy and bury their dead. They found their comrades lying dead on the battlefield, and round the wrist of each one was tied a small red cord. The officer in command asked one of the prisoners what this meant, and the prisoner told him that the red cord was the mark of a chieftain, and that they knew that these soldiers must all have been chiefs, for they had fought so well. Round the arm and on the brow of many a Ragged School teacher will be found, on the great day when the secrets of all lives shall be revealed, the badge of kinship, the mark of divine sonship, placed there by One who judges righteously, and who will surely say to those who have striven, as their Master did, to seek and to save that which was lost, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these My children, ye have done it unto Me."

"None of our business? Wandering and sinful
All through the streets of the city they go,

Hungry and homeless in the wild weather:
None of our business! Dare we say so?

"None of our business! On, then, the music,
On with the feasting, though hearts break forlorn;
Somebody's hungry, somebody's freezing,
Somebody's soul will be lost ere the morn!

"Somebody's dying (on with the dancing!)
One for earth's pottage is selling his soul,
One for a bauble has bartered his birthright,
Selling his all for a pitiful dole."

New Year's Message from Mr. Quintin Hogg.

DEMERARA,
December 12th, 1895.

MY VERY DEAR BOYS,—

Although 4,000 miles away from you all, I must not let the New Year come upon you without sending you such good wishes as can be conveyed by Her Majesty's mails. I am writing this amidst surroundings very little suggestive of Christmastide. Eight large windows, guarded by open jalousies, are thrown wide open in the room where I am sitting, so as to catch such breeze as may reach the house. The thermometer stands at 85, and my clothing is of the lightest. Outside I look on to a spacious street over 100 feet wide, down the centre of which runs a canal with trees on either side, while each house stands back several yards from the road, in its own garden. In fact I am in the city of Georgetown, capital of the colony of Demerara or British Guiana, whose boundary with the Venezuelan Republic is causing so much talk now in the English papers. As to the boundary itself it is only a trifle more accessible than the North Pole, as it takes six weeks to get there, your sole means of conveyance for the greater portion of the journey being canoes manned by Red Indians. Southwards our colony runs back to Brazil, and eastward it is bounded by Surinam or Dutch Guiana. This same Colony of Surinam was originally granted to the Earl of Surrey (whence its name Surry-ham or Surinam) by one of our English monarchs with that magnanimity and freehandedness which usually distinguishes royalty—and non-royalty, too, for that matter—when dealing with other people's property. The Venezuela people, like most of those who inhabit the South American States, are a mongrel race of mainly Indo-Spanish origin. They would, however, at Uruan, be much more than a match for Tommy Atkins, whom they would shoot down just as the Boers did. I have hunted in the backwoods with some of these Indians, and their skill in seeing and shooting game is wonderful. Our soldiers, in the woods, would have no chance with them, but would be shot down by the

hundred, though they outnumbered the Indians ten to one. Fortunately, in case of war, we should have no need to worry about the frontier, but could without difficulty strike a much more formidable blow at them by sending a man-of-war to La Guayra, from whence their capital city, Caraccas, can be reached in a few hours. It was not about this dispute, however, that I wanted to write you, but rather to wish you all a happy and prosperous New Year. We wished each other the same twelve months ago, and as we stand looking back on the road which then stretched before us, let each of us ask himself how that wish has been fulfilled.

> "Our acts our angels are, for good or ill
> The fateful shadows which walk by us still."

So to some the year has been full of blessing and happiness, because they have themselves been blessings to others; they are able to look back on temptations resisted, and

> "The white flower of a blameless life"

worn throughout the year.

But there are others who can only look back on the departed year with a sigh. The angel of youth has stood by them, but they have wrested from him no blessing. The daily opportunities have found them with unlit lamp, and have left but the shut door behind them.

Is it always to be so, dear fellows? You can come to the front as students and athletes; is it in well-doing alone that English boys are to be failures? Come, let us write a nobler record for 1896, day by day. If we have missed the opportunities of 1895, let us resolve that this year at least our lamps shall be lit and our hearts listening for the call of duty.

See if you cannot hold out a helping hand to some one through this year, and by so doing win the "Ye have done it unto Me" of the Master. Probably there are few places in this world where a willing heart can find so many opportunities for usefulness as at the Poly., and those older members who helped year by year to build it up did so by living out the truth that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." See, here are two pictures: which of them is the nobler? which shall tell the story of your life?

> "That man exists, but never lives,
> Who much receives and nothing gives;
> By none beloved, by most forgot,
> The nation's loss, the Church's blot."

As against that put the words in which Whittier describes a strong, self-forgetful life—

> "The kindest of hearts is frozen,
> The freest of hands is still,
> And the gap in our picked and chosen
> The long years may not fill.

"No duty could overtask him,
No need his will outrun,
And e'er our lips could ask him
His hands the work had done.

"He forgot his own soul for others,
Himself to his neighbour lending;
He found the Lord in his suffering brothers,
And not in the clouds descending."

Happy, surely, the man whom his fellow men missed with words like these. May God help each of us to to live this year that there would, indeed, be "a gap in the picked and chosen" of the Institute were we to leave.

As I write these closing words crowds of well-remembered and dearly loved faces come before me, and make me feel afresh how utterly inadequate pen and ink are to take the place of the living touch. Alas! that is impossible; but I want to tell you all how much you are in my thoughts, and how I value and prize the many kindly tokens of affection and friendship which I have received from so many of you. To each and all of you I would fain give a personal God-speed I would fain take your hands in mine, and look into your bright English faces—dearer to me now than ever through their very absence—and put my wishes for you into the words of the Old Book: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

(These letters were received too late to be included in the chapters).

Written to a member who had asked his advice about tracts to give away.

September 1885.

MY DEAR BOY,—

What you ask me for, viz. a tract good for general distribution and likely to awaken or interest the careless, is so far as I know one of the rarest things in this world. People seem to think that any one could write a tract. On the contrary, I believe that the production of a really good tract is one of the most difficult literary feats which could be undertaken. It should be striking, attractive, terse, full of vigour, and sharpened with constant expressions or epigrams likely to stick in the memory. One of the best tracts I know of is that entitled "He is coming to-morrow," by the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. I am having 10,000 of them printed as a Poly. leaflet. Another good tract is that which I inserted in *Home Tidings* last week. What the world wants is not so much a lot of writing about religion as a dealing with everything in a religious spirit; and an

essay on Free Trade, Politics, Commerce, Temperance, Justice, or any other so-called secular topic may be written so as to convey a far greater amount of the real principles of religious truth than a long-winded theological discourse on some particular doctrine or text. I do not think that this is sufficiently realized, but if you will turn it over in your mind you will see for yourself what I mean pretty clearly. . . . Most tracts require to be read by a person in earnest before they are likely to do much good.

Written to a member from Brindisi in November 1886.

MY DEAR ——,

Your letter reached me just as I was leaving Rome, since which I have been travelling incessantly and in very inclement weather. Even now the wind is biting cold and is roaring outside with its rough threats of what it will do when it gets us on a less stable element than *terra firma*. Snow has been falling all day, and is nearly down to sea level. Altogether a less enticing night on which to embark I have seldom seen. I sit shivering in my English winter things, great coat and all. They used to say that the Sahara warmed the winds for Italy, if so, I think it must have gone on strike! Yes, I saw you all on the bridge but not in time to get my head out of the window. I was in a saloon carriage, the centre window of which was a fixture, so I could only gesticulate through plate glass! I am so glad you had a nice class on Sunday; I have had two very bad Sundays, travelling on both, and no rest, but my thoughts have been much at the Institute and the dear boys I left there. I don't think any of them know how much my heart goes out to them, and how gladly I would live or die for them if only I could help them on. Alas! that one can do so little to help one's brothers and that little so imperfectly. I was so glad to hear that the tract had been of use to someone. I really must try to turn out another now that I shall have Len[1] with me. You must keep on with your individual work, there's a dear boy, not only does such work bless the Institute and your own soul, but you will find it give you many and true friends, bound to you by ties which nothing else can provide. May God bless and keep you and grant you growth into His Image till stamped through and through with His Likeness, Whose name is God with us.

Yrs. affectly.,

Q. H.

Written to a friend from Minto House, Demerara, in May 1886.

MY DEAR ——,

Your letter of the 2nd reached me on Friday and I must send you a few lines in return, though I am afraid you will look upon my letters as very shabby answers to the nice long staves you send me. Before I go any further I must tell you a very sad bit of news, at least one

[1] His private secretary.

which is full of sadness to me. Dear Willoughby,[1] who is to me like a son, and whom I have always loved as such, has taken such a fancy to the Colony that he has asked me to let him stay out here as an overseer on one of my estates. I was very loth to say "yes" but Will begged so hard and gave such good reasons that I at last consented. It will be a sad wrench to my heart strings when I have to go away next month and leave him behind me. I hate to think of him out here by himself and no home to go to, no one to call him "son." He will not be without friends however, for he will be on an estate managed by Harry Garnett, who is another of my wards who lived with me for seven years. He is, moreover, an old schoolfellow of Will's, and will look after him for my sake. . . . Since I last wrote we have been in Berbice for a week, where we got positively devoured by mosquitoes, though I suffered much less than any one else, being, I suppose, in such a bloodless condition that I was not worth sucking. Have you heard much of Douglas lately? He writes his mother capital letters, and even achieved one to me the other day full of the details of his work and prizes.

Written to a member from Manitou Springs, Colorado, in August 1886.

MY DEAR ——,

Your letter reached me two or three days ago up at Fort Collins, where I had gone for a week to visit our little colony of thirty Institute boys who have settled in that neighbourhood. In the first place you need not apologize for anything you have written, dear boy; nothing has sustained and helped me so much, as far as earthly things go, as the love and sympathy of my boys. I am afraid I should never do for a Buddhist, (they make the entire suppression of all human affections and emotions the highest mark of holiness), for as I grow older I seem to find more and more worth loving and admiring and being loved by in this beautiful world of our Great Father's.

Well, you will be wanting to hear how our boys have got on. Very fairly well in every case, I think I may say. P—— is getting $3 per day as clerk at some quarries, he used to earn $2½ as labourer. All the others are at rougher work. Those who have been here long are earning $25 per month and their board, the newer ones get $15 to $20 and board. Market gardening, ranching, quarrying and brickfield work are the principal occupations. It costs $5 to $7 to board at a hotel per week, but two or three boys hiring a room and "batching" together can live comfortably at $2 to $2½ per week. The work is hard, there is no loafing, no sitting down when out of work, but none who really buckle to need want work if they come out in the Spring. I spent two or three days up in the hills

[1] Willoughby Montgomery, his ward.

with some of the boys on a ranch, we all lived in picnic style, but very happily nevertheless. . .

From Fort Collins we went to Denver and thence to Manitou, at the foot of Pike's Peak, the original of "Pike's Peak or bust" said to have been the watchword of early emigrants bound westward. We went up it yesterday and were frightfully peppered with hailstones coming down; indeed, we felt them stinging through our clothes like flips from a whip. The Rockies are a splendid range and you see them stretching in every direction for 200 miles as you look out from Great Pike, which is one of the highest points on the N. American continent, being between 14,000 and 15,000 feet above the sea. The strange thing here, however, is to think that the plains stretching hundreds of miles to Montana and Idaho and New Mexico are from 4,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea, the highest hill top in Scotland being only 4,400.

Written to a member from Calcutta in 1887.

MY DEAR ——,

You must have felt quite proud at seeing your first literary effort in print. Why did you not send me the paper? Mind you do so at once by return, so that I may see where the editor thought you had been funny to the extent of 8*s*. . . . I remember speaking on that subject, "A Disciple, but secretly," quite well, though I do not remember the occult meaning of that particular look to which you refer. At any rate, if I had such meaning it has gone out of my head, for you must remember the time you refer to has passed between two and three months. . . As to stamps I am sending Douglas by this mail a complete set of Indian adhesive stamps. I am obliged to send your letter, and indeed most of my letters in one cover to do this. I have put them in a registered envelope and addressed it to the office, requesting them to cut it open carefully and send it to Douglas. However, to make up I send you one or two other stamps, but I expect you have most of them.

I was so very glad to read what you told me about C——, indeed had I known about it before I think I would have made some effort to keep up the addresses in *Home Tidings*. The difficulty, however, is threefold. First it was very expensive printing *Home Tidings* the size it was produced previous to its reduction, involving a loss of £400 or £500 per annum. Of course, a good deal of this was due to the printing of the class notes, but still it would cost me not less than £250 a year to publish the sermon. Secondly, comes the difficulty amounting almost to an impossibility, of finding sermons suitable to our fellows while I am away. Our boys do not seem to care to read outside addresses, and it is a pity to waste a large sum of money in printing what nobody cares about. Thirdly is the question of my own time. It was a considerable tax upon me to produce my address each week in addition to my other work. I have had,

thank God, many testimonies from our fellows of good having been received from these addresses in *Home Tidings*, and, indeed, when I read them over dispassionately and try to look at them merely as a critic, I do think them suitable for the work which they have to do; but one's health must be considered more or less, and I certainly did not feel equal when I was in England last autumn to getting into full swing again; indeed I suffered from doing the work I did. During my absence I am afraid there is nothing for it but to miss out the address. When I come back perhaps if I am well enough, I will try to reissue the address, but on a slightly more reduced scale. . . .

The poetry you send is a considerable improvement on the first effort. Some of the thoughts are rather nice, and the expression of them very fair. The rhythm of the first portion is better than that of the second, which is a little laboured. Give my love to all the boys at the Institute, or rather to any who care to have it, and wishing you and all of them a bright and happy New Year and every blessing which may be good for you,

Believe me,

Yours affecly.,

Q. H.

Written to a member who had been suspended for some breach of the Institute rules.

MY DEAR BOY,—

You are entirely wrong, and have perverted both my words and my manner. You say I "laughed" at you when you came to me for justice. You must know perfectly well that I explained to you carefully the whole business two or three times over, although it was very late and others were waiting to speak to me. It is perfectly true I said half bantering that you should think yourself lucky in getting off so easily; and in sober truth I think so. Your letter to the Council and your language to C—— and H—— were all most adverse to your interests. Certainly I was, and am, very sorry for you, but I could not but acquiesce in the justice of your sentence. I never said that the Council were looking out for a chance of tripping you up. I merely told you that you had a bad name with those responsible for the order of the place, and this is the case. You complain that I did not tell you of this. I did warn you two or three times about your ways of behaviour, but you never would admit there was anything amiss, and the tone you took up last night is an additional proof, were one wanted, of the reception any further warnings would have met with. Surely you see the difference between my having boys with me and laying myself out to help them, and your bringing very young boys into an Institute full of fellows of utterly different ages and habits. Were I to devote myself to taking one or two boys to my club, or to a place where they would be noticed and made much of, a parallel would exist. However, dear boy, I don't want

to traverse your statements or combat your arguments. It is natural enough you should feel sore, for no punishment is pleasant at the time, and I would rather occupy myself in sympathy than in scolding. You must remember that a man can put himself into a position and frame of mind where sympathy is almost an impossibility—or perhaps I should say the expression of it is an impossibility. It is quite a different thing sympathizing and providing for one who regrets his conduct and seeks amendment, and showing the same sympathy to those who admit no mistakes of their own while they fling accusations of "perjury," "lying," etc., etc. against others. Get over your cross feeling, my boy, judge yourself that you may be the less judged of others, and realize the possibility of J—— being wrong as well as the others. The change from the quiet atmosphere of the Council meeting where a constant endeavour was manifested to overlook the tone of your foolish letters and to remember such good points as you had exhibited, to that of your complaints, was not flattering to you, to say the least of it. No one would have recognized this sooner than yourself had you not been an interested party. Set to work and use your fortnight wisely and well and return amongst us humbler and better ballasted, there's a good boy, and no one will be better pleased than

Yours affec.,

Q. H.

Written to his eldest son from Suez.

November, 1886.

My dear Boy,—

I have been here since Friday evening spending time which I could have occupied much more agreeably at Cairo, but still have no news of mother and the *Persia*. The vessel is not even yet at Port Said, so at the earliest she cannot be in until to-morrow afternoon. There is very little to be seen here, but the place is so rich in historical memories that were it not for all that I have lost at Cairo, I should not at all weary at being here. . . . Yesterday I crossed the Bay, taking my donkey with me in the boat and rode eight miles across the desert to the Wells of Moses, where tradition has placed ancient Marah. This must clearly have been wrong, but on the other hand these wells can hardly fail to have been the first camping place of the fugitive Israelites after the destruction of Pharoah's army. . . . All around at low tide are still shoals and shallows, high and dry, while through them the passage to the Canal is kept dredged by constant work and stone groynes, the course being carefully buoyed every hundred yards to prevent vessels from going ashore. What must have happened is, I think, pretty clear. Moses pushed across the fords near Suez which were in an unusually favourable condition owing to a strong north wind. The Egyptian army tried to follow, oblivious of the rising tide which a sudden change of wind accompanied by a heavy

thunderstorm (Ps. 77. 16–20 is obviously an account of this crossing, the last verse being conclusive on this point) had rendered specially ominous. The result was an awful catastrophe somewhat similar to that which overtook King John's wagons in the Wash. Moses saw, and saw rightly, God's Hand in these strictly natural occurrences, for insignificant as the Jews were in many ways, no nation has produced men of such high spiritual thought as those whose utterances are preserved for us in parts of the Scriptures. All the world over among civilized nations, men can find no words in which they can so appropriately express the secrets of their hearts as those which came from the lips of Hebrew poets, prophets, and philosophers. Good-bye, dearest boy. This will be the last letter I shall address to Eton, the next will be sent to Rome. How many prizes are you going to bring me this term?

Your affec.

FATHER.

Written to his eldest son, who was going to spend his Christmas holidays in Italy, accompanied by a tutor and one of Mr. Hogg's wards.

November, 1886.

MY DEAR BOY,—

I last wrote you from Rome, which I left last Friday, arriving at Naples the same evening. . . . Now as to your trip. Make it of course a real holiday, but try to gain some permanent benefit from it. Knowledge and love of art are not your strong points, but you should endeavour to cultivate some acquaintance with them, and you will not find it difficult to train your taste. When you go to a museum, don't let yourself be bewildered with the immense mass of painting or statuary—much of it is not worth attention—but ask Mr. B——[1] to show you the best things and to point out why they are so considered. You will soon see that *Naturalness* is the main thing in art, and that a sculptor is great or the reverse as he can represent faithfully a living human being as contrasted with an ill-proportioned, wooden-looking sign board. Then when you have had the best pointed out to you a few times, see if you cannot pick some out for yourself and check your choice. With pictures it will be much the same. All Murillos are beautiful, I think, and the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican must on no account be missed. But after all the chief attraction to Rome are the ruins, and if you will rub up your Roman history you will never be weary of wandering amongst and questioning the stores of this wonderful city. . . . One more matter. Remember the pleasure of the trip will depend largely on your being pleasant and sociable together. Remember also that the surest way of being happy is to endeavour

[1] The tutor.

to make others happy. Be careful to do all in your power to make Mr. B——'s task an easy and pleasant one. Let him feel all through that he is dealing with a gentleman, and my definition of a gentleman is "one who has regard to the wishes and feelings of others." In such trips as you are going there is always a certain amount of give and take. Sometimes Mr. B—— or E——[1] may wish to go to some place other than that which you would have preferred. Don't expect always to have your own way. Not only give way, but do it pleasantly and cheerfully, that they may find pleasure at other times in giving way to you. . . . As regards Mr. B——, you will, I think, like him. He meets you quite prepared to like you and be kind to you, but remember that he is responsible to me for your health and all else, so you must be guided by him just as you would be by me. Little matters of clothing, etc., apparently small in themselves, may de of some importance when you are abroad. All trouble in Italy commences with chills, and the sun can be so hot and the wind suddenly becomes so cold that it puzzles one sometimes how to dress. Now, precious boy, good-bye. Mind you write to me every mail telling me how you are enjoying yourself and what you have seen, and allow me to remind you that I have not yet heard the result of the Eton and Harrow Masters' match which you were to send me. Good-bye once more. God bless and keep you.

Your affec.

FATHER.

Letter of thanks to a member for a contribution to the Endowment Fund.

November, 1886.

MY DEAR ——

Your letter was lying on my table this evening, and I was very touched by it and its contents. The sum is a large one for you to spare, dear boy, but you will not be a poorer man for it, any more than I am the poorer for having spent my strength and health, as well as a great portion of all I possess of money wealth, on the Poly. So great a testimony to your interest in it makes you in many ways a partaker among those who provide the place for their poorer brethren, and in days to come when you and I have both sent in our checks, we shall both of us be able to look back on much money and time spent to less purpose than what we bestowed on the Poly. Many thanks, dear boy, for your gift, and for all the love and sympathy involved in it.

Yours affecly.,

Q. H.

I enclose you a copy of the appeal I am sending out, except the class list, which you know already!

[1] Mr. Hogg's ward.

The Governing Body of the Polytechnic—

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Any young man between the ages of 16 and 26 is eligible; a registration fee of 1*s.* is charged, which constitutes his entrance fee on admission. The subscription is 3*s.* per quarter, 5*s.* 6*d.* per half year, or 10*s.* 6*d.* per annum. This entitles him to the use of the gymnasium, reading-rooms, refreshment-room, billiard-room, library, free legal advice by an experienced lawyer, and admission at reduced rates to the classes, concerts and holiday arrangements. The 10*s.* 6*d.* subscribers, in addition to the above advantages, are admitted free into the swimming bath, and supplied with the *Polytechnic Magazine*. Associates and honorary members are from time to time elected by the Governing Body.

There follows a complete list of the Polytechnic clubs and societies, many of which are subdivided into sections which are not here specified.

	s.	*d.*
The Gymnasium.		
The Polytechnic Athletic Club, annual subscription . . .	5	0
Cricket.		
Football (Rugby and Association).		
Lawn Tennis.		
Rowing.		
Swimming (Water Polo).		

		s.	d.
The Cycling Club, annual subscription, 10s. to racing members; to others		5	0
The Polytechnic Rifle Club	annual subscription	2	6
(Morris Tube practice.)			
The Harriers	„ „	7	6
The Volunteers	entrance fee	6	0
The Volunteer Medical Staff Corps (No. 4 Company).			
The Boxing Club	subscription per season of 6 months	5	0
The Ramblers	annual subscription	1	0
The Parliament	„ „	1	0
The French Society	„ „	1	0
The German Society	„ „	1	0
The Mutual Improvement Society	„ „	1	0
The Shorthand Society	„ „	1	6
The Reading Circle	„ „	1	0
The Military Band	sub per quarter	2	0
The Christian Mission (various sections)	„ „		
The Total Abstinence Society	annual subscription	1	0
The Photographic Society	„ „	1	0
The Lantern Society	„ „	1	0
The Electrical Engineering Society.			
The Architectural Engineering Society.			
The Day School Engineering Society.			
The Sketching Club	annual subscription	3	6
The Chess and Draughts Club	„ „	2	0
The Natural History Society			
The Sunday Evening Choir.			
The Old Quintinian Club (former Day School Scholars).			
The Library (with special technical libraries).			

Over 600 classes in 100 different subjects are held every week at the Polytechnic. The following is a complete list. The different "Schools," of course, contain classes in every branch of the subject they deal with.

Carpentry and Joinery.
Staircase and Handrailings.
Metal Turning, etc., and Dynamo building.
Bicycle Making and Motor construction.
Carriage and Motor Car construction.
Carriage and Motor Car building.
Tailor's cutting.
Boot and Shoe manufacture, etc.
Plumbing.
Upholstery.
Brickwork and Masonry.
Building Quantities and Estimating.
Land Surveying and Levelling.
Sanitary Engineering.
Cabinet Making.
Scale Drawing and Designing.
Full-size Working Drawings.
Smith's work.
Woodwork.
Painting.
Trimming.
Telegraphy.

Typography (various classes).
Metal Plate Work.
Gas Manufacture.
Hairdressing.
Oils, Colours, etc.
Workshop Arithmetic.
Pure and Mixed Mathematics (various.)
Botany.
Zoology.
Latin.
German.
Greek.
Italian.
French.
Spanish.
English.
Hindustani.
Biology.
Agriculture and Horticulture.
Hygiene.
Mineralogy.
Architectural Design.
Geometry (various.)
Machine Construction.
Steam and Steam Engines.
Magnetism and Electricity (various.)
Sound, Light and Heat.
Building Construction (various.)
First Aid to the Injured.
Nursing.
Commercial Arithmetic.
Electrical Engineering (various.)
Mechanical Engineering.
English Grammar and Business Handwriting.
English Class for Foreigners.
Book-keeping.
Political Economy.
Dante Readings.
Practical Business course.
Matriculation Lectures (various).
B.A. degree „ „
B.Sc. degree „ „
School of Domestic Economy.
„ „ Cookery.
„ „ Music.
„ „ Elocution.
„ „ Electricity.
„ „ Architecture.
„ „ Engineering.
„ „ Chemistry.
„ „ Carriage and Motor Car building.
„ „ Photographic Trades.
„ „ for Preparation for Civil Service, Army, Navy, and other examinations.
„ „ Art.
„ „ Science.
„ „ Shorthand, Typing, Book-keeping and Business Training.

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WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 15 October, 2018